A

Companion to the Altar:

Shewing the

NATURE and NECESSITY

OF A

Sacramental Preparation,

In order to our worthy

Receiving the *Holy Communion.*

WHEREIN

Thoſe FEARS and SCRUPLES about *Eating and Drinking unworthily, and of incurring our own Damnation thereby,* are proved groundleſs and unwarrantable.

To which are added,

PRAYERS and MEDITATIONS, Preparative to a *Sacramental Preparation,* according to what the Church of *England* requires from her Communicants.

I will waſh my Hands in Innocency, O Lord, and ſo will I go to thine Altar. Pſ. xxvi. 6.

LONDON:

Printed for JOHN BEECROFT, Succeſſor to Mr. EDMUND PARKER, at the *Bible and Crown* in *Paternoſter-Row.* 1759.

☞ *Note,* This Book is bound up with the *Common-Prayers* of ſeveral Sorts, and to be had at the Place aboveſaid.

THE PREFACE.

THE usual Reason which Men assign for their not coming so often to the holy Sacrament as they would do, is their Fear of Eating and Drinking unworthily, and consequently, of incurring their own Damnation thereby. The Design then of this short Discourse is, to shew what that Sacramental Preparation is, which is absolutely necessary to qualify Men for a worthy Participation of the Lord's Supper, that so Men may come without the least Fear of eating and drinking Damnation to themselves. For this Purpose I conceive no Rule, no Instruction more safe, easy, and instructive, than that of our Church Catechism, which I have endeavoured to explain, and to accommodate for the Use and Benefit of the meanest Capacity.

The concluding Part of this Discourse contains Prayers *and* Meditations *preparative to a Sacramental Preparation: And though they be few in Number, yet I hope they fully answer all those several Parts of a Communicant's Duty, according to that Rule and Standard which our Church has fixed for our Guide and Companion to the holy Altar. By the Addition of those Psalms, and proper Lessons annexed to each particular Prayer and Meditation, the Communicant may enlarge his Devotions to what Degree or Length he pleaseth; by which Method you have as much Matter for* actual Preparation *in this little Book, as in any other Discourse of this Nature whatsoever.*

A

COMPANION

TO THE

ALTAR.

ALL thoſe Bleſſings which we now enjoy, and hope hereafter to receive from Almighty God, are purchaſed for us and muſt be obtained through the Merits and Interceſſion of the Holy JESUS, who has "inſtituted and ordained *Holy Myſteries*, "as Pledges of his Love, and for a con-"tinual Remembrance of his Death and "Paſſion, to our great and endleſs Com-"fort." *Luke* xxii. 19. 1 *Cor.* xi. 24. But then we muſt remember, that theſe Benefits and Bleſſings which the Son of God has purchaſed for us, are no where promiſed, but upon Condition that we ourſelves are firſt duly qualified for them. The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper is a ſolemn Ratification of our

Baptiſmal Covenant, wherein God for his Part hath faithfully promiſed "Pardon and "Remiſſion of Sins to all true Penitents," and we for our Parts are therein ſolemnly bound to be faithful and obedient unto him, 2 *Tim.* ii. 19. Before then we can promiſe to ourſelves any Benefit or Advantage from the Participation of this ſolemn Rite and Covenant between God and us, we muſt endeavour (what in us lies) to poſſeſs our Souls with all thoſe divine Qualifications which this Sacrament of the Lord's Supper requires to render us worthy Partakers thereof.

And what thoſe are, it is the Deſign of this Diſcourſe to inquire; wherein I ſhall endeavour to ſhew what that *Preparation* of Heart and Mind is, which muſt diſpoſe us for a worthy Participation of the bleſſed Sacrament: And herein I hope to remove all thoſe Fears and Scruples which ariſe in our Minds, about "eating and drinking unwor-"thily, and of incurring our own Damna-"tion thereby," as groundleſs and unwarrantable; and to do this I ſhall take Occaſion to explain that Part of our CHURCH CATECHISM, deſignedly intended for our Inſtruction, with relation to this Duty of a Sacramental Preparation; namely,

Q. "What is required of them who come "to the Lord's Supper?"

A. "To examine themſelves whether "they repent them truly of their former "Sins; ſtedfaſtly purpoſing to lead a new "Life,

" Life, have a lively Faith in God's Mercy " through Chriſt, with a thankful Remem- " brance of his Death, and to be in Cha- " rity with all Men." This is that Sacramental Preparation which our Church (in as few Words as is poſſible) hath provided for our Companion or Guide to the holy Altar. The Duty then of a devout Communicant conſiſteth in theſe Six following Particulars: 1. Self-Examination; *to examine themſelves.* 2. Repentance towards God; *whether they repent them truly of their former Sins.* 3. Holy Purpoſes or Reſolutions of a new Life; *ſtedfaſtly purpoſing to lead a new Life.* 4. Faith in God's Mercy through Chriſt; *to have a lively Faith,* &c. 5. A thankful Remembrance of his Death. 6thly and laſtly, Unfeigned Love or Charity for all Mankind; *and to be in Charity with all Men.*

The firſt Part then of a Communicant's Duty is Self-Examination: A Duty not only enjoined by human Authority, but likewiſe commanded by St *Paul. But let a Man examine himſelf, and ſo let him eat of that Bread and drink of that Cup,* 1 Cor. xi. 28. Intimating, that no Man ſhould preſume to eat of that Bread, and drink of that Cup, without a previous Preparation, if he mean to eſcape that ſame Judgment or Condemnation which theſe *Corinthians* brought upon themſelves for their irreverent, ſinful and diſorderly Behaviour at this Sacrament; and this was the Occaſion of St *Paul*'s Caution and

Reproof: *He that eateth and drinketh unworthily*, ſays the Apoſtle, *eateth and drinketh Damnation* * *to himſelf, not diſcerning the Lord's Body*, ver. 29.

[* *Note*, This Word *Damnation*, does not ſignify *eternal Condemnation*, but on the Contrary ſome temporal Puniſhment or Judgment, (as you have it in the Margin of your Bible) ſuch as Sickneſs or Death, with which the City of *Corinth* was afflicted, for their great Abuſe and Profanation of this ſolemn Inſtitution; ſo that the Sins here reproved, (namely, Gluttony, Drunkenneſs and Faction, *ver.* 18, 21, 22.) and the Damnation here threatned, hath no Relation to us, unleſs it could be proved, that any of us were ever guilty of the ſame Wickedneſs with theſe *Corinthians*; which I believe no Man ever was, or would be ſuffered to approach the Lord's Table after ſuch a diſorderly manner as they did, if Men were ſo lewd and profane.]

But that our Preparation may be ſo well performed by us as to prevent the like Danger, let us, as the Wiſe Man adviſeth, *Remember the End, and we ſhall never do amiſs*, Eccl. vii. 16. *Firſt* then, That we may come to this heavenly Feaſt holy, and adorned with the Wedding Garment, *Matt.* xxii. 11. we muſt ſearch our Hearts and examine our Conſciences, not only till we ſee our Sins, but until we hate them; and inſtead of thoſe filthy Rags

Rags of our Righteouſneſs, we muſt adorn our Minds with pure and pious Diſpoſitions; *even that clean Linen, the Righteouſneſs of the Saints*, Rev. xix. 8. With theſe Ornaments are holy Souls fitted for the Society of that celeſtial Company, which are to be met with at this Solemnity. *2dly*, Another End or Deſign of this ſtrict Preparation is, That we may be accepted by God as worthy Communicants; *that He, who knoweth the Secrets of all our Hearts, neither is there any Creature that is not manifeſt in his Sight, but all things are naked and opened unto the Eyes of him with whom we have to do*, Jer. xvii. 10. Heb. iv 13. may approve of the Sincerity of our Repentance; and the King, who comes in to view the Gueſts, *Matt.* xxii. 11. may (though ſtrictly ſpeaking we are not ſo) count us worthy of his Favour and Countenance. And how to attain ſo great a Bleſſing, theſe following Inſtructions will help and aſſiſt us.

Firſt, We are directed to *repent us of all our former Sins*. This is that Preparation which Chriſt himſelf requires of us, *Matt.* iii. 2, 3. *Repentance.*

A Duty, you know, which our ſinful Lives make always neceſſary for our Conſideration, if ever we expect eternal Happineſs hereafter, *Luke* xiii. 3. But more eſpecially the Dignity of this Sacrament requires that it ſhould be inquired into with more than ordinary Care and Circumſpection, becauſe without ſincere Repentance, we cannot ex-

pect any Benefit or Advantage from the Death and Paſſion of Chriſt, which in this Sacrament we commemorate, and have the Merits of it conveyed to us by this ſacred Memorial. Suppoſing then that this is ſufficient to convince you of the Neceſſity and Importance of this Duty, that upon it depends our Welcome to this heavenly Feaſt unto which we are called; I proceed now in the Second place to inform you, That if our Repentance or Return to God be real and ſincere, it will produce theſe following *good Effects* in us.

The Nature of a true Repentance.

Firſt, "A Senſe, a Sorrow and Confeſſion of all our former Sins. "*Secondly*, A ſtedfaſt Purpoſe "or Reſolution to lead a new "Life." Theſe are the genuine Fruits of a true Repentance, and muſt always accompany our Return to God, if we hope to have it effectual to our Salvation. And,

The Ten Commandments.

FIRST, We muſt labour to gain a *Senſe* or *Sight* of all our former Sins and Wickedneſs; this will readily preſent itſelf to us by comparing our Lives and Actions by the Rule or Standard of God's Word, which we muſt make the Meaſure of our Examination. St *Paul* aſſures us, *Rom.* iii. 20. that by the Law is the Knowledge of Sin, and our own Experience will convince us, that there is no Way more likely to diſcover our Iniquities, and to humble ourſelves for

for them, than a ſerious Application of God's Word to our crooked Paths: And this Duty of Self-Examination† is never more properly applied to, than when we intend to receive the Holy Communion; for unleſs we ſee the Number, and apprehend the Heinouſneſs of our Offences, and fear the Vengeance due unto us for them, we are altogether unfit for the Commemoration of his Death, *who died for our Sins, and roſe again for our Juſtification.* It is the Senſe and Sight of Sin that muſt ſhew us the Need and Neceſſity of a glorious Redeemer, and what Obligations we are under to bleſs and praiſe God for our Salvation by his Son JESUS CHRIST. Of ſuch great Uſe and Advantage is this Duty of Self-Examination, at all times, that *Pythagoras*, in thoſe *Golden Verſes* which go under his Name, particularly recommends the ſame to his Scholars. "Every Night before they "ſlept, he enjoins them to examine themſelves what Good they had done, and "wherein they had tranſgreſſed. Run over "theſe things, *ſaid he*, and if you have "done any Evil, be troubled; if Good, rejoice." This Courſe, if daily followed, as is ſuggeſted by *Hierocles*, his excellent Commen-

† *See* The Daily Self-Examinant: or, An earneſt Perſuaſive to the Duty of Daily Self-Examination, *&c.* By *R. Warren*, D. D.

mentator, perfects the divine Image in thoſe that uſe it. *Plutarch*, *Epictetus*, *Seneca*, and the Emperor *Marcus Antoninus*, agree in recommending the ſame Practice by their own Example; but eſpecially holy *David*; *I thought on my Ways, and turned my Feet unto thy Teſtimonies*, Pſal. cxix. 59. And this Method, no doubt, is an admirable Means to improve us in Virtue, and the moſt effectual Way to keep our Conſciences awake, and to make us ſtand in Awe of ourſelves, and afraid to ſin, when we know beforehand that we muſt give ſo ſevere an Account to ourſelves of every Action. And when we are employing our Minds in this Duty of Self-Examination, before the Communion, or at any other Time, we muſt diſcharge it as impartially as is poſſible for us, judging as ſeverely of our own Actions, as we would do of our greateſt and worſt Enemy; or otherwiſe we ſhall but flatter and deceive ourſelves in a Matter of the greateſt Weight and Importance, namely, the knowing the State and Condition of our Souls: But if our Inquiries are juſt and true, we ſhall then plainly diſcover wherein, and how often we have gone aſtray and done amiſs. We ſhall, by the faithful Diſcharge of this Duty, bring to Light "all our ungodly, unjuſt, and "uncharitable Actions; all our vain and fil-"thy Speeches; all our wanton, proud and "covetous Thoughts." Such a ſtrict and impartial Examination will diſcover to us that accurſed Thing, *Sin*, Deut. vii. 26. which has

defiled our Nature, made God our Enemy, and will exclude us the Kingdom of Heaven if not repented of, 1 *Cor.* vi. 9, 10. By ſuch a ſevere Scrutiny as this, we ſhall ſoon perceive the Number of our Tranſgreſſions, what vile Wretches and grievous Offenders we are, how often we have broken our moſt ſerious Vows and Reſolutions, eſpecially after the Receiving the holy Sacrament, and in Times of Sickneſs and Diſtreſs: Such a Sight, and ſuch a Proſpect of Miſery as this, ſhould excite in us a hearty Trouble and Sorrow for Sin; eſpecially, if we caſt an Eye upon the final Iſſue and Conſequences of it, with reſpect to the World to come. *Upon the Ungodly*, ſaith holy *David, God will rain Snares, Fire and Brimſtone, Storm and Tempeſt; this ſhall be their Portion to drink*, Pſal. xi. 7. *Great Plagues remain for the Ungodly; Indignation and Wrath, Tribulation and Anguiſh, upon every Soul of Man that doth Evil*, Rom. ii. 8, 9. *The Wicked ſhall be turned into Hell, and all the People that forget God.* Theſe, and many other ſuch like Texts of Scripture, may give us ſome Idea or Notion of the deplorable Condition of the Wicked in a future State, and of God's Hatred againſt Sin. And is not this then, without multiplying Arguments, ſufficient to affect us with great Grief and Sorrow, when we conſider that ſo long as we live in a vicious Courſe, ſo long are we expoſed to all thoſe Plagues and Torments which God hath in Store for wicked Men, and will moſt certainly

tainly be their Lot and Portion, if not prevented by a timely Repentance?

Contrition.

The Second Part of a true Repentance is *Contrition*, or a ſorrowful Bewailing of our own Sinfulneſs in Thought, Word and Deed. When we call to mind the Sins and Follies of our paſt Lives, and the Dangers we are like to fall into, ſurely we cannot be otherwiſe affected, than ſenſibly grieved with the Thoughts and Apprehenſions of our preſent and approaching Miſery. The Sorrows of *David*, and the Repentance of St *Peter*, 1 *Sam.* xii. *Luke* xxii. ſhewed themſelves in Floods of Tears, and were too great to be confined within: But our Hearts are generally ſo hard and unrelenting, that we ſin againſt God, and loſe our own Souls without ſo much as a Sigh or a Tear. I know that the Tempers of People are different; ſome can ſhed Tears upon every ſlight Occaſion; and others cannot weep, though their Hearts are ready to break for Grief; and therefore we are not to judge of the Sincerity of our own or other People's Repentance by ſuch Signs and Tokens; nor are Tears always neceſſary to Repentance, though they very well become us; and the leaſt we can do when we have done amiſs, is to be ſorry for it, and to condemn our Folly, and to be full of Indignation and Diſpleaſure againſt ourſelves. *I will declare my Iniquity*, ſaith holy *David, and be ſorry for my Sin*, Pſal. xxxviii. 18. Eſpecially if we have been

been very wicked, and have multiplied our Tranſgreſſions, and have continued long in an evil Courſe, have neglected God, and have forgotten him Days without Number; then the Meaſure of our Sorrow muſt bear ſome Proportion to the Degrees of our Sins; if they have been as *Scarlet* and *Crimſon*, Iſai. i. 18. that is, of a deeper Dye than ordinary, then our Sorrow muſt be as deep as our Guilt: If not ſo great, we ought to ſhew ſo much Trouble and Contrition of Spirit, as to produce in us a penitential Confeſſion of all our former Sins:

Confeſſion of Sin.

Which is the THIRD Property of a ſincere Repentance. *I will acknowledge my Sin unto thee*, ſays holy *David*, *and mine Unrighteouſneſs have I not hid. I ſaid, I will confeſs my Sins unto the Lord, and ſo thou forgaveſt the Iniquity of my Sin*, Pſal. xxxii. 5. Which Confeſſion of Sins muſt not be in general Terms only, that we are Sinners with the reſt of Mankind, but it muſt be a ſpecial Declaration to God of all our moſt heinous Sins in *Thought*, *Word* and *Deed*, with all their ſeveral Aggravations, laying open our Sores to our heavenly Phyſician; and this we muſt do, to ſhew that we condemn all our former evil and vicious Courſes, with a full Purpoſe and Reſolution of Mind (by God's Aſſiſtance) never to do the like again. Unleſs this be done, our Sorrow for Sin, and the Confeſſion of our Wickedneſs, can never profit us in the

Sight

Sight of God, if it be not joined with a firm Reſolution of leading a new Life.

Which is the FOURTH and moſt eſſential Part of a ſincere Repentance, and the only Condition of finding Mercy with God.— *He that covereth his Sins ſhall not proſper, but whoſo confeſſeth and forſaketh them ſhall have Mercy*, Prov. xxviii. 13. *Let the wicked Man forſake his Ways, and the unrighteous Man his Thoughts, and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have Mercy upon him, and to our God, and he will abundantly pardon*, Iſai. lv. 7. *I tell you nay*, ſaith Chriſt, *but except ye repent, ye ſhall all likewiſe periſh*, Luke xiii. 3. *Repent ye therefore, and be converted, that your Sins may be blotted out*, Acts iii. 19.— Thoſe preceding Parts of Repentance beforementioned, are only preparative to this; that which muſt compleat and finiſh the Work of a new Convert is, to become a *new Creature*, "to turn from our evil Ways, and to break "off our Sins by Righteouſneſs." This certainly muſt be the Deſire and Intention of all Communicants, if they hope or expect any Benefit or Advantage from this ſolemn Rite, or Covenant; for he that comes with a Deſign or Intention of continuing in his former Sins, comes ſomewhat like unto *Judas*, that came and received, and at the ſame Time continued his Reſolution of betraying his Maſter. That which makes a Man abſolutely unfit to receive the holy Sacrament, *A new Life.*

is

is the living in the conſtant and habitual Practice of any known Sin, without the leaſt Deſire or Intention of Repentance or Amendment. Such a Man's Approach to the holy Table, no doubt, is to "eat and drink his "own Damnation," ſince it is a plain Mocking of God, and a great Contempt and Abuſe of his divine Authority. We muſt therefore (by the Help and Aſſiſtance of God's Grace) "reſolve to lead a new Life, following the "Commandments of God," or otherwiſe our former Examinations will appear but ſlight and ſuperficial, our Sight and Senſe of Sin trivial and indifferent, our Sorrow and Contrition of Spirit forced and hypocritical, and our Confeſſions odious and formal. Therefore examine well the Sincerity of your Repentance and Reſolutions, that you neither deceive God nor yourſelves: Him you cannot, becauſe he is *a Searcher of the Heart, and a Diſcerner of the Thoughts*, nor will he accept of any thing which is not hearty and unfeigned.

No abſolute Obedience expected after the holy Sacrament.

Not that we are to ſuppoſe that this Sacrament of the Lord's Supper doth require perfect Obedience in all our Addreſſes to the holy Altar, or that none muſt come but ſuch as are in a ſinleſs State of Perfection: No, this were impoſſible, becauſe *there is no Man which liveth and ſinneth not; for who can ſay, I have made my Heart*

Heart clean, I am pure from my Sin? The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper is not a converting, but a confirming Ordinance, intended to preſerve and increaſe that ſpiritual *Life* and *Grace* which we received at our Baptiſm: So that when we come to the holy Communion, we come thither for freſh Supplies of Grace and Goodneſs, "for the ſtrengthening "and refreſhing of our Souls in all Holineſs "and Virtue." As our natural Bodies are fed and nouriſhed with thoſe Elements of Bread and Wine, the ſame Effect is wrought in the Soul, in the inward Man, by theſe holy Myſteries, as is in the outward Man by Bread and Wine; Bread being the Staff of Life, and Wine the moſt ſovereign Cordial (when taken in due Proportion) to chear and rejoice the Heart. And thus our Souls, by this Sacrament, are fortified and ſtrengthened with Grace, Wiſdom, Courage, and all other ſpiritual Gifts, to keep us through Faith unto Salvation. Both the Comfort and Benefit of it are great; the Comfort of it, becauſe it does not only repreſent to us the exceeding Love of our Saviour, in giving his Body to be broken, and his Blood to be ſhed for us; but it likewiſe ſeals to us all thoſe Bleſſings and Benefits which are purchaſed and procured for us by his Death and Paſſion, namely, the Pardon of Sin, and Power againſt it. The Benefit of frequent Communion is alſo of great Advantage, becauſe hereby we are confirmed in all Grace and Goodneſs, and our Reſolu-

tions

tions to live in Obedience and Conformity to God's Law, are ſtrengthened, and the Grace of God's holy Spirit, to do his Will, is hereby conveyed to us: It is the ſovereign Remedy againſt all Temptations, by mortifying our Paſſions, and by ſpiritualizing our Affections: In a Word, it is the likelieſt Method to make our Bodies the Temples of the Holy Ghoſt, and to prepare our Souls for the Enjoyment of God to all Eternity.

Relapſes after Receiving not dangerous.

And if at any Time, thro' Ignorance, Surprize, or the Violence of any other Temptation, we ſhould fall into thoſe very Sins which we have repented of, and vowed againſt when we were at the laſt Sacrament, yet theſe Relapſes ſhould not make us afraid of coming again, ſince we have always the Benefit of Repentance allowed us: If after a Relapſe we repent, and renew our Reſolutions with a hearty Grief and Contrition of Spirit, we are made whole as before. *If the Wicked*, ſaith God, *will turn from all his Sins that he hath committed; all his Tranſgreſſions that he hath committed, they ſhall not be mentioned unto him*, Ezek. xviii. 21, 22. *Sin no more*, ſays our Saviour to the Woman taken in Adultery, *and I will not condemn thee*, John viii. 11. It is not the Commiſſion of this or that great Sin that will utterly exclude us from God's Mercy and Forgiveneſs, for then, indeed, no Perſon could eſcape Damnation, becauſe *there is not a juſt Man*

Man upon Earth, that doth good and ſinneth not, Eccleſ. vii. 20. But it is our living and dying without Repentance and Amendment, that brings God's Wrath and Vengeance upon us. His Mercies are not limited; he will not only pardon us once or twice, but always, upon our Repentance and Return to him. No Time, no Age or Seaſon, does he except againſt; *but whenever the wicked Man turneth away from his Wickedneſs that he hath committed, and doth that which is lawful and right, he ſhall ſave his Soul alive*, Ezek. xviii. 27. Neither is there any Sin, though never ſo vile and heinous in its own Nature, but ſhall be remitted and forgiven, unleſs it be that againſt the Holy Ghoſt. *All manner of Sins and Blaſphemies ſhall be forgiven unto Men, but the Blaſphemy againſt the Holy Ghoſt ſhall not be forgiven*, Matt. xii. 31, 32. And conſequently this Sin of eating and drinking unworthily, in the worſt Senſe, cannot be a damning Sin, becauſe God in the Goſpel (for Chriſt's ſake) hath promiſed to forgive all our Sins, upon our Repentance, and therefore this of unworthy Receiving among the reſt.

Some People, I remember, have been very much concerned and diſcompoſed at their Devotions, upon the Repetition of ſome few Expreſſions contained in the laſt Exhortation to the Communion, namely, "Of being "guilty of the Body and Blood of Chriſt "our Saviour,—of eating and drinking our "own Damnation, — Not conſidering the "Lord's

" Lord's Body, — Kindling God's Wrath " againſt us,—Provoking him to plague us " with divers Diſeaſes, and ſundry kinds of " Death." Theſe are hard Sayings, and ſome of them too hard to be underſtood: But however, they are all avoided and eſcaped by coming worthily, that is, with *Faith* and *Repentance:* Therefore let not theſe terrible Expreſſions trouble you, or detain you from the holy Communion: Repent and believe, and you are ſafe and ſecure from falling into any of thoſe Dangers, which theſe Sentences may ſeem to threaten you with. So that the Want of Preparation, as ſome Men have alledged, and in the Senſe they generally take it, can never be a ſufficient Plea or Pretence for their not coming to the holy Communion; becauſe after our beſt and ſtricteſt Endeavours to prepare ourſelves, we profeſs (before God and the Congregation) " That we do not come " to this heavenly Table truſting in our own " Righteouſneſs, but in his manifold and great " Mercies." By theſe we are invited to come; and to the Mercy of God (through Chriſt) all of us muſt flee, and take Sanctuary in; who has promiſed, that *he will in no wiſe caſt out thoſe that come unto him*, Joh. vi. 37. *A broken and a contrite Heart, O God, thou wilt not deſpiſe*, Pſal. li. 17. There is nothing dreadful in this Sacrament, but to the wilful, impenitent, and perſevering Sinner, whoſe Condition is dreadful, and every Page in Scripture is terrible againſt ſuch, whether they come

come or not; but to the penitent and humble Soul, nothing is dismal or affrighting in this holy Feast; for there is none condemned for unworthy Receiving, but such who deserve it for continuing in their Iniquities: And this Impenitence renders even their Prayers an "Abomination unto the Lord." Though they never partake of the Body and Blood of Christ, they are in equal Danger with those who eat and drink unworthily; nay, I might say in greater, because the latter use the Means, in Obedience to our Saviour's Command, and the former wilfully neglect that which would prevent their Damnation, if rightly considered, and timely applied to. The surest Way, I say, to prevent their Damnation, is to receive the Sacrament more frequently than Men usually do, that by a constant Participation of this spiritual Food of the living Bread which comes down from Heaven, their Souls may be nourished in all Goodness, and new Supplies of God's Grace and Holy Spirit may be continually derived to them for the purifying of their Hearts, and to enable them to run the Way of God's Commandments with more Constancy and Delight than they did before. So that the true Consequence of eating and drinking unworthily, should rather excite our Care and Diligence in this Duty, than delude us with false Reasonings, to such a Neglect as will certainly increase our Damnation; it being certain that God will never cast any Man into eternal

Flames

Flames for ſtriving to do his Duty as well as he can. *If there be firſt a willing Mind,* ſaith the Apoſtle, *it is accepted according to that a Man hath, and not according to that he hath not,* 2 Cor. viii. 12. Neither ought we to think ſo unworthily of the Son of God, who came into the World *to ſave Sinners,* that He would inſtitute this Ordinance to be a Snare to entangle our Souls with. It was not ordained for Angels, or for glorified Saints, but for humble and penitent Sinners, to bring them home to God; it being a Seal of their Pardon, and refreſhing Declaration of our heavenly Father's Readineſs to forgive the chiefeſt of Sinners for Jeſus's ſake; who graciouſly calls upon all who are *wearied and oppreſſed with the Guilt and Burden of their Sins, to come to him, and he will refreſh them,* Matt. xi. 28. *Chriſt came not to call the Righteous, but Sinners to Repentance,* Matt. ix. 13. And conſequently ſuch as account themſelves moſt unworthy, are thoſe very Perſons whom Chriſt doth here call and invite to this Sacrament, when deeply ſenſible of their Unworthineſs. Were we not Sinners, were we not *conceived and born in Sin,* we ſhould not need ſuch Means and Inſtruments of Grace as Sacraments are; but "being by Nature born in Sin, and "the Children of Wrath, we are hereby "made the Children of Grace, and Inhe-"ritors of the Kingdom of Heaven." *They that are whole,* ſaith Chriſt, *have no need of*

a Phyſician, but they that are ſick. This being the Caſe of all Mankind with reſpect to their ſpiritual Life, there is no other Way to free ourſelves from this Death of Sin, but by ſpeedily applying ourſelves to our heavenly Phyſician, *who came into the World to ſeek and to ſave thoſe that are loſt*, and ready to periſh; and the very Senſe of our own Unworthineſs, is, of all other Arguments, the beſt Qualification to recommend us to God's Favour and Mercy, ſince we know that *he reſiſteth the Proud*, [and preſumptuous Sinner] but never denies his Grace and Favour to the Humble and Meek. As often then as we come to the Holy Communion with ſuch an honeſt and true Heart, as to exerciſe our "Repentance towards God, "our Faith and Hope of his Mercy, thro' "Chriſt, and the Forgiveneſs of our Sins, "and our Love and Charity for all Man-"kind:" ſuch a Temper and Reſolution of Mind as this, will, doubtleſs, render us worthy Partakers of theſe holy Myſteries, and prevent us "eating and drinking Dam-"nation to ourſelves." Nay, I further add, that any Perſon thus diſpoſed or qualified, may come (if it ſhould be required) at an Hour's Warning, as ſafely as he may come to Church and ſay his Prayers, or hear a Sermon. The Dueneſs of Preparation doth not ſo much depend upon our ſetting aſide ſo many extraordinary Days for the forcing ourſelves into a religious Poſture of Mind,

as upon the plain natural Frame and Diſpoſition of our Souls, as they conſtantly ſtand inclined to Virtue and Goodneſs through the general Courſe of our Lives. From whence I infer, that a multitude of Buſineſs, or a Man's being deeply engaged in the public Affairs of this World, cannot be any juſt Plea or Pretence for his not coming to the holy Communion; becauſe all Buſineſs is conſiſtent with the Duties of Religion, provided we govern our Affairs by Chriſtian Principles: For though ſuch Men have not Leiſure for ſo much actual Preparation, yet they may have that habitual Preparation, upon which the great Streſs ought to be laid in this Matter: Nay, even the conſcientious Diſcharge of a Man's Duty in his Buſineſs, may be one of the beſt Qualifications to recommend him to God; ſince every Man ſerves God when he follows his Calling with Diligence, and obſerves Juſtice and Honeſty in all his Dealings; and conſequently, the greater Danger and Temptation he is expoſed to through the Multiplicity of Buſineſs, the more Need hath he of God's Grace and Aſſiſtance, which are abundantly communicated to us in this holy Ordinance: So that Men of Buſineſs, if they have any ſerious Thoughts of another World, ought more eſpecially to lay hold on ſuch Oppor-

Men of great Buſineſs, either public or private, are not thereby excuſed from frequent Communion.

tunities which ſecure the Salvation of their Souls; for as they who have Leiſure ought to receive conſtantly, as the beſt Improvement of their Time; ſo they that are engaged in many worldly Affairs, ought to come the oftener to the holy Communion, and learn how to ſanctify their Employment.—But to proceed:

A lively Faith in God's Mercy.

The other Branch of a Communicant's Duty is, "to examine whether he hath a lively Faith "in God's Mercy through "Chriſt." *Examine yourſelves, whether ye be in the Faith*, 2 Cor. xiii. 5. this Sacrament of the Lord's Supper being only appointed for ſuch Believers as own their Baptiſm, and profeſs the Faith of Chriſt crucified, and underſtand the fundamental Articles of the Chriſtian Religion, contained in the Apoſtles Creed, and alſo the End and Deſign of this holy Inſtitution. The Benefits of our Saviour's Death and Paſſion in this Sacrament are indeed freely offered unto all, but only effectually to Believers. *As many as received him, to them gave he Power to become the Sons of God, even to them that believe in his Name*, John i. 12. *And this is Life eternal, that they might know thee, the only true God, and Jeſus Chriſt whom thou haſt ſent*, John xvii. 3. All that Chriſt hath done and ſuffered for us Men and our Salvation, can never profit us

us unleſs we have *Faith* to believe it: That which muſt render the Benefits and Bleſſings of the Goſpel effectual to our Salvation is our *Faith* in Chriſt. *Verily, I ſay unto you,* ſaith our Saviour, *he that heareth my Words, and believeth on him that ſent me, hath everlaſting Life, and ſhall not come into Condemnation, but is paſſed from Death unto Life,* John v. 24. The ancient Churches accounted thoſe only *Faithful* that had received the Lord's Supper; and the *Germans* allowed none to come unto their Sacrifices who had loſt their Shields; nor does our own Church allow that any of us ſhould come to this Chriſtian Sacrifice without the Shield of Faith. "Draw near with Faith, ſays the Prieſt, "and take this holy Sacrament to your "Comfort." And this Faith hath God's Mercy, through Chriſt, for its Object, as the Fountain and Foundation of all thoſe infinite Bleſſings and Comforts which we gain by his Manifeſtation in the Fleſh: And if we enquire into the Cauſe and Reaſon of ſo much Mercy and Goodneſs to Mankind, no other can be given, but *the Riches of his Mercy,* Eph. ii. 4. And if we further enquire how this Mercy became ours, the Anſwer is plain, it was through Chriſt, by whom all the Bleſſings of this Life, and thoſe of a better, are purchaſed for us, and muſt be obtained thro' the Merits and Interceſſion of the holy Jeſus: By him we were redeemed, *and according to the Riches of his Grace we have obtained Re-*

miſſion of our Sins, and through him at laſt we ſhall be glorified.

A thankful Remembrance of his Death.

And to this our Faith we muſt join "a "thankful Remembrance of "his Death, and of thoſe Be- "nefits which we receive "thereby." *Our gracious and merciful Lord,* ſaith holy *David, hath ſo done his marvellous Works, that they ought to be had in Remembrance,* Pſalm cxi. 4. But eſpecially this Work of our Redemption by Jeſus Chriſt, which to forget were an Ingratitude baſer and viler than ever Heathens, or Publicans, the worſt of People among the Jews, were known to be guilty of towards their Benefactors. Matt. v. 46. *Herein is Love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us, and ſent his Son to be the Propitiation for our Sins,* 1 John iv. 10. This is a Mercy far above all other Mercies; nay, it is even this which ſweetens all other Mercies to us. Had there been no Redemption, our Creation had only made us capable of endleſs Torments, and it had been better for us never to have been born, than to be born to inevitable Ruin; which muſt have been our Lot and Portion, had not "the Son of "God, by his one Oblation of himſelf, once "offered upon the Croſs, made a full, per- "fect, and ſufficient Sacrifice and Satisfac- "tion to God for the Sins of the whole "World." The Conſequences of this Redemption are ſo infinitely great and valuable, that

that it as much ſurpaſſes our Underſtanding as it does our Merits. We are to declare and publiſh to all the World, what God hath done to ſave Mankind from that Damnation which they had deſerved, and to reſtore us again to that Happineſs and Glory which we could never expect or hope to enjoy, had not Chriſt died for us. *O come hither and hearken, all ye that fear God, and I will tell you what he hath done for my Soul,* Pſal. lxvi. 16. *Praiſe the Lord, O my Soul, and all that is within me praiſe his holy Name. Praiſe the Lord, O my Soul, and forget not all his Benefits; who forgiveth all thy Sins, and healeth all thy Infirmities; who ſaveth thy Life from Deſtruction, and crowneth thee with Mercy and Loving-kindneſs,* Pſal. ciii. 1, 2, 3, 4. With what Joy and Thankfulneſs then ſhould every good Chriſtian commemorate this exceeding Love of God, in the Salvation of Sinners by Jeſus Chriſt? This was the proper End and Deſign of this Inſtitution, to perpetuate this wonderful Love of Chriſt in laying down his Life for us. *Do this in Remembrance of me,* ſaith our Saviour a little before his Crucifixion; which being a ſolemn Command of "our Maſter "and only Saviour thus dying "for us," we cannot refuſe Obedience hereunto, without being guilty of the moſt horrible Ingratitude and Contempt of his divine Authority. He hath appointed it for a ſo-

Our Obligations to a frequent Communion.

lemn Commemoration of his great Love to us, in laying down his Life for us Men, and for our Salvation; and therefore, he commands us to do it *in Remembrance of him:* And St *Paul* tells us, that *as often as we eat this Bread, and drink this Cup, we do ſhew forth the Lord's Death till he come.* As for thoſe Men then amongſt us who profeſs themſelves Chriſtians, and hope for Salvation by Jeſus Chriſt, not to pay Obedience to this his Command, is a downright Affront to his ſacred Majeſty; and he may juſtly upbraid us Chriſtians as he did once the Jews, *Why call ye me, Lord, Lord, and do not the Things which I ſay?* How unworthy are we of that Salvation which he hath wrought for us, if we deny him ſo ſmall a Favour, ſuch a reaſonable Requeſt, as to commemorate his Death and bitter Paſſion once a Month, or at leaſt thrice a Year, "who did humble "himſelf even to the Death of the Croſs, for "us miſerable Sinners, who lay in Dark-"neſs, and in the Shadow of Death, that "he might make us the Children of God, "and exalt us to everlaſting Life." In this Sacrament of the Lord's Supper we have the Pardon and Remiſſion of all our Sins, the Grace and Aſſiſtance of God's holy Spirit, and the Hopes of eternal Life and Happineſs, freely offered unto us: And therefore had we no Love,

Mens own Intereſt ſhould oblige them to a conſtant Communion, becauſe of its great Benefits.

no

no Regard or Reverence to the dying Words of our crucified Saviour, yet ſurely the Conſideration of our own preſent and future Advantage might prevail with us to be more frequent at the Lord's Table than we uſually are.

Hitherto a Communicant hath been directed to ſet his Heart right towards God; but this is not all, he muſt proceed farther, and enquire how it ſtands towards his Neighbour, ſince we are expreſsly forbidden, *Matt.* v. 23, 24. to offer up any Gift or Oblation unto God, if our Hearts are leavened with Malice, Hatred, or Revenge. *If thou bring thy Gift unto the Altar, and there rememberest that thy Brother hath ought againſt thee, leave there thy Gift before the Altar, and go thy way, firſt be reconciled to thy Brother, and then come and offer thy Gift.* Here you ſee that Chriſt prefers *Mercy* before *Sacrifice.* And it is generally agreed on by the ancient Fathers, that theſe Words of our Saviour do directly point at this Sacrament, on purpoſe to oblige all Communicants to forgive all manner of Injuries, "before they preſume to eat of that "Bread, or to drink of that Cup." And it is expreſsly ſaid, *Matt.* vi. 14, 15. that our Prayers are not accepted, nor our Pardon ſealed in Heaven, until ſuch time as we *forgive*

And to be in Charity with all Men.

Forgiving of Injuries expected from a Communicant.

give Men their Treſpaſſes; and to be ſure we can never be welcome or worthy Gueſts at this heavenly Feaſt, where Jeſus the Saviour of Penitents and the Prince of Peace is ſpiritually preſent, unleſs our Repentance reconcile us to God, and our Charity to all Mankind.

Charity to the Poor.

And this Charity of the Heart, in forgiving Injuries, muſt likewiſe ſhew itſelf by the Hand, in relieving the Wants and Neceſſities of the Poor. We read, that when this Sacrament was adminiſtred in the Apoſtles Days, large Collections of Monies were then gathered for the Maintenance of the poor Clergy and Laity, *Acts* ii. 44, 45, 46. and 1 *Cor.* xvi. 1. And *Theodoret* obſerves, that *Theodoſius* the Emperor, when the Time came to offer, aroſe, and preſented his Oblations with his own Hands. It was not determined how much every Man ſhould give, but all Men were exhorted and enjoined to offer ſomething according to their Ability; which if any neglected, the Fathers cenſured them as unworthy Communicants: And to be ſure, nothing within our Power can ſo effectually recommend our Prayers and Devotions as this of Charity; it being well obſerved, *Matt.* vi. that our Saviour hath incloſed *Alms* between *Prayer* and *Faſting*, and therefore they are called its two Wings, without which it will never fly ſo high as the Throne of God. While *Cornelius* was faſting

faſting and praying, we read that an Angel from Heaven was diſpatched to him with this happy Meſſage: *Thy Prayers and thine Alms are come up for a Memorial before God*, Acts x. 4. *He that hath pity upon the Poor, lendeth unto the Lord; and that which he hath given will he pay him again*, Prov. xix. 17. *Charge them that are rich in this World,—that they be rich in good Works, ready to diſtribute, willing to communicate, laying up in ſtore for themſelves a good Foundation againſt the Time to come, that they may lay hold on eternal Life*, 1 Tim. vi. 17, 18, 19. *Do ye not know that they who miniſter about holy Things live of the Sacrifice, and they who wait at the Altar are Partakers with the Altar? Even ſo hath the Lord alſo ordained, that they who preach the Goſpel ſhould live of the Goſpel*, 1 Cor. ix 13, 14. *If we have ſown unto you ſpiritual Things, is it a great matter if we ſhall reap your worldly Things?* Ver. 11. But we may juſtly complain with *Baſil*, that we know ſome who will "faſt and pray, ſigh and groan, yea, "and do all Acts of Reli-
"gion which coſt them no-
"thing, but will not give one
"Farthing to the Poor: What
"Benefit is there, ſaith he, of all the reſt of "their Devotions?" Baſil, *Hom. in Matt.* xix.

And when the Communicant has thus far advanced towards the Altar, in his *Examination, Repentance*, &c. he muſt not forget *Prayer.*

another excellent Preparative belonging to this Duty of communicating worthily, which although it be not mentioned in our Church Catechiſm, yet it is always implied as a neceſſary Part of our Sacramental Preparation; that is, *Prayer*, private and public; a Duty upon which all our preſent and future Bleſſings depend, *Matt.* vii. 7, 8. and 21, 22. And ſo near a Relation hath this Duty of Prayer with this Sacrament, that all thoſe Bleſſings therein contained and promiſed, are only in return to our Prayers; and no doubt but that Man who makes a conſcientious Practice of this Duty in his Cloſet, and at Church, can never be unprepared for this Sacrament, nor want a Title to God's peculiar Favour and Bleſſing: *For the Eyes of the Lord are over the Righteous, and his Ears are open unto their Prayers*, 1 Pet. iii. 12. The conſtant Exerciſe of *Prayer*, is the beſt Method to get the Maſtery over our evil Inclinations and corrupt Affections, and to overcome our vicious Habits: It preſerves a lively Senſe of God and Religion in our Minds, and fortifies us againſt thoſe Temptations that aſſault us; it ſpiritualizeth our Nature, and raiſeth our Souls above this World, and ſupports * us

---

* See *The Daily Companion, with Chriſtian Supports under the Troubles of this World*, &c. Price bound 6 *d.* or 5 *s.* a Dozen.

under

under the Troubles and Calamities of this Life, by ſanctifying ſuch Afflictions; it leads us gradually to the Perfection of a Chriſtian Life, and preſerves that Union between God and our Souls, which feeds our ſpiritual Life with Grace and Goodneſs; without it we in vain pretend to diſcharge thoſe Chriſtian Duties incumbent on us, or to proſper in our temporal Affairs, which muſt have God's Bleſſing to crown them with Succeſs. And as Prayer in general has theſe great Bleſſings and Advantages attending it, ſo give me leave to ſuggeſt to you under this Head, that thoſe public Prayers and Devotions, which we offer unto God in our Churches, are not only more acceptable to him, but alſo much more edifying and advantageous to ourſelves: They cannot but be more acceptable to God, becauſe thereby his Honour and Glory is much more conſiderably advanced and maintained in the World, than by our private Devotions *: By theſe outward *Signs* and *Tokens*, we publickly declare to all the World that

Public Prayers recommended.

---

* See *The Happineſs and Pleaſure of a Religious Life. By* J. Norris. *Price* 3*d.* or 20*s.* a Hundred. Alſo,

A Sermon concerning the Excellence and Uſefulneſs of the Common Prayer. *By* W. Beveridge, *D. D. Pr.* 3*d.* or 20*s.* a Hundred.

inward Regard and Eſteem which we have for his divine Perfections and Goodneſs; hereby we *let our Light ſo ſhine before Men, that they may ſee our good Works, and glorify our Father which is in Heaven*, Matt. v. 16. There is no Duty in Scripture more frequently commanded, none more earneſtly preſſed upon us, than this of public Prayer. We have the Example of all good Men in all Ages for it, and of Chriſt himſelf, who was daily in the Temple and in the Synagogues, and, no Queſtion, frequented thoſe Places at the uſual Hours of Prayer, becauſe then he had the faireſt Opportunity, from thoſe public Aſſemblies, to inſtruct, and to exhort to *Faith* and *Repentance*. 2*dly*, We may expect greater Bleſſings and Succeſs to our Requeſts and Deſires, when we join in the public Prayers of our Church, than from private, becauſe our Saviour has in a ſpecial manner promiſed to ſuch Aſſemblies his immediate Preſence; that *where two or three are gathered together in his Name, there will he be in the midſt of them:* which he hath no where ſaid of private Prayer, though both are very good, nay, both are abſolutely neceſſary for the beginning and ending of a Chriſtian Life: And it is a very bad Sign of ſome evil Principle or other, for any Man to be much a Stranger to the Houſe of Prayer, which is one of the greateſt Bleſſings and Privileges (if we know how to value the ſame) that we can have in this World, and has always been

been accounted ſuch among all wiſe and good Men. It is certain, that the *Turks*, whom we call Infidels, go to their public Devotion five times every Day; and ſhall not they riſe in Judgment againſt us Chriſtians, who cannot afford to go once or twice a Day to God's Houſe, when we have both Leiſure and Opportunity? If Men ſhall be judged for every idle Word, to be ſure they ſhall not paſs unpuniſhed for all the Neglects and Omiſſions of their Duty of this Nature.—But to proceed:

To this Duty of *fervent Prayer*, the Communicant ſhould ſpend ſome Portion of Time in Reading and Meditation, to raiſe his Soul into a devout and heavenly Temper: The proper Office of Reading, is to gain ſpiritual Food and Suſtenance, and of Meditation, to digeſt it. Thoſe divine Subjects moſt proper for our ſerious Contemplation on this ſolemn Occaſion, I think, are "our Saviour's Sermon on the "Mount; the Love of God in the Salva"tion of Sinners, through Jeſus Chriſt; "Repentance, Faith, Charity*; Death and "Judgment; the happy Condition of a fu"ture State of Bleſſedneſs, and the miſe"rable Condition of the Damned in Hell."

Reading and Meditation.

---

* See Mr. *Norris*'s *Effectual Remedy againſt the Fear of Death.* Price bound 6 *d.*

Theſe

Theſe and the like, as they offer themſelves unto you, ſhould be meditated upon, until ſome Sorrow of Mind, ſome Ardor of Devotion, ſome Act of Faith, ſome Flame of Love and Charity ariſe in your Souls.

Thus have I briefly repreſented to you both the Nature and Neceſſity of a *Sacramental Preparation*, which in great meaſure contains the whole Duty of a Chriſtian's Life, namely, "Repentance towards God, "Faith towards our Lord Jeſus Chriſt, and "Charity towards our Neighbour." And I alſo hope, whoſoever among us will but endeavour to prepare themſelves for the holy Communion, according to the forementioned Directions, may (by the Help of God) upon all Occaſions come to the Lord's Table, without the leaſt Fear or Danger of "eating and drinking Damnation to them-"ſelves."

And now ſome People may cenſure this Diſcourſe, as giving too great Liberty and Encouragement to approach the Lord's Table with leſs Preparation than otherwiſe Men would venture to do. But I know no Ground or Reaſon for any ſuch Suggeſtion, if they impartially conſider the Excellence and Perfection of that Guide and Companion I have followed throughout the Whole: And to repreſent this Duty of frequent Communion otherwiſe than what the Church requires, is an

The Church Catechiſm.

an Injury both to God and to ourſelves: And I dare affirm, that no Part of divine Worſhip has ſuffered more on this Account, than that of the holy Communion; Thouſands of People not daring in all their Lifetime, (though very good Livers) to partake of the Lord's Supper, for fear of eating and drinking their own Damnation.

For further Inſtruction, ſee *A Treatiſe of ſacramental Covenanting with Chriſt; ſhewing the Ungodly their Contempt of Chriſt in their Contempt of the ſacramental Covenant.* By *John Rawlet*, B. D. Author of *The Chriſtian Monitor.*

See Dr Meriton's *Family Companion; or Forms of Prayer for every Day in the Week, Morning and Evening. Alſo Prayers and Thankſgivings upon ſeveral Occaſions, as well for the Uſe of particular Perſons as Families.* The Fourteenth Edition. Price 1 *s.*

Printed for *John Beecroft*, at the *Bible and Crown* in *Pater-noſter-Row.*

PRAYERS and MEDITATIONS

Preparative to a

Sacramental Preparation,

According to

What the Church of *England* requires from her Communicants.

A Prayer to God for his gracious Assistance and Direction in our sacramental Preparation.

HOLY, holy, holy Lord God of Sabaoth, Heaven and Earth are full of thy Majesty and of thy Glory: I the unworthiest of all Creatures do here, in all Humility of Soul and Body, prostrate myself before thee, acknowledging my own Weakness and Insufficiency to do any thing that is good or well-pleasing in thy Sight: And therefore, humbly implore the special Influence of thy Grace and Holy Spirit, to further these my Endeavours for a worthy Participation of this holy Communion of the Body and Blood of Christ, which he has commanded me to do in Remembrance of him, and of those Benefits which we receive thereby. Teach me,

me, O Lord, the right Way, and lead me in the Paths of holy Preparation, that I may be received as a worthy and welcome Gueſt at this thy heavenly Table. Poſſeſs my Mind with a true Senſe of the Greatneſs of this Myſtery, and the Excellency of thy Mercy, in preparing this Table for our ſpiritual Food: Inſpire my Soul with pure and pious Diſpoſitions; and inſtead of thoſe filthy Rags of my Righteouſneſs, clothe me with the Righteouſneſs of the Saints, that my Heart may be a clean though homely Receptacle for my Saviour, and one day fitted for the bleſſed Society of Saints and Angels in Heaven, through Jeſus Chriſt our Lord. *Amen.*

Our Father, &c. See *Pſal.* xxiii. xxvi. cxi.

A Prayer for the Gift and Grace of Repentance.

ALmighty and eternal Lord God, *who art of purer Eyes than to behold Iniquity, and haſt more eſpecially enjoined all thoſe who compaſs thine Altar to waſh their Hands in Innocency*, vouchſafe me unfeigned Repentance for my paſt Sins, a hearty Sorrow and Contrition of Spirit to lament my Sinfulneſs, and moſt firm and ſtedfaſt Purpoſes to lead a new Life. It is the Voice of thy wondrous Goodneſs and Mercy, that *if the Wicked ſhall forſake his Ways, and the unrighteous Man his Thoughts, thou wilt have Mercy upon him, and abundantly pardon him.* O let thy Goodneſs (whereof I have had ſo great a Share, and plentiful Experience) lead

lead me to Repentance not to be repented of, that I may be a fit Gueſt at thy Son's Table. "Have Mercy upon me, O Lord, "and according to the Multitude of thy "tender Mercies, blot out all my Tranſ- "greſſions for thy Mercy's ſake in Chriſt Je- "ſus, the Son of thy Love, whom thou haſt "ſet forth to be the Propitiation for our "Sins." Grant this, O merciful Father, for the Sake of my bleſſed Saviour and Redeemer. *Amen.*

See *Pſal.* vi. xxv. xxxii. xxxviii.

A Prayer before Self-Examination.

O Lord, thou that art the *Searcher of all our Hearts, and a Diſcerner of the very Thoughts, and in whoſe Sight all Things are naked and open*, be pleaſed to impart a Ray of thy heavenly Light, to diſcover all the Sins and Infirmities of my paſt Life, and whatſoever elſe thou knoweſt wherein I have done amiſs, that henceforward no ſecret Sin may lie undiſcovered and corrupted in my Soul; that by examining my Life and Converſation by thy Law, the Rule and Meaſure of my Duty, I may underſtand the true State and Condition of my Soul, and from a juſt Senſe and Sight of all my Tranſgreſſions, through the Aſſiſtance of thy Grace and heavenly Benediction, I may be enabled to reform my Life, and to turn my Feet unto thy Teſtimonies; ſo faithfully to ſearch and examine my own Conſcience, that

I

I may come holy and clean to the heavenly Feaſt, and be received as a worthy Partaker of that holy Table which thou haſt called me to. Grant this for thy Mercy's ſake in Chriſt Jeſus. *Amen.* See *Pſal.* cxxxix.

Brief Heads of Self-Examination upon each Commandment.

Commandment I.

THough I have not atheiſtically denied the Being of a God, or wickedly renounced him by Apoſtaſy, yet have I not loved, deſired and delighted in other Things more than in God? Or, have I not feared Men, and dreaded the Diſpleaſure of the World, more than of God? Or, have I not truſted in Men, and relied upon the World, more than upon God? Have I not deſpaired of God's Mercy? Or, by preſuming too much upon it, encouraged myſelf in Sin? Have I not been unthankful for Mercies received? Or, have I not aſcribed the Glory and Honour of what I now enjoy to myſelf, more than to God? (Say) *God be merciful to me a Sinner, and lay not this (*or *theſe) Sins to my Charge.* [Repeat the ſame at the End of every Commandment.]

II.

Though I have not worſhipped God by Images, yet have I not entertained groſs and falſe

falſe Conceptions of him? Or, have I not wilfully omitted coming to Church, or to the public Prayers, when I had no juſt Occaſion to hinder me? Or, have I not rudely, irreverently, or wantonly behaved myſelf during the Time of divine Service? Or, have I not wilfully refuſed to come to the Lord's Supper, when I have been called to it? Or, have I not raſhly and unadviſedly received the Sacrament without due Preparation? Or, have I not broken my Vows and Reſolutions which I then made?

III.

If I have not openly blaſphemed the Name of God, yet have I not lightly or irreverently ſpoken of him? Or have I not profanely jeſted upon, or abuſed his holy Places or Perſons, or any thing elſe dedicated to his Service? Or have I not taken God's Name in vain, by common Swearing and Curſing? Or have I not taken falſe and unlawful Oaths? Or have I not broken my own Vows and Reſolutions, eſpecially my Baptiſmal?

IV.

Have I not neglected the Worſhip of God on his Sabbaths? Have I not ſpent Part thereof in vain Sports, idle Diſcourſes, Viſits, and many other unneceſſary Affairs? Or, have I not ſuffered others to profane the Sabbath, when it was in my Power to reſtrain them from ſo doing?

V.

Have I not been ſtubborn, irreverent and undutiful

undutiful towards my Parents, rejecting their Counſels, deſpiſing their Government, and coveting their Eſtate before their Death? Or, have I contributed toward their Neceſſities, when they were in Want, and I had it in my Power to help them? Or, have I not been diſloyal to my Prince, ſtubborn and unfaithful to my Maſter, refractory and unthankful to my Miniſter, peeviſh and unkind to my Friend and Companion?

VI.

If I have not actually taken away the Life of any Perſon, yet have I not made my Neighbour's Life grievous by Oppreſſion, Rage and Violence againſt him? Or, have I not by Fighting or Quarrelling wounded his Perſon? Or, have I not tempted him, by any other Vice or Intemperance, to deſtroy his Health, and ſo ſhorten his Days? Or, have I not, by falſe or contumelious Speeches wounded his good Name and Reputation? Or, have I not by my own Luxury and Intemperance in Eating and Drinking, been acceſſary to my own Death?

VII.

If I have eſcaped the groſſer Acts of Adultery and Fornication, yet have I not conceived Luſt in my Heart, and neglected the Means to preſerve my own and others Chaſtity? Or, have I not by Gluttony and Drunkenneſs, or by any impure Thoughts or Words, defiled my Soul? Or, have I not accuſtomed myſelf to filthy Talking, Jeſting, and

and immodeſt Garbs, and unchaſte Behaviour in common Converſation?

VIII.

If I have not been guilty of common and publick Stealing, yet have I been true and juſt in all my Dealings? Or, have I not contracted Debts, when I was conſcious to myſelf that I was not able to pay, or make Reſtitution? Or, have I not waſted my own or others Eſtates by riotous Living? Or, have I not by Violence and Oppreſſion exacted of my Inferiors, or by unlawful Uſury taken Advantage of their Neceſſities?

IX.

If I have not before the Magiſtrate ſworn falſly againſt any Man, yet have I not accuſtomed myſelf to Lying and Slandering? Or, have I not accuſed my Neighbour unjuſtly? Or, have I not concealed the Truth of another, when Juſtice and Charity obliged me to give Evidence of it? Or, have I not unjuſtly ſought to uphold my own Credit, or to blaſt any other Perſon's?

X.

Have I not ſecretly complained againſt the Providence of God, as if others had too much, and I too little? Or, have I not by unlawful Means endeavoured to deprive others of their Goods and Property? Or, have I laboured truly and faithfully to get my own Living, and been content with that State of Life unto which it hath pleaſed God to call me?

A penitential Confeſſion of Sins; with an humble Supplication for Mercy and Forgiveneſs.

ALmighty and everlaſting God, who hateſt nothing that thou haſt made, and doſt forgive the Sins of all them that are penitent, create and make in me a new and contrite Heart, that I, worthily lamenting my Sins, and acknowledging my Wretchedneſs, may obtain of thee, the God of all Mercy, perfect Remiſſion and Forgiveneſs, through Jeſus Chriſt our Lord. *Amen.*

Here call to Mind all your moſt grievous Sins.

See *Pſal.* li. vi. xxxii. xxxviii.

An Act of Contrition.

FAther, I have ſinned againſt Heaven, and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy Son. Wo is me, O Lord, who was conceived and born in Sin; the Thoughts of my Heart were inclined unto Evil from my Youth. Wo is me, that I have ſinned againſt thee my Creator and kind Benefactor. Lord, I have done Evil continually in thy Sight, and my Life hath been little elſe than one continued Courſe of Impiety, Unthankfulneſs, and of unworthy Returns for all

all thy Goodneſs and Loving-kindneſs to me. Wo is me that I ſhould thus requite the Lord. O that my Head were Water, and mine Eyes a Fountain of Tears, that I might weep Day and Night for my Sin! O gracious Lord, look on me as thou didſt on the Apoſtle St *Peter*, and let thy compaſſionate Look ſo pierce my ſtony Heart, that I may weep bitterly for my Sins, and may have that *godly Sorrow which worketh Repentance unto Salvation not to be repented of*, for Jeſus's ſake. *Amen.* See *Pſal.* xxv. xxxii. xxxviii.

A Reſolution to lead a new Life.

AND now, O Lord, I do not only with great Shame and Confuſion of Face confeſs and bewail the Sinfulneſs and Vanity of my whole Life, but I do ſtedfaſtly reſolve and purpoſe (through the Aſſiſtance of thy Grace and Holy Spirit directing me) to "renounce the Devil and all his Works, "the Pomps and Vanities of this wicked "World, and all the ſinful Luſts of the "Fleſh." Be pleaſed, O Lord, to ſtrengthen and confirm all theſe good Reſolutions in me. And I heartily thank thee, O heavenly Father, for calling me to this State of Salvation through Jeſus Chriſt my Saviour, *who died for my Sins, and roſe again for my Juſtification*; and I humbly beſeech thee, for his ſake, to give me Grace to continue in the ſame unto my Life's End. *Amen.*

See *Pſal.* i. xxiii. xxiv. xxv. cxix. cxxvi.

A Prayer for Faith in God's Mercy through Chriſt.

ALmighty God, our heavenly Father, who for the greater Confirmation of our Faith and Confidence in thy Mercy, haſt in thy holy Goſpel declared, *that whoſoever believeth in thy Son Jeſus Chriſt, ſhall not periſh, but have everlaſting Life*; and that *this is Life eternal, to know thee, the only true God, and Jeſus Chriſt whom thou haſt ſent:* Increaſe this Knowledge, and confirm this Faith in me evermore. O let me not reſt in a dead Faith, but that I may have ſuch a lively Faith, as will ſhew itſelf by Love and good Works; ſuch a victorious Faith, which may enable me to overcome the World, and conform me to the Image of thy Son Jeſus Chriſt, in whom I believe. O grant me ſuch a due Senſe of thy infinite Mercy ſhewed to Mankind in ſo much Miſery, as may never depart out of my Mind.

I ſtedfaſtly believe, O bleſſed Jeſus, that thou didſt ſuffer upon the Croſs to ſave me and all the World from the Guilt and Puniſhment of our Sins. O give me that Grace, that I may die to Sin, and riſe again unto Righteouſneſs! Accept my imperfect Sorrow, Repentance, Faith, and weak Reſolutions; and let thy precious Merits, O my crucified Saviour, ſupply all my Wants and Imperfections. Thou haſt ſaid, *Come unto me, all ye that labour, and are weary and heavy*

laden, and I will refreſh you. O bleſſed Jeſus, I come unto thee in all Humility, and deeply ſenſible of my great Unworthineſs; O do thou bear this Burden of Sin for me, and refreſh me with comfortable Hopes of thy Mercy and Forgiveneſs, and the Truth of thy Salvation, O gracious Lord; to whom, with the Father and the Holy Ghoſt, be all Honour and Glory for ever. *Amen.*

See *Pſal.* xix. lvii. *Epheſ.* ii. 6, 11.

A thankful Remembrance of the Death of Chriſt.

"ALmighty God, our heavenly Father, "who of thy tender Mercy didſt give "thine only Son Jeſus Chriſt to ſuffer Death "upon the Croſs for our Redemption, and "haſt inſtituted and ordained holy Myſte-"ries as Pledges of his Love, and for a con-"tinual Remembrance of his Death and "Paſſion, to our great and endleſs Comfort:" Behold, I do moſt affectionately, and with all the Powers of my Soul and Body, return my moſt hearty Praiſe and Thankſgiving for thy great Mercy and tender Compaſſion to me and all Mankind, in ſending thy only Son into the World to redeem us from Sin and Miſery, and by his meritorious Death and Paſſion, to purchaſe for us eternal Life. Grant, O Lord, that I may always moſt gratefully remember this exceeding Love of my only Saviour Jeſus Chriſt, thus dying for me; and work in me all ſuch holy and heavenly

venly Affections, as may diſpoſe my Heart to be a worthy Gueſt at thy holy Table, prepared for the continual Remembrance of the Sacrifice of the Death of Chriſt, and of thoſe Benefits which we receive thereby. *Praiſe the Lord, O my Soul, and forget not all his Benefits; who forgiveth all thy Sins, and healeth all thine Infirmities; who ſaveth thy Life from Deſtruction, and crowneth thee with Mercy and Loving-kindneſs.*

See *Pſal.* ciii. 2, 3, 4.

A Prayer for the Grace of Charity.

"O Lord, who haſt taught us that all our "Doings without Charity are nothing "worth; ſend thy Holy Ghoſt, and pour "into my Heart that moſt excellent Gift of "Charity, the very Bond of Peace, and of all "Virtues, without which whoſoever liveth "is counted dead before thee;" more eſpecially when I am going to commemorate the unſpeakable Love of my bleſſed Saviour in dying for me, let not my Heart be deſtitute of Love towards my Brethren: Extend thy Mercy and Forgiveneſs unto all my Enemies, Perſecutors and Slanderers, and turn their Hearts; which I as ſincerely beg for them, as I hope for Mercy and Forgiveneſs at thy Hands. Poſſeſs me with Kindneſs and Good-will for all Mankind, that my Faith may work by Love, and diſpoſe my Heart according to my Ability, to adminiſter towards the Wants and Neceſſities of

thoſe who are any ways afflicted or diſtreſſed in Mind, Body, or Eſtate; and to do unto all Men as I would they ſhould do unto me; and give me that Charity which covereth a Multitude of Sins, that by doing Good for Evil, all Men may know that I am thy Diſciple. Grant this for Jeſus's ſake. *Amen.* See *Pſal.* xv. cxxxiii. xli. cxii. *Matt.* xxv. 34, 41. *Matt.* xviii. 21. 1 *Cor.* xiii.

A Prayer the Morning you intend to Communicate.

O Moſt gracious and eternal Lord God, thou haſt called all ſuch as are weary and heavy laden to come unto thee by Faith and Repentance, and thou wilt refreſh them: In Affiance of this thy gracious Invitation, I will come to thy heavenly Table, not truſting in my own Righteouſneſs, but in thy manifold and great Mercies; and although I am not worthy ſo much as to gather up the Crumbs that fall from thy Table, yet ſince it is thy Property always to have Mercy, I will not deſpair of a kind Reception: Forgive my Want of a due Preparation, and accept of my ſincere Deſire to perform an acceptable Service unto thee: Clothe me with the Wedding-Garment, even the Graces of the Goſpel, and then I am ſure I ſhall be a welcome Gueſt at thy Table, when I ſhall come thither in the Likeneſs of thy Son Jeſus Chriſt, in whom thou art well pleaſed. Poſſeſs my Soul with a lively Faith, profound

found Humility, filial Obedience, inflamed Affection, and univerſal Charity, that ſo I may become a worthy Partaker of theſe holy Myſteries, to my great and endleſs Comfort. Grant this, O heavenly Father, if it be thy bleſſed Will, through Jeſus Chriſt *Amen.*

Our Father, &c. See *Pſal.* xxiii. xxv. xxvi.

****

Short Prayers and Meditations before the Miniſter at Church begins the Communion Service.

At going up to the Altar.

IN the Multitude of thy tender Mercies, O Lord God, do I now approach thine Altar, O pardon my Sins, and look not upon my Unworthineſs, (for I am a ſinful Creature, O Lord) but upon thoſe Motives which drew me hither, even my own Miſeries and thy tender Mercies; therefore help me to ſupply in Humility what I want in Worthineſs, and let my bended Knees and contrite Heart ſhew, that I durſt not have adventured hither, had not thy Mercy held out the golden Scepter, and ſaid, *Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will refreſh you.*

At giving your Alms.

O Lord, who didſt not deſpiſe the Widow's Mite, accept of this little which I freely offer towards the Relief of any of thy poor Members. *Mark* xii. 42.

When the Prieſt is ſetting in Order the Elements to be conſecrated.

LOok down, O Lord God, from thy holy Habitation, and from the glorious Throne of thy Kingdom, and ſanctify us.

When you receive the Bread.

LORD, I am not worthy of the Crumbs which fall from thy Table, and yet thou giveſt unto me the Bread of Life. Evermore give me this Bread, that I may eat thereof, and not die eternally. *Joh.* vi. 34, 50.

After receiving the Bread.

NOT unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy Name give the Praiſe, for thy loving Mercy, and for thy Truth's ſake.

Before receiving the Cup.

WHAT Reward ſhall I give unto the Lord for all the Benefits he hath done unto me? I will receive the Cup of Salvation, and call upon the Name of the Lord.

After Drinking.

BLeſſed be God the Father of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt, for his unſpeakable Gift, in whom we have Redemption through his Blood, even the Forgiveneſs of our Sins.

When

When you retire from the Altar.

" BLESS the Lord, O my Soul, and all that " is within me bleſs his holy Name; " bleſs the Lord, O my Soul, and forget not " all his Benefits; who forgiveth all thine " Iniquities, and healeth all thy Diſeaſes; " who redeemeth thy Life from Deſtruction, " and crowneth thee with Loving-kindneſs " and tender Mercies." O let that heavenly Food, which thou haſt ſo lately fed me with, transfuſe new Life and new Vigour into my Soul, and into the Souls of all thoſe who have been Partakers with me of this holy Communion, that our Faith, Hope and Charity may daily increaſe, and that we may all *grow in Grace, and in the Knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jeſus Chriſt.* Amen and Amen. See *Pſal.* viii. xxiii. lxvi. ciii.

Prayers and Meditations which may be joined to the former, where the Communions are large.

Aſpirations for a devout Communicant.

ENlighten, O Lord, the Eyes of my Underſtanding with the Light of Faith and Wiſdom, that I may ever look on thee my Redeemer as the *Way*, the *Truth*, and the *Life*, which leadeth unto eternal Life. What am I, Lord, and what is my Father's Houſe, that thou ſhouldſt thus follow me with thy Bleſſings? I was created by thee and for

thee, and mayſt thou ever be the Comfort of my Soul.—Good Jeſus, my Hope and only Refuge, I here render thee hearty Thanks for all thy Sufferings, and I beg that I may find Shelter in thy Wounds againſt all Enemies, Ghoſtly and Bodily: Imprint the Memory of them faſt in my Heart, that I may love thee, and in all my Sufferings never want thy divine Aſſiſtance, or forget what thou haſt ſuffered for me. Take from me all Self-love, and give me perfect Love for thee, that I may now be more faithful in my Duty; and let nothing for the future put me out of my Way. O that I could ever remember thee, think of thee, and delight in thee alone, and love thee only, who haſt loved us, and waſhed us with thy moſt precious Blood from the Guilt of our Sins. O that my Senſes may ever be ſhut againſt all Vanity and Sin, that my Mind being free from all fruitleſs Solicitude and Fear, I may fix my Heart there where true Joys are only to be found. From henceforth I will ſeek unto thee my only Good; my Affections and Deſires ſhall be fixed on thee, *in whoſe Preſence there is Fulneſs of Joy, and at whoſe right Hand there are Pleaſures for evermore.*—My Will I now reſign into thy Hands, deſiring that my Will may be thine, both now and for ever. Be thou my Inſtructor and Director in all Things, that I may never do or ſpeak, deſire or think, any thing but what is according to thy good Will.

2. I

2. I AM thy Servant, O Lord, O give me Underſtanding according to thy Word, that I may learn thy Commandments, and lay aſide all Intereſt, beſide that of Heaven. O ſweet Jeſus, Fountain of all Goodneſs, guide my Feet in thy Paths, and teach me to do thy Will: Diſengage my Heart from all unprofitable Solicitude and vain Deſires; and though I live here upon Earth, yet raiſe my Affections to Things above. How ſweet, O Lord, is thy Spirit; how pleaſant to my Lips are the Words of thy Mouth! O that I could ever be mindful of them, to fulfil thy Laws! Make me to die daily to the World and all its Vanities, and let the Greatneſs of thy Love make all that is earthly appear as nothing unto me. Protect me againſt my Enemies, and in all Dangers appear in my Defence: Make haſte to help me, O Lord, and ſay unto my Soul, *I am thy Salvation.* Remember thou art my Redeemer, and have Compaſſion on my poor diſtreſſed Soul; clothe it with all Virtues, and feed it with thy Grace, for it belongs to thee to take care of thoſe whom thou haſt redeemed. In thee I live, ſweet Jeſus, for thy ſake I deſire to die; both living and dying I will ever profeſs that thou art good, and that thy Mercy endures for ever.

3. O That I could now give thee, O Lord, all that Praiſe, Glory and Honour, with which the Angels and bleſſed Spirits

glorify thee in Heaven! But becauſe I am unable to do this, accept at leaſt this my Deſire and good Will. Deliver me, O God, from every thing that is contrary to thy Will, and be pleaſed ſo to diſpoſe of my Soul as may be for thy Glory and Honour. I ſurrender myſelf into thy Hands, and entirely reſolve to ſubmit to that State of Life thou ſhalt pleaſe to appoint me; and if it be more for thy Honour that I ſuffer, I chearfully accept it; *not my Will, but thine be done.* Let nothing be now my Comfort but thou, Lord Jeſu, and nothing afflict me but my Sins, and whatever elſe is diſpleaſing to thy divine Majeſty. O bleſſed Jeſus, Life Eternal, by whom I live, and without whom I die, grant that I may now be united to thee, and that in the Embraces of thy holy Love and divine Will, I may reſt for ever. When ſhall I ſee thee, O ſweet Saviour; when ſhall I appear before thy Face; when ſhall I ſee thee in the Land of the Living! Till then, I ſigh and bewail my Baniſhment, deſiring to be diſſolved, and to be with Chriſt.

If theſe Ejaculations are not ſufficient until the Poſt-Communion begins, you may enlarge them, by reading more or leſs of the following Places in Scripture, namely,

For Grace to love God's Law, Pſal. xix. cxix.
For a holy Life, Pſal. lxxxv.
For Salvation and eternal Joys, Pſal. xvi. xxiv.
For Aſſurance of God's Care and Protection, Pſ. xxxvii.

For

For the Comfort of God's Holy Spirit, Pſ. xxxiv.
For the Grace of Humility, Pſal. cxxxi.
For Devotion in Religion, Pſal. xxvii.
Thankſgiving for God's Mercies, Pſ. ciii. cxxxvi. cxxxviii.
For Pardon of Sins, Pſal. lxxxv. cvi. cxviii.
For Redemption by Chriſt, Pſal. xcviii. cxviii.

An Act of Thankfulneſs and Reſolution before the Poſt-Communion begins.

PRaiſe the Lord, O my Soul, and all that is within me bleſs his holy Name; for now I find the Mercy, the Peace, the Comfort, and the Grace which flows from this Fountain of Spiritual Communion with Chriſt: Let all the World know what he hath done for my Soul; he hath reſcued me, and many of theſe my poor Brethren, from the nethermoſt Hell: Wherefore I will love thee, O holy Jeſu, more than I can expreſs, and live and die in that moſt holy Religion which thou haſt revealed to me. O let me never pollute that Body, or defile that Soul, which the Saviour of the World delights to dwell in. O let no Oaths or Lyings, Backbitings and Slanderings, profane thoſe Lips, no Obſcenity or Intemperance pollute that Mouth, through which theſe holy Symbols have ſo lately paſſed: For which freſh Inſtance of thy Mercy and Goodneſs, I will praiſe thy holy Name, beſeeching thee to keep me in

this Temper and Reſolution of Mind, until *Death is ſwallowed up in Victory.* Amen.

A Prayer againſt evil and perplexing Thoughts.

GO *not far from me, O Lord my God; make haſte to help me,* for corrupt Imaginations are perpetually riſing in my Breaſt, and innumerable Fears and Sorrows cloſe me in on every Side. Be pleaſed, O gracious Lord, in this Perplexity, to refreſh my Soul with ſome ſpeedy Comfort. Scatter and diſperſe all theſe dark and ſinful Thoughts that haunt my Soul, by ſhedding abroad the Light of thy Grace in my Heart; for in the Extremity of this my Grief, this is my only Hope and Comfort, that I can take Sanctuary in thy Goodneſs, repoſe my Confidence, and caſt all my Care and Burden on thee, who never faileſt them that call upon thee: Give me Patience under theſe Adverſities, and a happy Iſſue out of all theſe Afflictions, both of Body and Mind. *Turn thee unto me, and have Mercy upon me, for I am deſolate and in Miſery: The Sorrows of my Heart are enlarged; O bring thou me out of all my Troubles: Look upon my Adverſity and Miſery, and forgive me all my Sins. O keep my Soul, and deliver me: Let me not be confounded, for I have put my Truſt in thee,* through Jeſus Chriſt our Lord. *Amen.* See *Pſal.* vi. cii. xxxiv. xlii. xliii.

Upon

Upon Chriſtmas-Day, *and ſeven Days after, you may add theſe to your other Devotions.*

I Deſire, O Lord, to bleſs and praiſe thine infinite Goodneſs, who didſt take Compaſſion upon Mankind in their greateſt Miſery, and haſt provided ſo admirable a Remedy, by ſending thy only-begotten Son to recover our corrupt and degenerate Nature, and by the Purity of his Doctrine, the Example of his Life, and the Sacrifice of his Death, to purchaſe eternal Happineſs for us. Grant, O Lord, that through the Aſſiſtance of thy Grace and heavenly Benediction, I may daily comply with thoſe great Things which thou haſt done and deſigned for my Salvation. Poſſeſs my Soul with Purity and Piety, and all other Chriſtian Graces and Virtues; that living ſoberly, righteouſly and godly in this preſent World, I may hereafter dwell with thee, O Father of Mercies, and God of all Comforts, in thoſe Manſions of Bliſs and Glory which thou haſt prepared for them that love thee. *Amen.*

See *Pſal.* xix. lxxxix. xliv.

Eaſter-Day, *and ſeven Days after.*

BLeſſed Jeſus, who haſt triumphed over the Powers of Darkneſs, and conquered Hell and the Grave, and who, by thy glorious

rious Reſurrection, haſt made known the Power of thy Divinity, and proved thyſelf the true Meſſias, keep me ſtedfaſt in this Faith; and grant, that all the Actions of my Life may teſtify the Reality and Sincerity of my Belief, by a ſuitable Converſation; that I may riſe from the Death of Sin unto the Life of Righteouſneſs; that as I am buried with thee by Baptiſm, I may henceforth mortify all my corrupt Luſts and Affections, and daily proceed in all Virtue and Godlineſs of Living, that departing this Life in thy Faith and Fear, I may have my perfect Conſummation and Bliſs, both in Body and Soul, in thy eternal everlaſting Kingdom, who liveſt and reigneſt with the Father and the Holy Ghoſt, one God, World without End. *Amen.*

See *Pſal.* ii. lvii. cxi.

Whitſunday, *and ſix Days after.*

O Lord my God, who, by thy Son our Saviour Jeſus Chriſt, haſt promiſed the Aſſiſtance of thy Holy Spirit to all that aſk it of thee, I beſeech thee always to direct my Ways and Actions, the Thoughts and Intentions of my Heart, by the Light of thy Holy Spirit. Let him be unto me a Spirit of Sanctification, to purify my corrupt Nature, a Spirit of Counſel in all my Difficulties; of Direction in all my Doubts, Fears and Scruples; of Courage in all my Dangers; of Conſtancy and Conſolation to me under

under all my Perſecutions and Sufferings, eſpecially in Time of Sickneſs, and at the Hour of Death; that being governed and guided by his divine Influence and Direction, I may paſs through all the Changes and Chances of this mortal Life, till he brings me to everlaſting Life, there to reign with the ever-bleſſed and glorious Trinity, World without End. *Amen.*

See *Pſal.* xxxiv. xlii. xliii. li.

Trinity Sunday.

GLory be to thee, O God the Father, for creating me after thine own Image, capable of loving thee, and enjoying thee eternally; for recovering me from a State of Sin and Miſery, when I had loſt and undone myſelf.—Glory be to thee, O God the Son, for undertaking the wonderful Work of Man's Redemption, for reſcuing me from the Slavery of Sin and the Dominion of Satan; for the accompliſhing which miraculous Work of our Salvation, thou didſt deſcend from Heaven, and didſt put on the Form of a Servant, live a miſerable Life, and die a painful and accurſed Death.—Glory be to thee, O God the Holy Ghoſt, for thoſe miraculous Gifts and Graces thou didſt beſtow upon the Apoſtles, and for thoſe ordinary Gifts, whereby ſincere Chriſtians in all Ages are enabled to work out their Salvation; for thy preventing and reſtraining Grace; for the ſubduing our Underſtandings and Affections

to

to the Obedience of Faith and Godlineſs; for inſpiring us with good Thoughts, and kindling good Deſires in our Souls; for aſſiſting us in all the Methods of procuring eternal Happineſs.—Bleſſing and Honour, Thankſgiving and Praiſe, more than I can expreſs or conceive, be unto thee, O Father, Son and Holy Ghoſt, for ever and ever. *Amen.*

See *Pſal.* ii. xlvii. lxxii. cx.

After the Bleſſing, namely, The Peace of God.

GRant, O Lord, that we, and all thy faithful Servants, who have this Day been Partakers of the holy Sacrament, may obtain Remiſſion of our Sins, and be confirmed in Piety towards God, and in Charity towards our Neighbour; and may be delivered from the Power and Temptations of Satan, and being filled with thy Spirit, may become worthy Members of Chriſt's holy Church, and at laſt inherit eternal Life, through the ſame our Lord Jeſus Chriſt. *Amen.*

A Thankſgiving after the Sacrament, to be ſaid at Home.

THOU, O my God, haſt comforted my Soul, thou haſt ſtrengthened and refreſhed me with thy Bleſſings, and rejoiced my Heart with the Tokens of thy Love. How tranſporting are thy Comforts, and how raviſhing the Effects of thy Goodneſs towards them that fear thee! Thou haſt treated a vile

vile Sinner at thy own Table, and fed me with the Bread that came down from Heaven. In what am I better than thoſe to whom thou doſt not grant this Favour? It is not for my Merits, but becauſe thou wilt be glorified in doing Good to the moſt unworthy, thou haſt this Day made me a happy Example of this thy free Grace and Bounty. Grant me this Favour alſo, O my God, that through the whole Courſe of my Life I may give thee Praiſe and Glory; that the due Senſe of thy Mercies may make me unfeignedly thankful; and that my Thankfulneſs may appear in a Care to walk before thee in Holineſs, Sobriety and Righteouſneſs, all the Days of my Life.

A Prayer in private after Receiving the holy Communion.

O How plentiful is thy Goodneſs, which thou haſt laid up for them that fear thee, which thou haſt prepared for them that put their Truſt in thy Mercy, even before the Sons of Men! I praiſe and magnify thy great and glorious Name, O Lord, for all thoſe manifold Mercies and Comforts which thou haſt beſtowed upon me, ever ſince I was born. O Lord God, thou haſt been my Truſt from my Youth, by thee have I been holden up from the Womb; my Praiſe ſhall continually be of thee: But above all, bleſſed and for ever bleſſed be thy holy Name, for the Manifeſtation of thy Son Jeſus Chriſt, the Foun-

tain and Foundation of all our Happineſs, and for feeding me this Day (who am unworthy of the leaſt of thy Mercies) with the ſpiritual Food of his moſt precious Body and Blood, to my great and endleſs Comfort.—Enable me, O Lord, through thy gracious Aſſiſtance, to perform the Conditions of that Sacramental Covenant, which I have this Day ſo ſolemnly renewed and confirmed in thy Preſence, and at thy Table, that through the Strength and Power of that heavenly Food, I have there been Partaker of, I may daily grow in Grace, and in the Knowledge of Chriſt Jeſus, and abound in every good Word and Work. And ſubdue in me all thoſe inordinate Luſts and corrupt Affections which war againſt my Soul; purify my Mind from all evil Thoughts, bad Intentions, and evil Deſigns; and ſuffer not Pride, Vainglory, Self-love, Malice, Hatred or Revenge, or any other Evil whatſoever, to reign in my mortal Body; but do thou keep it for ever in the Purpoſe of my Heart, faithfully to fulfil theſe my Baptiſmal Vows and Reſolutions which I have now again renewed at thy holy Table; that by perſevering in all Virtue and Holineſs of Life, I may at length be an Inheritor of that infinite Happineſs and Glory, which thou haſt promiſed by Chriſt our Lord. *Amen.*

A Prayer in private for the Grace of Perſeverance.

HEAR, moſt merciful Saviour, I humbly beſeech thee, and let thy Grace be ever aſſiſtant to all the Endeavours and Deſigns of thy weak and unworthy Servant. I am not able of myſelf to do or think any Thing that is good or well-pleaſing in thy Sight: O let thy holy Spirit continually guard me againſt thoſe numerous Temptations which ſo ſtrongly encounter me. Fix my inconſtant Mind, that I may not be led away with the Errors of the Wicked, and fall from my own Stedfaſtneſs, but that I may perſevere in good Works unto the End. Moderate my Affections and Deſires, and confine them only to ſuch Objects as are well-pleaſing in thy Sight. Let thy Will be the ſole Guide and Meaſure of mine, that all my Hopes and Wiſhes may center in thee alone, and nothing may ever appear deſirable to me, in Compariſon of a pure Heart and peaceable Conſcience: *Teach me thy Way, O Lord, and I will walk in thy Truth. O knit my Heart unto thee, that I may fear thy Name.* Make me to love thee (as I ought) above all Things, and let the Intereſt of thy Honour and Glory be always dearer to me than Gold or Silver, or any other temporal Advantage; for thou, O Lord, art my Portion, thou art my only Reſt, and in thee alone is Fulneſs of Joy and true Satisfaction, and without thee is Miſery and Torment. O grant me this bleſſed Retreat, this happy Security,

curity, and then I ſhall find Reſt unto my Soul both here and hereafter. *Amen.*

See *Pſal.* lxxxvi. cxix.

MORNING PRAYER.

POnder my Words, O Lord, conſider my Meditation: My Voice ſhalt thou hear betimes, O Lord; early in the Morning will I direct my Prayer unto thee, and will look up, Pſal.v. 1, 3. Almighty God, who dwelleſt in the higheſt Heavens, yet vouchſafeſt to regard the loweſt Creature here upon Earth, I humbly adore thy ſacred Majeſty, and with all the Powers of my Soul and Body do exalt and praiſe thy holy Name, for all the Mercies and Comforts of this Life, and for the Hopes and Aſſurance of a better; for protecting me from the Evils and Dangers of the Night paſt, and for bringing me ſafe to the Light of a new Day: continue this thy Mercy and Goodneſs to me, and as thou haſt awakened my Body from Sleep, ſo raiſe my Soul from the Death of Sin unto a Life of Righteouſneſs. Deliver me, O God, from the Evils of this Day, and guide my Feet in the Paths of Peace and Holineſs, and ſtrengthen my Reſolutions to embrace all Opportunities of doing Good, and carefully to avoid all Occaſions of Evil; eſpecially thoſe Sins * which by Nature and Inclination I am moſt likely to fall into: And when through Frailty, or the

* *Here name ſuch Sins as you are moſt afraid of.*

the Violence of any other Temptation, I fall from my Duty, do thou in Mercy reſtore me again with a double Portion of thy Grace and Holy Spirit, to maintain a more vigorous Defence againſt Satan and his Devices. Shower down thy Graces and Bleſſings upon all my Relations, [*on my Father and Mother, on my Brethren and Siſters*] on all my Friends, and give thy holy Angels Charge over them, to protect them from all Sin and Danger. Make me diligent in the Duties of my Calling, and that in all the Changes and Chances of this Life, I may abſolutely ſubmit to thy divine Providence. Let thy Bleſſings be upon my Actions, and let thy Wiſdom direct my Intentions, that ſo the whole Courſe of my Life, and the principal Deſigns of my Heart, may be ordered by thy Governance to do always that is righteous in thy Sight, through Jeſus Chriſt our Lord. *Amen.*

See *Pſal.* iv. xvi. xvii. xxiii. lxxxvi.

When you go out of your Chamber.

THE Bleſſing of God deſcend upon me and all belonging to me, and dwell in my Heart for evermore; and bleſs my going out and my coming in, now and for ever. *Amen.*

EVENING PRAYER.

LET *my Prayer, O Lord, be ſet forth as Incenſe, and the lifting up of my Hands be as an Evening Sacrifice,* Pſal. cxli. 2. O Lord our heavenly Father, Almighty and Ever-

Everlaſting God, whoſe Glory the Heaven of Heavens cannot contain, look down from the Throne of thy Majeſty, and behold thy unworthy Servant, proſtrate at the Foot of thy Mercy ſeat, humbly confeſſing unto thee the Vanity and Sinfulneſs of my whole Life; eſpecially the Omiſſions of my Duty and Commiſſions of Sin this Day *, wherewith I have ſo lately offended thine infinite Majeſty and Goodneſs, and ſo grievouſly wounded my own Soul: Of theſe, and all other my Tranſgreſſions, I moſt earneſtly repent, and am heartily ſorry for theſe my Miſdoings; the Remembrance of them is grievous unto me, the Burden of them is intolerable: Have Mercy upon me, moſt merciful Father; for thy Son Jeſus Chriſt's ſake forgive me all that is paſt, and accept of theſe my Prayers and Supplications, through the Merits and Mediation of the ſame our Mediator and Redeemer. And although I am unworthy, thro' my manifold Sins and Iniquities, to offer unto thee any Sacrifice of Praiſe and Thankſgiving, yet I beſeech thee to accept of this my bounden Duty, with my unfeigned Thanks for all thy Goodneſs and Lovingkindneſs to me and all Mankind*, purely proceeding from thy Bounty, and wholly intended for my Good, and particularly for preſerving me this

* *Here name particular Sins and Failings of the Day.*

* *Here name particular Bleſſings and Mercies.*

is Day in the midſt of ſo many Dangers cident to my Condition, and from ſo many alamities as are due to my Sins. Thou art y Creator, O my God, and Protector; thou t the ultimate End of my Being, and ſu-eme Perfection of my Nature; under the adow of thy Wings is perpetual Repoſe, d from the Light of thy Countenance flows ernal Joy and Felicity; to whom be Glory d Honour, World without End. *Amen.*

And thou, O Lord, by whom Kings reign, d Princes decree Juſtice, bleſs our moſt racious Sovereign Lord King GEORGE, eir Royal Highneſſes *George* Prince of *Vales*, the Princeſs Dowager of *Wales*, the uke, the Princeſſes, and all the Royal amily: All my Relations, iends, and kind Benefac-rs*; let thy Providence ſuc-ur them and theirs from all vil and Danger, and do thou reward them ven-fold into their Boſom for all the Good ey have done or ſaid of me. Be pleaſed kewiſe, O Lord, (in whoſe Hands are the ſſues of Life and Death) to ſuccour, help d comfort all that are in Danger, Neceſ-y and Tribulation, all that labour under y bodily Pain, Sickneſs, or emptation†, or are diſturb-d in Mind; relieve ſuch ac-ording to their ſeveral Ne-ſſities, giving them Patience nder their Sufferings, and a

* *Here name particular Perſons.*

† *Eſpecially thoſe for whom our Prayers are deſired.*

happy

happy Iſſue out of all their Afflictions. Subdue in me the evil Spirit of Wrath and Revenge, and diſpoſe my Heart patiently to bear Reproaches and Wrongs, and to be ready not only to forgive, but alſo to do Good for Evil, that all Men may know that I am Chriſt's Diſciple. And finally, O Lord, ſince thou haſt ordained the Day to labour in, and the Night to take our Reſt, as I praiſe thee for the Mercies of the Day, ſo I humbly beg the Continuance of thy gracious Protection over me this Night. Let thy holy Angels pitch their Tents about my Bed, that being ſafely delivered from all Perils and Dangers of this Night, and comfortably refreſhed with moderate Sleep, I may be enabled to diſcharge the Duties of my Calling, and faithfully to perſevere in Holineſs and Pureneſs of Living all the Days of my Life, to thy Honour and Glory, through our only Mediator and Advocate, Jeſus Chriſt our Lord. *Amen.*

Our Father, &c.

When you lie down in your Bed.

I Will lay me down in Peace, and take my Reſt, for it is thou, Lord, only that makeſt me to dwell in Safety; and into thy Hands I recommend my Spirit, my Soul and my Body, for thou haſt redeemed me, O Lord, thou God of Truth.

F I N I S.

A New Version

OF THE

PSALMS

OF

DAVID,

Fitted to the TUNES Used in CHURCHES.

BY

N. Brady, D. D. Chaplain in Ordinary, and *N. Tate*, Esq; Poet-Laureat to His Majesty.

LONDON:

Printed by J. and J. MARCH, for the Company of *Stationers*. 1761.

And are to be Sold at *Stationers-Hall*, near *Ludgate*, and by most Booksellers.

G R

AT THE

Court at KENSINGTON,

December 3, 1696.

PRESENT

The King's Moſt Excellent Majeſty

in COUNCIL.

UPON the Humble Petition of Nicholas Brady and Nahum Tate, this Day read at the Board, ſetting forth, that the Petitioners have, with their utmoſt Care and Induſtry, compleated A New Verſion of the Pſalms of David, in Engliſh Metre fitted for Public Uſe; and humbly praying His Majeſty's Royal Allowance that the ſaid Verſion may be uſed in ſuch Congregations as ſhall think fit to receive it.

His Majeſty taking the ſame into his Royal Conſideration, is pleaſed to Order in Council, That the ſaid New Verſion of the Pſalms in Engliſh Metre be, and the ſame is hereby Allowed and Permitted to be uſed in all Churches, Chapels and Congregations, as ſhall think fit to receive the ſame.

W. Bridgman.

O Israel's Shepherd 116
O Lord, I am not 194
O Lord, my God 14
O Lord, my rock 42
O Lord, our fathers 65
O Lord, the Sav. 131
O Lord, thou art my 11
O Lord, to my 98
On thee who dwell. 190
O praise the Ld. with 197
O praise the Ld. for 170
O praise the Ld. in 215
O praise the Ld. and 210
O praise the Lord with hymns 211
O praise the Lord with one consent 197
O praise ye the Ld. 214
O render thanks 149
O render thanks to 153
O thou to whom all 15
O 'tis a joyful 190

P.

Praise ye the Lord 161
Preserve me, Lord 203
Protect me from my 23

R.

Resolv'd to watch 59

S.

Save me, O God 95
Since godly men 20
Since I have plac'd 19
Sing to the Lord 138
Sing to the Lord 140
Speak, O ye Judges 82
Sure, wicked fools 21

T.

Thee I'll extol 209
The heavens declare 30
The King, O Lord, 32
The Lord hath spoke 73
The Lord himself 36
The Lord, the only 70
The Lord to thy 31
The Lord unto my 163
The man is blest 165
The man is blest 193
The wicked fools 77
This spacious earth 36
Tho' wicked men 55
Thou, Lord, by 202
Thy chast'ning wr. 58
Thy dreadful anger 13
Thy Mercies, Lord 127
Thy Mercy, Lord 81
Through all the 49
To bless thy chosen 91
Thy presence why 18
To celebrate thy 16
To God I cry'd 108
To God in whom 37
To God our never 118
To God the mighty 198
To God with mour. 205
To God your grateful 159
To my complaint 124
To my just plea 24
To thee, my God 126
To thee, O God 106
To thee, O Lord 204
To Sion's hill 189

W.

We build with 192
When I pour out 143
When Isr'el by 166
When Sion's God 192
When we our 200
While I the Kings 67
Whom should I fear 40
Who place on Sions 191
Why hast thou cast 104
With chearful 169
With glory clad 135
With my whole 201
With one consent 141
With restless and 9

Y.

Ye boundless Real. 213
Ye Princes that 43
Ye Saints and Serv. 166

DIRECTIONS

ABOUT THE

TUNES and MEASURES.

ALL Pſalms of this Verſion in the *Common Meaſure* of Eights and Sixes (that is, where the firſt and third Lines of the ſingle Stanza conſiſt of eight Syllables each, the ſecond and fourth Lines of ſix Syllables each) may be ſung to any of the moſt uſual Tunes: namely, *York*-tune, *Windſor*-tune, *St. David*'s, *Litchfield*, *Canterbury*, *Martyrs*, *St. Mary*'s, alias *Hackney*, *St. Ann*'s-tune, *&c.*

As the Old 25 Pſalm, may be ſung the New, 25, 31, 51, 67, 130, 142.

As the Old 113, the 37, 46, 50, 63, 76, 91, 110, 113, 120.

As the Old 148, the 136, 148.

As the Old 104, the 149.

The Pſalms in this Verſion of four Lines in a ſingle Stanza, and eight Syllables in each Line (if Pſalms of Praiſe or Chearfulneſs) may properly be ſung as the Old 100 Palm, or to the Tune of the Old 125 Pſalm ſecond Metre.

The Penitential or Mournful Pſalms in the ſame Meaſure, may be ſung as the Old 51 Pſalm; which Tunes, with all the fore-mentioned, are printed in the *Supplement* to this New Verſion.

A New

May *the* 23d, 1698.

HIS *Majeſty having Allowed and Permitted the Uſe of a* New Verſion of the Pſalms of *David*, by Dr. *Brady* and Mr. *Tate*, *in all* Churches, Chapels *and* Congregations; *I cannot do leſs than wiſh a good Succeſs to this* Royal Indulgence; *For I find it a* WORK *done with ſo much* Judgment *and* Ingenuity, *that I am perſuaded, it may take off that unhappy Objection, which has hitherto lain againſt the* Singing Pſalms; *and diſpoſe that part of Divine Service to much more Devotion. And I do heartily recommend the Uſe of* this Verſion *to all my Brethren within my Dioceſe.*

H. LONDON.

An Alphabetical TABLE, shewing where to find each Psalm by its beginning.

	Page
A.	
AGainst all those	51
As pants the Hart	63
At length by cert.	102
B.	
Behold, O God	115
Bless God, my Soul	146
Bless God, ye Serv.	196
D.	
Defend me, Lord	44
Deliver me, O Lord	83
Do thou, O God	80
F.	
For ever blest	207
For thee, O God	89
From lowest depths	194
From my youth	193
G.	
Give ear thou Judge	78
God in the great	120
God is our refuge	69
God's Temple cr.	125
H.	
Had not the Lord	191
Happy the man	62
Have mercy, Lord	74
Hear, O my People	110
He's blest whose sins	47
He that has God	132
Hold not thy peace	120
How blest are they	172
How blest is he	9
How good and pleasant	134
How long wilt	21
How many, Lord	10
How vast must	196
I.	
Jehovah reigns	139
Jehovah reigns	140
I'll celebrate thy	43
In deep distress	18
In Judah the	10
In thee I put	9
In vain, O man	76
Judge me, O Lord	39
Just Judge of Heav.	64
I waited meekly	60
L.	
Let all the Just	48
Let all the Lands	90
Let all the listning	71
Let David, Lord	195
Let God the God	92
Lord, hear my cry	85
Lord, hear my Pray	206
Lord, hear the voice	12
Lord, hear the voice	88
Lord, let thy just	100
Lord, not to us	16
Lord, save me for	7
Lord, thou hast	123
Lord, who's the	2
M.	
My crafty foe with	54
My God, my God	3
My Soul for help	86
My Soul inspir'd	146
My Soul with	168
N.	
No change of times	25
O.	
O all ye People	66
O come loud Anth.	137
Of mercy's never	142
O God, my gracious	87
O God, my heart	160
O God of hosts	128
O God, to whom	135
O God, who hast	84
O God, whose	167

A New Verſion of the Pſalms, &c.

Pſalm i.

HOW bleſt is he who ne'er conſents
by ill Advice to walk;
Nor ſtands in Sinners Ways, nor ſits
where Men profanely talk.

2 But makes the perfect Law of God
his Buſineſs and Delight;
Devoutly reads therein by Day,
and meditates by Night.

3 Like ſome fair Tree, which fed by Streams
with timely Fruit does bend,
He ſtill ſhall flouriſh, and Succeſs
all his Deſigns attend.

4 Ungodly Men and their Attempts
no laſting Root ſhall find;
Untimely blaſted and diſpers'd
like Chaff before the Wind.

5 Their Guilt ſhall ſtrike the Wicked dumb
before the Judge's Face:
No formal Hypocrite ſhall then
amongſt the Saints have place.

6 For God approves the juſt Man's Ways,
to Happineſs they tend;
But Sinners and the Paths they tread,
ſhall both in Ruin end.

Pſalm ii.

1 WITH reſtleſs and ungovern'd Rage,
why do the Heathen ſtorm?
Why in ſuch raſh Attempts engage,
as they can ne'er perform.

2 The great in Counſel and in Might,
their various Forces bring;
Againſt the Lord they all unite,
and his anointed King.

3 Muſt we ſubmit to their Commands?
preſumptuouſly they ſay:
No, let us break their ſlaviſh Bands,
and caſt their Chains away.

4 But God, who ſits inthron'd on high,
and ſees how they combine,
Does their conſpiring Strength defy,
and mocks their vain Deſign.

5 Thick Clouds of Wrath divine ſhall break
on his rebellious Foes:
And thus will he in Thunder ſpeak
to all that dare oppoſe.
6 " Though madly you diſpute my Will,
" the King that I ordain,
" Whoſe Throne is fix'd on Sion's Hill,
" ſhall there ſecurely reign."

7 Attend, O Earth, whilſt I declare
God's uncontrol'd Decree;
" Thou art my Son, this Day my Heir
" have I begotten thee.
8 " Ask and receive thy full Demands,
" thine ſhall the Heathen be;
" The utmoſt Limits of the Lands
" ſhall be poſſeſs'd by thee.

9 " Thy threat'ning Sceptre thou ſhalt ſhake,
" and cruſh them ev'ry where;
" As maſſy Bars of Iron break
" the Potters brittle Ware."
10 Learn then, ye Princes, and give ear,
ye Judges of the Earth;
11 Worſhip the Lord with holy Fear,
rejoice with awful Mirth.

12 Appeaſe the Son with due Reſpect,
your timely Homage pay;
Leſt he revenge the bold Neglect,
incens'd by your Delay.
13 If but in part his Anger riſe,
who can endure the Flame?
Then bleſt are they whoſe Hope relies
on his moſt holy Name.

Pſalm iii.

1 HOW num'rous, Lord, of late are grown
the Troublers of my Peace!
And as their Numbers hourly riſe,
ſo does their Rage increaſe.
2 Inſulting they my Soul upbraid,
and him whom I adore;
The God in whom he truſts, ſay they,
ſhall reſcue him no more.

3 But thou, O Lord, art my Defence;
on thee my Hopes rely;

Thou

Thou art my Glory, and ſhalt yet
lift up my Head on high.
Since, whenſoe'er in like Diſtreſs
to God I made my Pray'r,
He heard me from his holy Hill,
why ſhould I now deſpair?

Guarded by him, I laid me down
my ſweet Repoſe to take:
For I through him ſecurely ſleep,
through him in Safety wake.
No Force nor Fury of my Foes
my Courage ſhall confound,
Were they as many Hoſts as Men,
that have beſet me round.

Ariſe and ſave me, O my God,
who oft haſt own'd my Cauſe,
And ſcatter'd oft theſe Foes to me
and to thy righteous Laws.
Salvation to the Lord belongs,
he only can defend;
His Bleſſing he extends to all
that on his Pow'r depend.

Pſalm iv.

O Lord, that art my righteous Judge,
to my Complaint give Ear;
Thou ſtill redeem'ſt me from Diſtreſs,
have Mercy, Lord, and hear.
How long will ye, O Sons of Men,
to blot my Fame deviſe?
How long your vain Deſigns purſue,
and ſpread malicious Lies?

Conſider, that the righteous Man
is God's peculiar Choice;
And when to him I make my Pray'r,
he always hears my Voice.
Then ſtand in awe of his Commands,
flee ev'ry Thing that's ill;
Commune in private with your Hearts,
and bend them to his Will.

The Place of other Sacrifice
let Righteouſneſs ſupply;
And let your Hope, ſecurely fixt,
on God alone rely.

6 While worldly Minds impatient grow
more proſp'rous Times to ſee,
Still let the Glories of thy Face
ſhine brightly, Lord, on me.
7 So ſhall my Heart o'erflow with Joy
more laſting and more true,
Than theirs, who Stores of Corn and Wine
ſucceſſively renew.

8 Then down in Peace I'll lay my Head,
and take my needful Reſt;
No other Guard, O Lord, I crave,
of thy Defence poſſeſt.

Pſalm v.

1 LOrd, hear the Voice of my Complaint,
accept my ſecret Pray'r;
2 To thee alone, my King, my God,
will I for Help repair.
3 Thou in the Morn my Voice ſhalt hear;
and with the dawning Day
To thee devoutly I'll look up,
to thee devoutly pray.

4 For thou the Wrongs that I ſuſtain
canſt never, Lord, approve;
Who from thy ſacred Dwelling-place
all Evil doſt remove.
5 Not long ſhall ſtubborn Fools remain
unpuniſh'd in thy View:
All ſuch as act unrighteous Things
thy Vengeance ſhall purſue.

6 The ſland'ring Tongue, O God of Truth,
by thee ſhall be deſtroy'd,
Who hat'ſt alike the Man in Blood
and in Deceit employ'd.
7 But when thy boundleſs Grace ſhall me
to thy lov'd Courts reſtore,
On thee I'll fix my longing Eyes,
and humbly there adore.

8 Conduct me by thy righteous Laws,
for watchful is my Foe:
Therefore, O Lord, make plain the Way
wherein I ought to go.
9 Their Mouth vents nothing but Deceit,
their Heart is ſet on Wrong;

The

Their Throat is a devouring Grave,
they flatter with their Tongue.

10 By their own Counſels let them fall,
oppreſs'd with Loads of Sin;
For they againſt thy righteous Laws
have harden'd Rebels been.

11 But let all thoſe who truſt in thee,
with Shouts their Joy proclaim;
Let them rejoice whom thou preſerv'ſt,
and all that love thy Name.

12 To righteous Men, the righteous Lord
his Bleſſing will extend,
And with his Favour all his Saints,
as with a Shield defend.

Pſalm vi.

1 THY dreadful anger, Lord, reſtrain,
and ſpare a Wretch forlorn;
Correct me not in thy fierce Wrath,
too heavy to be born.

2 Have Mercy, Lord, for I grow faint,
unable to endure
The anguiſh of my aking Bones
which thou alone canſt cure.

3 My tortur'd Fleſh diſtracts my Mind,
and fills my Soul with Grief;
But, Lord, how long wilt thou delay
to grant me thy Relief!

4 Thy wonted goodneſs, Lord, repeat,
and eaſe my troubled Soul;
Lord, for thy wond'rous Mercy's ſake,
vouchſafe to make me whole.

5 For after Death no more can I
thy glorious Acts proclaim;
No Priſ'ner of the ſilent Grave
can magnify thy Name.

6 Quite tir'd with Pain, with groaning faint,
no Hope of Eaſe I ſee;
The Night, that quiets common Griefs,
is ſpent in Tears by me.

7 My Beauty fades, my ſight grows dim,
my Eyes with Weakneſs cloſe:
Old Age o'ertakes me, whilſt I think
on my inſulting Foes.

8 Depart, ye Wicked; in my Wrongs
ye ſhall no more rejoice;
For God, I find, accepts my Tears,
and liſtens to my Voice.

9, 10 He hears, and grants my humble Pray'r
and they that wiſh my Fall,
Shall bluſh and rage to ſee that God
protects me from them all.

Pſalm vii.

1 O Lord, my God, ſince I have plac'd
my Truſt alone in thee,
From all my Perſecutors Rage
do thou deliver me.

2 To ſave me from my threat'ning Foe,
Lord, interpoſe thy Pow'r;
Leſt, like a ſavage Lion, he
my helpleſs Soul devour.

3, 4 If I am guilty, or did e'er
againſt his Peace combine;
Nay, if I have not ſpar'd his Life,
who ſought unjuſtly mine;

5 Let then to perſecuting Foes
my Soul become a Prey;
Let them to Earth tread down my Life,
in Duſt my Honour lay.

6 Ariſe, and let thine Anger, Lord,
in my Defence engage;
Exalt thyſelf above my Foes,
and their inſulting Rage:
Awake, awake, in my Behalf,
the Judgment to diſpenſe,
Which thou haſt righteouſly ordain'd
for injur'd Innocence.

7 So to thy Throne adoring Crowds
ſhall ſtill for Juſtice fly;
O! therefore for their Sakes reſume
thy Judgment-Seat on high.

8 Impartial Judge of all the World,
I truſt my Cauſe to thee;
According to my juſt Deſerts,
ſo let thy Sentence be.

9 Let wicked Arts and wicked Men,
together be o'erthrown;

But guard the Juſt, thou God, to whom
the Hearts of both are known.
10, 11 God me protects, not only me,
but all of upright Heart;
And daily lays up Wrath for thoſe
who from his Laws depart.
12 If they perſiſt, he whets his Sword,
his Bow ſtands ready bent;
13 Ev'n now with ſwift Deſtruction wing'd,
his pointed Shafts are ſent.
14 The Plots are fruitleſs which my Foe
unjuſtly did conceive:
15 The Pit he digg'd for me has prov'd
his own untimely Grave.
16 On his own Head his Spite returns,
whilſt I from Harm am free!
On him the Violence is fall'n,
which he deſign'd for me.
17 Therefore will I the righteous Ways
of Providence proclaim;
I'll ſing the Praiſe of God moſt High,
and celebrate his name.

Pſalm viii.

1 O Thou, to whom all Creatures bow
within this earthly Frame,
Thro' all the World how great art thou!
how glorious is thy Name!
In Heav'n thy wond'rous Acts are ſung,
nor fully reckon'd there;
2 And yet thou mak'ſt the Infant-Tongue
thy boundleſs Praiſe declare:

Thro' thee the Weak confound the Strong,
and cruſh their haughty Foes;
And ſo thou quell'ſt the wicked Throng,
that thee and thine oppoſe.
When Heav'n, thy beauteous Work on high,
employs my wond'ring Sight;
The Moon, that nightly rules the Sky,
with Stars of feebler Light;

What's Man (ſay I) that, Lord, thou lov'ſt
to keep him in thy Mind?
Or what his Offspring, that thou prov'ſt
to them ſo wond'rous kind?

5 Him next in Pow'r thou didſt create
to thy celeſtial Train;
6 Ordain'd with Dignity and State,
o'er all thy Works to reign.
7 They jointly own his pow'rful Sway;
the Beaſts that prey or graze;
8 The Bird that wings its airy Way;
the Fiſh that cuts the Seas.
9 O thou, to whom all Creatures bow
within this earthly Frame,
Thro' all the World how great art thou!
how glorious is thy Name!

Pſalm ix.

1 TO celebrate thy Praiſe, O Lord,
I will my Heart prepare;
To all the liſt'ning World thy Works,
thy wond'rous Works declare.
2 The Thought of them ſhall to my Soul
exalted Pleaſures bring;
Whilſt to thy Name, O thou moſt High,
triumphant Praiſe I ſing.
3 Thou mad'ſt my haughty Foes to turn
their Backs in ſhameful Flight;
Struck with thy Preſence down they fell,
they periſh'd at thy Sight.
4 Againſt inſulting Foes advanc'd
thou didſt my Cauſe maintain;
My Right aſſerting from thy Throne,
where Truth and Juſtice reign.
5 The Inſolence of Heathen Pride
thou haſt reduc'd to Shame;
Their wicked Offspring quite deſtroy'd,
and blotted out their Name.
6 Miſtaken Foes! your haughty Threats
are to a Period come:
Our City ſtands, which you deſign'd
to make our common Tomb.
7, 8 The Lord for ever lives, who has
his righteous Throne prepar'd,
Impartial Juſtice to diſpenſe,
to puniſh or reward.
9 God is a conſtant ſure Defence
againſt oppreſſing Rage;
As Troubles riſe, his needful Aids
in our Behalf engage.

All thoſe who have his Goodneſs prov'd
will in his Truth confide;
Whoſe Mercy ne'er forſook the Man
that on his Help rely'd.
Sing Praiſes therefore to the Lord;
from Sion his Abode,
Proclaim his Deeds, till all the World
confeſs no other God.

PART II.

When he enquiry makes for Blood,
he'll call the Poor to mind:
The injur'd humble Man's Complaint
Relief from him ſhall find.
Take pity on my Troubles, Lord,
which ſpiteful Foes create,
Thou that haſt reſcu'd me ſo oft
from Death's devouring Gate.

In Sion then I'll ſing thy Praiſe,
to all that love thy Name;
And with loud Shouts of grateful Joy
thy ſaving Pow'r proclaim.
Deep in the Pit they digg'd for me
the Heathen Pride is laid;
Their guilty Feet to their own Snare
inſenſibly betray'd.

Thus by the juſt Returns he makes
the mighty Lord is known;
While wicked Men by their own Plots
are ſhamefully o'erthrown.
No ſingle Sinner ſhall eſcape
by Privacy obſcur'd;
Nor Nation from his juſt Revenge
by Numbers be ſecur'd.
His ſuff'ring Saints, when moſt diſtreſt,
he ne'er forgets to aid;
Their Expectation ſhall be crown'd,
though for a Time delay'd.
Ariſe, O Lord, aſſert thy Pow'r,
and let not Man o'ercome;
Deſcend to Judgment, and pronounce
the guilty Heathen's Doom.
Strike Terror thro' the Nations round,
till, by conſenting Fear,

They,

They, to each other, and themſelves,
but mortal Men appear.

Pſalm x.

1 THY Preſence why withdraw'ſt thou, Lo
why hid'ſt thou now thy Face,
When diſmal Times of deep Diſtreſs
call for thy wonted Grace?

2 The wicked, ſwell'd with lawleſs Pride,
have made the Poor their Prey,
O let them fall by thoſe Deſigns
which they for others lay.

3 For ſtraight they triumph, if Succeſs
their thriving Crimes attend:
And ſordid Wretches, whom God hates,
perverſly they commend.

4 To own a Pow'r above themſelves
their haughty Pride diſdains;
And therefore in their ſtubborn Mind
no Thought of God remains.

5 Oppreſſive Methods they purſue,
and all their Foes they ſlight;
Becauſe thy Judgments unobſerv'd
are far above their Sight.

6 They fondly think their proſp'rous State
ſhall unmoleſted be;
They think their vain Deſigns ſhall thrive,
from all Misfortune free.

7 Vain and deceitful is their Speech,
with Curſes fill'd and Lies;
By which the Miſchief of their Heart
they ſtudy to diſguiſe.

8 Near public Roads they lie conceal'd,
and all their Art employ,
The Innocent and Poor at once
to rifle and deſtroy.

9 Not Lions, couching in their Dens,
ſurpriſe their heedleſs Prey
With greater Cunning, or expreſs
more ſavage Rage than they.

10 Sometimes they act the harmleſs Man,
and modeſt Looks they wear;
That, ſo deceiv'd, the Poor may leſs
their ſudden Onſet fear.

PA

PART II.

1 For God, they think, no Notice takes
of their unrighteous Deeds;
He never minds the ſuff'ring Poor,
nor their Oppreſſion heeds.
2 But thou, O Lord, at length ariſe;
ſtretch forth thy mighty Arm;
And, by the Greatneſs of thy Pow'r,
defend the Poor from Harm.

3 No longer let the Wicked vaunt,
and proudly boaſting ſay,
"Tuſh, God regards not what we do,
"he never will repay."
4 But ſure thou ſeeſt, and all their Deeds
impartially doſt try;
The Orphan therefore and the Poor
on thee for Aid rely.

5 Defenceleſs let the Wicked fall,
of all their Strength bereft;
Confound, O God, their dark Deſigns,
till no Remains are left.
6 Aſſert thy juſt Dominion, Lord,
which ſhall for ever ſtand;
Thou who the Heathen didſt expel
from this thy choſen Land.

7 Thou doſt the humble Suppliants hear
that to thy Throne repair;
Thou firſt prepar'ſt their Hearts to pray,
and then accept'ſt their Pray'r.
8 Thou in thy righteous Judgment weigh'ſt
the Fatherleſs and Poor;
That ſo the Tyrants of the Earth
may perſecute no more.

Pſalm xi.

SINCE I have plac'd my Truſt in God,
a Refuge always nigh,
Why ſhould I, like a tim'rous Bird,
to diſtant Mountains fly?
Behold, the Wicked bend their Bow,
and ready fix their Dart:
Lurking in Ambuſh to deſtroy
the Man of upright Heart.

3 Who

3 When once the firm Aſſurance fails
which public Faith imparts,
'Tis Time for Innocence to fly
from ſuch deceitful Arts.
4 The Lord hath both a Temple here,
and righteous Throne above;
Where he ſurveys the Sons of Men,
and how their Counſels move.

5 If God, the Righteous, whom he loves,
for Trial does correct;
What muſt the Sons of Violence,
whom he abhors, expect?
6 Snares, Fire, and brimſtone on their Head
ſhall in one Tempeſt ſhow'r;
This dreadful Mixture his Revenge
into their Cup ſhall pour.

7 The righteous Lord will righteous Deeds
with ſignal Favour grace;
And to the upright Man diſcloſe
the Brightneſs of his Face.

Pſalm xii.

1 SINCE godly Men decay, O Lord,
do thou my Cauſe defend;
For ſcarce theſe wretched Times afford
one juſt and faithful Friend.
2 One Neighbour now can ſcarce believe
what t'other doth impart:
With flatt'ring Lips they all deceive,
and with a double Heart.

3 But Lips that with Deceit abound
can never proſper long;
God's righteous Vengeance will confound
the proud blaſpheming Tongue.
4 In vain thoſe fooliſh Boaſters ſay,
"our Tongues are ſure our own;
"With doubtful Words we'll ſtill betray,
"and be control'd by none.

5 For God, who hears the ſuff'rng Poor,
and their Oppreſſion knows,
Will ſoon ariſe and give them Reſt,
in ſpite of all their Foes.
6 The Word of God ſhall ſtill abide,
and void of Falſhood be:

As is the Silver ſev'n Times try'd,
from droſſy Mixture free.

The Promiſe of his aiding Grace
ſhall reach its purpos'd End;
His Servants from this faithleſs Race
he ever ſhall defend.
Then ſhall the Wicked be perplex'd,
nor know which Way to fly;
When thoſe whom they deſpis'd and vex'd,
ſhall be advanc'd on high.

Pſalm xiii.

HOW long wilt thou forget me, Lord?
Muſt I for ever mourn?
How long wilt thou withdraw from me;
oh! never to return?
How long ſhall anxious Thoughts my Soul,
and Grief my Heart oppreſs;
How long my Enemies inſult,
and I have no Redreſs?

O hear! and to my longing Eyes
reſtore thy wonted Light;
And ſuddenly, or I ſhall ſleep
in everlaſting Night.
Reſtore me, leſt they proudly boaſt
'twas their own Strength o'ercame;
Permit not them that vex my Soul
to triumph in my Shame.

Since I have always plac'd my Truſt
beneath thy Mercy's Wing,
Thy ſaving Health will come, and then
my Heart with Joy ſhall ſpring:
Then ſhall my Song, with Praiſe inſpir'd,
to thee my God aſcend;
Who to thy Servant in Diſtreſs
ſuch Bounty didſt extend.

Pſalm xiv.

SURE, wicked Fools muſt needs ſuppoſe
that God is nothing but a Name;
Corrupt and lewd their Practice grows,
no Breaſt is warm'd with holy Flame.
The Lord look'd down from Heav'n's high
and all the Sons of Men did view, (Tow'r,
To ſee if any own'd his Pow'r,
If any Truth or Juſtice knew.

3 But all, he ſaw, were gone aſide,
all were degen'rate grown and baſe;
None took Religion for their Guide,
not one of all the ſinful Race.
4 But can theſe Workers of Deceit
be all ſo dull and ſenſeleſs grown;
That they, like Bread, my People eat,
and God's Almighty Pow'r diſown?

5 How will they tremble then for Fear,
when his juſt Wrath ſhall them o'ertak
For, to the Righteous, God is near,
and never will their Cauſe forſake.
6 Ill Men in vain with Scorn expoſe
thoſe Methods which the Good purſue
Since God a Refuge is for thoſe
whom his juſt Eyes with Favour view.

7 Would he his ſaving Pow'r employ,
to break his People's ſervile Band!
Then Shouts of univerſal Joy,
ſhould loudly eccho thro' the Land.

Pſalm xv.

1 LORD, who's the happy Man that m
to thy bleſt Courts repair?
Not, Stranger-like, to viſit them,
but to inhabit there?
2 'Tis he, whoſe ev'ry Thought and Deed
by Rules of Virtue moves;
Whoſe gen'rous Tongue diſdains to ſpea
the Thing his Heart diſproves.

3 Who never did a Slander forge
his Neighbour's Fame to wound;
Nor hearken to a falſe Report,
by Malice whiſper'd round.
4 Who Vice, in all its Pomp and Pow'r,
can treat with juſt Neglect;
And Piety, tho' cloth'd in Rags,
religiouſly reſpect.

Who to his plighted Vows and Truſt
has ever firmly ſtood;
And tho' he promiſe to his Loſs
he makes his Promiſe good.
5 Whoſe Soul in Uſury diſdains
his Treaſure to employ;

W

Whom no Rewards can ever bribe,
the Guiltleſs to deſtroy.

The Man, who by his ſteady Courſe
has Happineſs inſur'd, (ſtand,
When Earth's Foundation ſhakes, ſhall
by Providence ſecur'd.

Pſalm xvi.

PRotect me from my cruel Foes,
and ſhield me, Lord, from Harm;
Becauſe my Truſt I ſtill repoſe
on thy Almighty Arm.
My Soul all Help but thine does ſlight,
all Gods but thee diſown;
Yet can no Deeds of mine requite
the Goodneſs thou haſt ſhown.

But thoſe that ſtrictly virtuous are,
and love the Thing that's right,
To favour always and prefer
ſhall be my chief Delight.
How ſhall their Sorrows be increas'd,
who other Gods adore?
Their bloody Off'rings I deteſt,
their very Names abhor.

My Lot is fall'n in that bleſt Land
where God is truly known;
He fills my Cup with lib'ral Hand;
'tis he ſupports my Throne.
Of Nature's moſt delightful Scene
my happy Portion lies;
The Place of my appointed Reign
all other Lands out-vies.

Therefore my Soul ſhall bleſs the Lord,
whoſe Precepts give me Light,
And private Counſel ſtill afford
in Sorrow's diſmal Night.
Strive each Action to approve
to his all-ſeeing Eye;
No Danger ſhall my Hopes remove,
becauſe he ſtill is nigh.

Therefore my Heart all Grief defies,
my Glory does rejoice;
My Fleſh ſhall reſt, in hope to riſe,
wak'd by his powerful Voice.

10 Thou, Lord, when I reſign my Breath
my Soul from Hell ſhalt free;
Nor let thy holy One in Death
the leaſt Corruption ſee.

11 Thou ſhalt the Paths of Life diſplay,
which to thy Preſence lead;
Where Pleaſures dwell without allay,
and Joys that never fade.

Pſalm xvii.

1 TO my juſt Plea, and ſad Complain
attend, O righteous Lord,
And to my Pray'r, as 'tis unfeign'd,
a gracious Ear afford.

2 As in thy Sight I am approv'd,
ſo let my Sentence be;
And with impartial Eyes, O Lord,
my upright Dealing ſee.

3 For thou haſt ſearch'd my Heart by D
and viſited by Night;
And on the ſtricteſt Trial found
its ſecret Motions right.
Nor ſhall thy Juſtice, Lord, alone
my Heart's Deſigns acquit:
For I have purpos'd that my Tongu
ſhall no Offence commit.

4 I know what wicked Men would d
their Safety to maintain;
But me thy juſt and mild Command
from bloody Paths reſtrain.

5 That I may ſtill, in ſpite of Wrongs,
my Innocence ſecure;
O guide me in thy righteous Ways,
and make my Footſteps ſure.

6 Since heretofore I ne'er in vain
to thee my Pray'r addreſt;
O now, my God, incline thine Ear
to this my juſt Requeſt.

7 The Wonders of thy Truth and Lov
in my Defence engage,
Thou whoſe Right-hand preſerves thy S
from their Oppreſſors Rage.

PA

PART II.

9 O! keep me in thy tend'reſt Care;
thy ſhelt'ring Wings ſtretch out,
To guard me ſafe from ſavage Foes,
that compaſs me about.
10 O'er grown with Luxury, enclos'd
in their own Fat they lie;
And with a Proud blaſpheming Mouth
both God and Man defy.
11 Well may they boaſt; for they have now
my Paths incompaſs'd round;
Their Eyes at watch, their Bodies bow'd,
and couching on the Ground.
12 In Poſture of a Lion ſet,
when greedy of his Prey;
Or a young Lion, when he lurks
within a covert Way.
13 Ariſe, O Lord, defeat their Plots,
their ſwelling Rage control;
From wicked Men, who are thy Sword,
deliver thou my Soul;
14 From worldly Men, thy ſharpeſt Scourge,
whoſe Portion's here below;
Who, fill'd with earthly Stores, aſpire
no other Bliſs to know;
15 Their Race is num'rous, that partake
their Subſtance while they live:
Their Heirs ſurvive, to whom they may
the vaſt Remainder give.
But I, in Uprightneſs, thy Face
ſhall view without control;
And, waking, ſhall its Image find
reflected in my Soul.

Pſalm xviii.

1 NO Change of Times ſhall ever ſhock
my firm Affection Lord, to thee;
For thou haſt always been a Rock,
a Fortreſs and Defence to me.
Thou my Deliv'rer art, my God;
my Truſt is in thy mighty Pow'r;
Thou art my Shield from Foes abroad,
At Home my Safe-guard and my Tow'r.

3 To thee I'll ſtill addreſs my Pray'r,
(to whom all Praiſe we juſtly owe;)
So ſhall I, by thy watchful Care,
be guarded from my treach'rous Foe.

4, 5 By Floods of wicked Men diſtreſs'd,
with deadly Sorrows compaſs'd round,
With dire infernal Pangs oppreſs'd,
in Death's unweildy Fetters bound.

6 To Heav'n I made my mournful Pray'r,
to God addreſs'd my humble Moan;
Who graciouſly inclin'd his Ear,
and heard me from his lofty Throne.

PART II.

7 When God aroſe to take my Part,
the conſcious Earth did quake for Fear;
From their firm Poſts the Hills did ſtart,
nor could his dreadful Fury bear.

8 Thick Clouds of Smoke diſperſt abroad,
Enſigns of Wrath before him came;
Devouring Fire around him glow'd,
that Coals were kindled at its Flame.

9 He left the beauteous Realms of Light,
whilſt Heav'n bow'd down its awful Head;
Beneath his Feet ſubſtantial Night
was like a ſable Carpet ſpread.

10 The Chariot of the King of Kings,
which active Troops of Angels drew,
On a ſtrong Tempeſt's rapid Wings,
with moſt amazing Swiftneſs flew.

11, 12 Black watry Miſts and Clouds conſpir'd
with thickeſt Shades his Face to veil;
But at his Brightneſs ſoon retir'd,
and fell in Show'rs of Fire and Hail.

13 Thro' Heav'n's wide Arch a thund'ring Peal
God's angry Voice did loudly roar;
While Earth's ſad Face, with Heaps of Hail
and Flakes of Fire, was cover'd o'er.

14 His ſharpen'd Arrows round he threw,
which made his ſcatter'd Foes retreat;
Like Darts, his nimble Light'nings flew,
and quickly finiſh'd their Defeat.

15 The deep its ſecret Stores diſcloſs'd;
the World's Foundations naked lay,

By his avenging Wrath expos'd,
which fiercely rag'd that dreadful Day.

PART III.

16 The Lord did on my Side engage,
from Heav'n (his Throne) my Cauſe upheld;
And ſnatch'd me from the furious Rage
of threat'ning Waves that proudly ſwell'd.
17 God his reſiſtleſs Pow'r employ'd,
my ſtrongeſt Foes Attempts to break;
Who elſe with Eaſe had ſoon deſtroy'd
the weak Defence that I could make.

18 Their ſubtle Rage had near prevail'd,
when I diſtreſt and friendleſs lay;
But ſtill when other Succours fail'd,
God was my firm Support and Stay.
19 From Dangers that inclos'd me round,
he brought me forth, and ſet me free:
For ſome juſt Cauſe his Goodneſs found,
that mov'd him to delight in me,

20 Becauſe in me no Guilt remains,
God does his gracious Help extend;
My Hands are free from bloody Stains,
therefore the Lord is ſtill my Friend.
21, 22 For I his Judgements kept in Sight;
in his juſt Paths I always trod;
I never did his Statutes ſlight,
nor looſly wander'd from my God.

23, 24 But ſtill my Soul, ſincere and pure,
did ev'n from darling Sins refrain;
His Favours therefore yet endure,
becauſe my Heart and Hands are clean.

PART IV.

25, 26 Thou ſuit'ſt, O Lord, thy righteous Ways
to various Paths of Human-kind;
They who for Mercy Merit Praiſe,
with thee ſhall wond'rous Mercy find.
Thou to the Juſt ſhalt Juſtice ſhew,
the Pure thy Purity ſhall ſee;
Such as perverſly chuſe to go,
ſhall meet with due Returns from thee.

27, 28 That he the humble Soul will ſave,
and cruſh the Haughty's boaſted Might,

In me the Lord an Inſtance gave,
whoſe Darkneſs he has turn'd to Light.
29 On his firm Succour I rely'd,
and did o'er num'rous Foes prevail;
Nor fear'd, whilſt he was on my Side,
the beſt defended Walls to ſcale.

30 For God's Deſigns ſhall ſtill ſucceed;
his Word will bear the utmoſt Teſt;
He's a ſtrong Shield to all that need,
and on his ſure Protection reſt.
31 Who then deſerves to be ador'd,
but God, on whom my Hopes depend?
Or who, except the mighty Lord,
can with reſiſtleſs Pow'r defend?

PART V.

32, 33 'Tis God that girds my Armour on,
and all my juſt Deſigns fulfils;
Thro' him, my Feet can ſwiftly run,
and nimbly climb the ſteepeſt Hills.
34 Leſſons of War from him I take,
and manly Weapons learn to wield;
Strong Bows of Steel with Eaſe I break,
forc'd by my ſtronger Arms to yield.

35 The Buckler of his ſaving Health
protects me from aſſaulting Foes;
His Hand ſuſtains me ſtill, my Wealth
and Greatneſs from his Bounty flows.
36 My Goings he enlarg'd abroad,
till then to narrow Paths confin'd;
And, when in ſlipp'ry Ways I trod,
the Method of my Steps deſign'd.

37 Thro' him I num'rous Hoſts defeat,
and flying Squadrons captive take;
Nor from my fierce Purſuit retreat,
till I a final Conqueſt make.
38 Cover'd with Wounds, in vain they try,
their vanquiſh'd Heads again to rear;
Spite of their boaſted Strength they lie
beneath my Feet, and grovel there.

39 God, when freſh Armies take the Field,
recruits my Strength, my Courage warms;
He makes my ſtrong Oppoſers yield,
ſubdu'd by my prevailing Arms.

40 Through

40 Through him the Necks of proſtrate Foes
my conqu'ring Feet in Triumph preſs;
Aided by him, I root out thoſe
who hate and envy my Succeſs.

41 With loud Complaints all Friends they try'd,
but none was able to defend;
At length to God for Help they cry'd,
but God would no Aſſiſtance lend.

42 Like flying Duſt which Winds purſue,
their broken Troops I ſcatter'd round:
Their ſlaughter'd Bodies forth I threw,
like loathſome Dirt that clogs the Ground.

PART VI.

43 Our factious Tribes, at Strife till now,
by God's Appointment me obey;
The Heathen to my Scepter bow,
and foreign Nations own my Sway.

44 Remoteſt Realms their Homage ſend,
when my ſucceſsful Name they hear;
Strangers for my Commands attend,
charm'd with Reſpect, or aw'd by Fear.

45 All to my Summons tamely yield,
or ſoon in Battle are diſmay'd;
For ſtronger Holds they quit the Field,
and ſtill in ſtrongeſt Holds afraid.

46 Let the eternal Lord be prais'd,
the Rock on whoſe Defence I reſt!
O'er higheſt Heav'ns his Name be rais'd,
who me with his Salvation bleſs'd!

47 'Tis God that ſtill ſupports my Right,
his juſt Revenge my Foes purſues;
'Tis he, that with reſiſtleſs Might,
fierce Nations to my Yoke ſubdues.

48 My univerſal Safegurd, he!
from whom my laſting Honours flow;
He made me great, and ſet me free,
from my remorſeleſs bloody Foe.

49 Therefore to celebrate his Fame,
my grateful Voice to Heav'n I'll raiſe;
And Nations, Strangers to his Name,
ſhall thus be taught to ſing his Praiſe;

50 "God to his King Deliv'rance ſends,
"ſhews his Anointed ſignal Grace;

" His Mercy evermore extends
" to David and his promis'd Race.

Pſalm xix.

1 THE Heav'ns declare thy Glory, Lord,
which that alone can fill?
The Firmament and Stars expreſs
their great Creator's Skill.

2 The Dawn of each returning Day,
freſh Beams of Knowledge brings;
From darkeſt Night's ſucceſſive Rounds
divine Inſtruſtion ſprings.

3 Their pow'rful Language to no Realm
or Region is confin'd:
'Tis Nature's Voice, and underſtood
alike by all Mankind.

4 Their Doctrine does its ſacred Senſe
thro' Earth's Extent diſplay:
Whoſe bright Contents the circling Sun
does round the World convey.

5 No Bridegroom, for his Nuptials dreſt,
has ſuch a chearful Face;
No Giant does like him rejoice,
to run his glorious Race.

6 From Eaſt to Weſt, from Weſt to Eaſt,
his reſtleſs Courſe he goes:
And thro' his Progreſs chearful Light
and vital Warmth beſtows.

PART II.

7 God's perfect Law converts the Soul,
reclaims from falſe Deſires;
With ſacred Wiſdom his ſure Word
the Ignorant inſpires.

8 The Statutes of the Lord are juſt,
and bring ſincere Delight;
His pure Commands, in Search of Truth,
aſſiſt the feebleſt Sight.

9 His perfect Worſhip here is fix'd,
on ſure Foundations laid:
His equal Laws are in the Scales
of Truth and Juſtice weigh'd.

10 Of more Eſteem than goldon Mines,
or Gold refin'd with Skill;
More ſweet than Honey, or the Drops
that from the Comb diſtil.

11 M

11 My truſty Counſellors they are,
and friendly Warnings give;
Divine Rewards attend on thoſe
who by thy Precepts live.
12 But what frail Man obſerves, how oft
he does from Virtue fall?
O cleanſe me from my ſecret Faults,
thou God that knows them all.

13 Let no preſumptuous Sin, O Lord,
Dominion have o'er me;
That, by thy Grace preſerv'd, I may
the great Tranſgreſſion flee.
14 So ſhall my Pray'r and Praiſes be
with thy Acceptance bleſt;
And I ſecure, on thy Defence,
my Strength and Saviour, reſt.

Pſalm xx.

1 THE Lord to thy Requeſt attend,
and hear thee in Diſtreſs:
The Name of Jacob's God defend,
and grant thy Arms Succeſs.
2 To aid thee from on high repair,
and Strength from Sion give;
3 Remember all thy Off'rings there,
thy Sacrifice receive.

4 To compaſs thy own Heart's Deſire
thy Counſels ſtill direct;
May kindly all Events conſpire
to bring them to effect.
5 To thy Salvation, Lord, for Aid
we chearfully repair,
With Banners in thy Name diſplay'd,
"the Lord accept thy Pray'r.

6 Our Hopes are fix'd, that now the Lord
our Sov'reign will defend.
From Heav'n reſiſtleſs Aid afford,
and to his Pray'r attend.
7 Some truſt in Steeds for War deſign'd,
on Chariots ſome rely;
Againſt them all we'll call to mind
the Pow'r of God moſt high.

8 But from their Steeds and Chariots thrown,
Behold them thro' the Plain,

Diſorder'd, broke and trampled down,
whilſt firm our Troops remain.
9 Still ſave us, Lord, and ſtill proceed
our rightful Cauſe to bleſs;
Hear, King of Heav'n, in Times of Need,
the Pray'rs that we addreſs.

Pſalm xxi.

1 THE King, O Lord, with Songs of Praiſe
ſhall in thy Strength rejoice;
With thy Salvation crown'd ſhall raiſe
to Heav'n his chearful Voice.
2 For thou, whate'er his Lips requeſt,
not only didſt impart;
But haſt with thy Acceptance bleſt
the Wiſhes of his Heart.
3 Thy Goodneſs and thy tender Care
have all his Hopes out-gone;
A Crown of Gold thou mad'ſt him wear,
and ſet'ſt it firmly on.
4 He pray'd for Life, and thou, O Lord,
didſt his ſhort Span extend;
And graciouſly to him afford
a Life that ne'er ſhall end.
5 Thy ſure Defence thro' Nations round
has ſpread his glorious Name;
And his ſucceſsful Actions crown'd
with Majeſty and Fame.
6 Eternal Bleſſings thou beſtow'ſt,
and mak'ſt his Joys increaſe;
Whilſt thou to him unclouded ſhow'ſt
the Brightneſs of thy Face.

PART II.

7 Becauſe the King on God alone
for timely Aid relies;
His Mercy ſtill ſupports his Throne,
and all his Wants ſupplies.
8 But, righteous Lord, thy ſtubborn Foes
ſhall feel thy heavy Hand;
Thy vengeful Arm ſhall find out thoſe
that hate thy mild Command.
9 When thou againſt them doſt engage,
thy juſt but dreadful Doom,
Shall, like a glowing Oven's Rage,
their Hopes and them conſume.

10 Nor

10 Nor ſhall thy furious Anger ceaſe,
or with their Ruin end;
But root out all their guilty Race,
and to their Seed extend.

11 For all their Thoughts were ſet on Ill,
their Hearts on Malice bent;
(But thou with watchful Care didſt ſtill
the ill Effects prevent.)
12 In vain by ſhameful Flight they'll try
to 'ſcape thy dreadful Might;
While thy ſwift Darts ſhall faſter fly,
and gall them in their Flight.

13 Thus, Lord, thy wond'rous Strength diſ-
and thus exalt thy Fame; (cloſe,
Whilſt we glad Songs of Praiſe compoſe
to thy Almighty Name.

Pſalm xxii.

MY God, my God, why leav'ſt thou me
when I with Anguiſh faint?
O why ſo far from me remov'd,
and from my loud Complaint?
All Day, but all the Day unheard,
to thee do I complain:
With Cries implore Relief all Night,
but Cry all Night in vain.

Yet thou art ſtill the righteous Judge
of Innocence oppreſs'd;
And therefore Iſr'el's Praiſes are
of Right to thee addreſs'd.
5 On thee our Anceſtors rely'd,
and thy Deliv'rance found;
With pious Confidence they pray'd,
and with Succeſs were crown'd.

But I am treated like a Worm,
like none of human Birth:
Not only by the Great revil'd,
but made the Rabble's Mirth.
With Laughter all the gazing Crowd
my Agonies ſurvey,
They ſhoot the Lip, they ſhake the Head,
and thus deriding ſay;

8 " In God he truſted, boaſting oft
" that he was Heav'n's Delight;
" Let God come down to ſave him now,
" and own his Favourite. "

PART II.

9 Thou mad'ſt my teeming Mother's Womb
a living Offspring bear;
When but a Suckling at the Breaſt,
I was thy early Care. (Wrongs
10 Thou, Guardian-like, didſt ſhield from
my helpleſs Infant Days;
And ſince haſt been my God and Guide,
thro' Life's bewilder'd Ways.

11 Withdraw not then ſo far from me,
when Trouble is ſo nigh:
O ſend me Help! thy Help, on which
I only can rely.
12 High pamper'd Bulls, a frowning Herd,
from Batan's Foreſt met;
With Strength proportion'd to their Rage,
have me around beſet.

13 They gape on me, and ev'ry Mouth
a yawning Grave appears;
The Deſart Lion's ſavage Roar
leſs dreadful is than theirs.

PART III.

14 My Blood like Water's ſpill'd, my Joints
are rack'd and out of Frame;
My Heart diſſolves within my Breaſt,
like Wax before the Flame.
15 My Strength like Potter's Earth is parch'd,
my Tongue cleaves to my Jaws;
And to the ſilent Shades of Death
My fainting Soul withdraws.

16 Like Blood-hounds, to ſurround me, they
in packt Aſſemblies meet;
They pierc'd my inoffenſive Hands,
they pierc'd my harmleſs Feet.
17 My Body's rack'd till all my Bones
diſtinctly may be told:
Yet ſuch a Spectacle of Woe,
as Paſtime they behold.

18 A

18 As Spoil my Garments they divide,
Lots for my Veſture caſt:
19 Therefore approach, O Lord, my Strength,
and to my Succour haſte.
20 From their ſharp Swords protect thou me,
(of all but Life bereft!)
Nor let thy Darling in the Pow'r
of cruel Dogs be left.

21 To ſave me from the Lion's Jaws,
thy preſent Succour ſend;
As once, from goring Unicorns,
thou did'ſt my Life defend.
22 Then to my Brethren I'll declare
the Triumphs of thy Name,
In Preſence of aſſembled Saints,
thy Glory thus proclaim.

23 "Ye Worſhippers of Jacob's God,
"all ye of Iſr'el's Line,
"O praiſe the Lord, and to your Praiſe
"ſincere Obedience join.
24 "He ne'er diſdain'd on low Diſtreſs
"to caſt a gracious Eye;
"Nor turn'd from Poverty his Face,
"but hears its humble Cry."

PART IV.

25 Thus in thy ſacred Courts will I
my chearful Thanks expreſs,
In Preſence of thy Saints perform
the Vows of my Diſtreſs.
26 The meek Companions of my Grief
ſhall find my Table ſpread,
And all that ſeek the Lord ſhall be
with Joys immortal fed.

27 Then ſhall the glad converted World
to God their Homage pay;
And ſcatter'd Nations of the Earth
one ſov'reign Lord obey.
28 'Tis his ſupreme Prerogative
o'er Subject-Kings to reign:
'Tis juſt that he ſhould rule the World,
who does the World ſuſtain.

29 The Rich, who are with Plenty fed,
his Bounty muſt confeſs;

The Sons of Want, by him reliev'd,
their gen'rous Patron bleſs.

With humble Worſhip to his Throne
they all for Aid reſort;
That Pow'r which firſt their Beings gave,
can only them ſupport.
30, 31 Then ſhall a choſen ſpotleſs Race
devoted to his Name,
To their admiring Heirs his Truth
and glorious Acts proclaim.

Pſalm xxiii.

1 THE Lord himſelf, the mighty Lord,
vouchſafes to be my Guide;
The Shepherd by whoſe conſtant Care
my Wants are all ſupply'd.
2 In tender Graſs he makes me Feed,
and gently there repoſe;
Then leads me to cool Shades, and where
refreſhing Water flows.

3 He does my wand'ring Soul reclaim,
and to his endleſs Praiſe,
Inſtruct with humble Zeal to walk
in his moſt righteous Ways.
4 I paſs the gloomy Vale of Death
from Fear and Danger free;
For there his aiding Rod and Staff
defend and comfort me.

5 In Preſence of my ſpiteful Foes
he does my Table ſpread,
He crowns my Cup with chearful Wine,
with Oil anoints my Head.
6 Since God does thus his wond'rous Love
through all my Life extend,
That Life to him I will devote,
and in his Temple ſpend.

Pſalm xxiv.

1 THIS ſpacious Earth is all the Lord's
the Lord's her Fulneſs is;
The World, and they that dwell therein,
by ſov'reign Right are his.
2 He fram'd and fix'd it on the Seas,
and his Almighty Hand,

Upo

Upon inconſtant Floods has made
the ſtable Fabric ſtand.

3 But for himſelf this Lord of all,
one choſen Seat deſign'd:
O! who ſhall to that ſacred Hill
deſerv'd Admittance find?
4 The Man whoſe Hands and Heart are pure,
whoſe Thoughts from Pride are free;
Who honeſt Poverty prefers
to gainful Perjury.

5 This, this is he, on whom the Lord
ſhall ſhow'r his Bleſſings down,
Whom God his Saviour ſhall vouchſafe
with Righteouſneſs to crown.
6 Such is the Race of Saints, by whom
the ſacred Courts are trod;
And ſuch the Proſelytes that ſeek
the Face of Jacob's God.

7 Erect your Heads, eternal Gates,
unfold, to entertain
The King of Glory: ſee, he comes
with his celeſtial Train.
8 Who is the King of Glory? who?
the Lord for Strength renown'd,
In Battle mighty, o'er his Foes
eternal Victor crown'd.

9 Erect your Heads, ye Gates, unfold
in State to entertain
The King of Glory: ſee he comes
with all his ſhining Train.
10 Who is the King of Glory? who?
the Lord of Hoſts renown'd:
Of Glory he alone is King,
who is with Glory crown'd.

Pſalm xxv.

1, 2 TO God, in whom I truſt,
I lift my Heart and Voice;
O let me not be put to Shame,
nor let my Foes rejoice.
3 Thoſe who on thee rely
let no Diſgrace attend;
Be that the ſhameful Lot of ſuch
as wilfully offend,

4, 5 To

4, 5 To me thy Truth impart,
and lead me in thy Way;
For thou art he that brings me Help,
on thee I wait all Day.
6 Thy Mercies and thy Love,
O Lord, recal to mind;
And graciously continue still,
as thou wert ever kind.

7 Let all my youthful Crimes
be blotted out by thee;
And for thy wond'rous Goodness sake,
in Mercy think on me.
8 His Mercy and his Truth
the righteous Lord displays,
In bringing wand'ring Sinners Home,
and teaching them his Ways.

9 He those in Justice guides
who his Direction seek;
And in his sacred Paths shall lead
the Humble and the Meek.
10 Thro' all the Ways of God
both Truth and Mercy shine,
To such as with religious Hearts
to his blest Will incline.

PART II.

11 Since Mercy is the Grace
that most exalts thy Fame,
Forgive my hanious Sin, O Lord,
and so advance thy Name.
12 Whoe'er with humble Fear
to God his Duty pays,
Shall find the Lord a faithful Guide
in all his righteous Ways.

13 His quiet Soul with Peace
shall be for ever blest,
And by his num'rous Race the Land
successively possest.
14 For God to all his Saints
his secret Will imparts,
And does his gracious Cov'nant write
in their obedient Hearts.

15 To him I lift my Eyes,
and wait his timely Aid,

Who

Who breaks the ſtrong and treach'rous (Snare,
which for my Feet was laid.
16 O turn, and all my Griefs
in Mercy, Lord, redreſs;
For I am compaſs'd round with Woes,
and plung'd in deep Diſtreſs.

17 The Sorrows of my Heart
to mighty Sums increaſe:
O from this dark and diſmal State
my troubled Soul releaſe!
18 Do thou with tender Eyes
my ſad Affliction ſee;
Acquit me, Lord, and from my Guilt
intirely ſet me free.

19 Conſider, Lord, my Foes,
how vaſt their Numbers grow!
What lawleſs Force and Rage they uſe,
what boundleſs Hate they ſhow!
20 Protect and ſet my Soul
from their fierce Malice free;
Nor let me be aſham'd, who place
my ſtedfaſt Truſt in thee.

21 Let all my righteous Acts
to full Perfection riſe,
Becauſe my firm and conſtant Hope
on thee alone relies.
22 To Iſr'el's choſen Race
continue ever kind:
And in the midſt of all their Wants
let them thy Succour find.

Pſalm xxvi.

1 JUDGE me, O Lord, for I the Paths
of Righteouſneſs have trod;
I cannot fail, who all my Truſt
repoſe on thee, my God.
3 Search, prove my Heart, whoſe Innocence
will ſhine the more 'tis try'd;
For I have kept thy Grace in view
and made thy Truth my Guide.

4 I never for Companions took
the Idle or Prophane:
No Hypocrite, with all his Arts,
could e'er my Friendſhip gain.

5 I hate the busy plotting Crew,
who make distracted Times;
And shun their wicked Company,
as I avoid their Crimes.

6 I'll wash my Hands in Innocence,
and bring a Heart so pure;
That when thy Altar I approach,
my Welcome shall secure.
7, 8 My Thanks I'll publish there, and tell
how thy Renown excels:
That Seat affords me most Delight,
in which thy Honour dwells.

9 Pass not on me the Sinners Doom,
who Murder make their Trade;
10 Who others Rights by secret Bribes,
or open Force invade.
11 But I will walk in Paths of Truth,
and Innocence pursue:
Protect me therefore, and to me
thy Mercies, Lord, renew.

12 In spite of all assaulting Foes
I still maintain my Ground:
And shall survive amongst thy Saints,
thy Praises to resound.

Psalm xxvii.

1 WHOM should I fear, since God to me
is saving Health and Light?
Since strongly he my Life supports,
what can my Soul affright?
2 With fierce Intent my Flesh to tear,
when Foes beset me round,
They stumbled, and their lofty Crests
were made to strike the Ground.

3 Through him my Heart, undaunted, dares
with num'rous Hosts to cope;
Through him in doubtful Straits of War,
for good Success I hope.
4 Henceforth within his House to dwell
I earnestly desire,
His wond'rous Beauty there to view,
and his blest Will enquire.

5 For

5 For there may I with Comfort reſt,
in Times of deep Diſtreſs,
And ſafe as on a Rock abide,
in that ſecure Receſs;
6 Whilſt God o'er all my haughty Foes
my lofty Head ſhall raiſe,
And I my joyful Off'ring bring,
and ſing glad Songs of Praiſe.

PART II.

7 Continue, Lord, to hear my Voice,
whene'er to thee I cry;
In Mercy all my Pray'rs receive,
nor my Requeſt deny;
8 When us to ſeek thy glorious Face
thou kindly doſt adviſe;
"Thy glorious Face I'll always ſeek,"
my greatful Heart replies.

9 Then hide not thou thy Face, O Lord,
nor me in Wrath reject;
My God and Saviour, leave not him
thou didſt ſo oft protect.
10 Tho' all my Friends and neareſt Kin
their helpleſs Charge forſake,
Yet thou whoſe Love excels them all,
wilt Care and Pity take.

11 Inſtruct me in thy Paths, O Lord,
my Ways directly guide,
Leſt envious Men, who watch my Steps,
ſhould ſee me tread aſide.
12 Lord, diſappoint my cruel Foes,
defeat their ill Deſire,
Whoſe lying Lips and bloody Hands
againſt my Peace conſpire.

13 I truſted that my future Life
ſhould with thy Love be crown'd,
Or elſe my fainting Soul had ſunk
with Sorrow compaſs'd round.
14 God's Time with patient Faith expect,
and he'll inſpire thy Breaſt
With inward Strength; do thou thy Part,
and leave to him the reſt.

Psalm xxviii.

1 O Lord, my Rock, to thee I cry,
in Sighs consume my Breath;
O answer, or I shall become
like those that sleep in Death.
2 Regard my Supplication, Lord,
the Cries that I repeat,
With weeping Eyes and lifted Hands
before thy Mercy Seat.

3 Let me escape the Sinners Doom,
who make a Trade of Ill,
And ever speak the Person fair,
whose Blood they mean to spill.
4 According to their Crimes Extent,
let Justice have its Course;
Relentless be to them, as they
have sinn'd without Remorse.

5 Since they the Works of God despise,
nor will his Grace adore,
His Wrath shall utterly destroy,
and build them up no more.
6 But I, with due Acknowledgement,
his Praises will resound,
From whom the Cries of my Distress
a gracious Answer found.

7 My Heart its Confidence repos'd,
in God, my Strength and Shield;
In him I trusted, and return'd
triumphant from the Field.
As he has made my Joys complete,
'tis Just that I should raise
The chearful Tribute of my Thanks,
and thus resound his Praise:

8 "His aiding Pow'r supports the Troops
"that my just Cause maintain:
"'Twas he advanc'd me to the Throne,
"'tis he secures my Reign."
9 Preserve thy Chosen, and proceed
thine Heritage to bless;
With Plenty prosper them in Peace;
in Battle with Success.

Psal

Psalm xxix.

1 YE Princes that in Might excel,
your grateful Sacrifice prepare;
God's glorious Actions loudly tell,
his wond'rous Pow'r to all declare.
2 To his great Name freſh Altars raiſe,
devoutly due Reſpect afford;
Him in his holy Temple praiſe,
where he's with Solemn State ador'd.

3 'Tis he that with amazing Noiſe
the watry Clouds in ſunder breaks;
The Ocean trembles at his Voice,
when he from Heav'n in Thunder ſpeaks.
4, 5 How full of Pow'r his Voice appears!
with what majeſtic Terror crown'd!
Which from their Roots tall Cedars tears,
and ſtrews their ſcatter'd Branches round!

6 They, and the Hills on which they grow,
are ſometimes hurried far away;
And leap, like Hinds that bounding go,
or Unicorns in youthful Play.
7, 8 When God in Thunder loudly ſpeaks,
and ſcatter'd Flames of Lightning ſends,
The Foreſt nods, the Deſart quakes,
and ſtubborn Kadeſh lowly bends.

9 He makes the Hinds to caſt their Young,
and lays the Beaſts dark Coverts bare;
While thoſe that to his Courts belong,
ſecurely ſing his Praiſes there.
10, 11 God rules the angry Floods on high;
his boundleſs Sway ſhall never ceaſe;
His People he'll with Strength ſupply,
and bleſs his own with conſtant Peace.

Psalm xxx.

1 I'LL celebrate thy Praiſes, Lord,
who didſt thy Pow'r employ
To raiſe my drooping Head, and check
my Foes inſulting Joy.
2, 3 In my Diſtreſs I cry'd to thee,
who kindly didſt relieve,
And from the Grave's expecting Jaws
my hopeleſs Life retrieve.

4 Thus

4 Thus to his Courts ye Saints of his
with Songs of Praiſe repair;
With me commemorate his Truth,
and providential Care.
5 His Wrath has but a Moment's Reign,
his Favour no Decay;
Your Night of Grief is recompens'd
with Joy's returning Day.

6 But I in proſp'rous Days preſum'd;
no ſudden Change I fear'd,
Whilſt in my Sun-ſhine of Succeſs
no low'ring Cloud appear'd.
7 But ſoon I found thy Favour, Lord,
my Empire's only Truſt;
For when thou hid'ſt thy Face, I ſaw
my Honour laid in Duſt.

8 Then, as I vainly had preſum'd,
my Error I confeſs'd,
And thus, with ſupplicating Voice,
thy Mercy's Throne addreſs'd:
9 "What Profit is there in my Blood,
"conjeal'd by Death's cold Night?
"Can ſilent Aſhes ſpeak thy Praiſe,
"thy wond'rous Truth recite?

10 "Hear me, O Lord, in Mercy hear,
"thy wonted Aid extend;
"Do thou ſend Help, on whom alone
"I can for Help depend."
11 'Tis done! thou haſt my mournful Scene
to Songs and Dances turn'd;
Inveſted me in Robes of State,
who late in Sackcloth mourn'd.

12 Exalted thus, I'll gladly ſing
thy Praiſe in grateful Verſe;
And, as thy Favours endleſs are,
thy endleſs Praiſe rehearſe.

Pſalm xxxi.

1 DEFEND me, Lord, from Shame,
for ſtill I truſt in thee;
As juſt and righteous is thy Name,
from Danger ſet me free.
2 Bow down thy gracious Ear,
and ſpeedy Succour ſend;

Do thou my ſtedfaſt Rock appear,
to ſhelter and defend.

Since thou, when Foes oppreſs,
my Rock and Fortreſs art,
To guide me forth from this Diſtreſs.
thy wonted Help impart.
Releaſe me from the Snare
which they have cloſely laid,
Since I, O God my Strength, repair
to thee alone for Aid.

To thee, the God of Truth,
my Life, and all that's mine,
(For thou preſerv'dſt me from my Youth)
I willingly reſign.
All vain Deſigns I hate,
of thoſe that truſt in Lyes;
And ſtill my Soul in ev'ry State,
to God for Succour flies.

PART II.

Thoſe Mercies thou haſt ſhown
I'll chearfully expreſs;
For thou haſt ſeen my Straits, and known
my Soul in deep Diſtreſs.
When Keilah's treach'rous Race
did all my Strength encloſe,
Thou gav'ſt my Feet a larger Space
to ſhun my watchful Foes.

Thy Mercy, Lord, diſplay,
and hear my juſt Complaint;
For both my Soul and Fleſh decay,
with Grief and Hunger faint.
Sad Thoughts my Life oppreſs,
my Years are ſpent in Groans;
My Sins have made my Strength decreaſe,
and ev'n conſum'd my Bones.

My Foes my Suff'rings mock'd,
my Neighbours did upbraid;
My Friends at Sight of me were ſhock'd,
and fled as Men diſmay'd.
Forſook by all am I,
as dead, and out of mind;
And like a ſhatter'd Veſſel lie,
whoſe Parts can ne'er be join'd.

13 Yet ſland'rous Words they ſpeak,
and ſeem my Pow'r to dread,
Whilſt they together Counſel take,
my guiltleſs Blood to ſhed.
14 But ſtill my ſtedfaſt Truſt,
I on thy Help repoſe;
That thou, my God, art good and juſt,
my Soul with Comfort knows.

PART III.

15 Whate'er Events betide,
thy Wiſdom times them all;
Then, Lord, thy Servant ſafely hide
from thoſe that ſeek his Fall.
16 The Brightneſs of thy Face
to me, O Lord, diſcloſe;
And, as thy Mercies ſtill increaſe,
preſerve me from my Foes.

17 Me from Diſhonour ſave,
who ſtill have call'd on thee;
Let that, and Silence in the Grave,
the Sinner's Portion be.
18 Do thou their Tongues reſtrain,
whoſe Breath in Lyes is ſpent;
Who falſe Reports, with proud Diſdain,
againſt the Righteous vent.

19 How great thy Mercies are
to ſuch as fear thy Name!
Which thou, for thoſe that truſt thy Care,
doſt to the World proclaim.
20 Thou keep'ſt them in thy Sight,
from proud Oppreſſors free;
From Tongues that do in Strife delight
they are preſerv'd by thee.

21 With Glory and Renown
God's Name be ever bleſs'd;
Whoſe Love in Keilah's well-fenc'd Tow'r
was wond'rouſly expreſs'd!
22 I ſaid, in haſty Flight,
"I'm baniſh'd from thine Eyes;"
Yet ſtill thou kept'ſt me in thy Sight,
and heard'ſt my earneſt Cries.

23 O all ye Saints, the Lord
with eager Love purſue,

Who to the Juſt will Help afford,
and give the Proud their due,
Ye that on God rely,
courageouſly proceed:
For he will ſtill your Hearts ſupply
with ſtrength in Time of Need.

Pſalm xxxii.

HE's bleſt, whoſe Sins have Pardon gain'd
no more in Judgment to appear;
Whoſe Guilt Remiſſion has obtain'd,
and whoſe Repentance is ſincere.
While I conceal'd the fretting Sore,
my Bones conſum'd without Relief
All Day did I with Anguiſh roar,
but no Complaint aſſwag'd my Grief.

Heavy on me thy Hand remain'd,
by Day and Night alike diſtreſs'd:
Till quite of vital Moiſture drain'd,
like Land with Summer's Drought oppreſt
No ſooner I my Wound diſclos'd,
the Guilt that tortur'd me within,
But thy Forgiveneſs interpos'd,
and Mercy's healing Balm pour'd in.

True Penitents ſhall thus ſucceed,
who ſeek theewhilſt thou may'ſt be found;
And from the common Deluge freed,
ſhall ſee remorſleſs Sinners drown'd.
Thy Favour, Lord, in all Diſtreſs,
my Tow'r of Refuge I muſt own;
Thou ſhalt my haughty Foes ſuppreſs,
and me with Songs of Triumph crown.

In my Inſtruction then confide,
you that woul'd Truth's ſafe Path deſcry,
Your Progreſs I'll ſecurely guide,
and keep you in my watchful Eye.
Submit yourſelves to Wiſdom's Rules,
like Men that Reaſon have attain'd;
Not like th' ungovern'd Horſe and Mule,
whoſe Fury muſt be curb'd and reign'd.

Sorrows on Sorrows multiply'd,
the harden'd Sinners ſhall confound;
But them who in his Truth confide
Bleſſings of Mercy ſhall ſurround.

11 His Saints that have perform'd his Laws,
their Life in Triumphs ſhall employ;
Let them (as they alone have Cauſe)
in grateful Raptures ſhout for Joy.

Pſalm xxxiii.

1 LET all the Juſt to God with Joy
their chearful Voices raiſe,
For well the Righteous it becomes
to ſing glad Songs of Praiſe.

2, 3 Let Harps, and Pſalteries, and Lutes
in joyful Conſort meet;
And new-made Songs of loud Applauſe
the Harmony complete.

4, 5 For faithful is the Word of God,
his Works with Truth abound;
He Juſtice loves, and all the Earth
is with his Goodneſs crown'd.

6 By his Almighty Word at firſt
Heav'n's glorious Arch was rear'd;
And all the beauteous Hoſts of Light
at his Command appear'd.

7 The ſwelling Floods, together roll,
he makes in Heaps to lie;
And lays, as in a Storehouſe ſafe,
the wat'ry Treaſures by.

8, 9 Let Earth and all that dwell therein
before him trembling ſtand:
For when he ſpake the Word, 'twas made,
'twas fix'd at his Command.

10 He, when the Heathens cloſely plot,
their Counſels undermines;
His Wiſdom ineffectual makes
the People's raſh Deſigns.

11 Whate'er the mighty Lord decrees
ſhall ſtand for ever ſure;
The ſettled Purpoſe of his Heart
to Ages ſhall endure.

PART II.

12 How happy then are they to whom
the Lord for God is known!
Whom he from all the World beſides
has choſen for his own!

13, 14, 15 He

13, 14, 15 He all the Nations of the Earth
from Heav'n his Throne ſurvey'd;
He ſaw their Works, and view'd their
(Thoughts,
by him their Hearts were made.

16, 17 No King is ſafe by num'rous Hoſts,
their Strength the Strong deceives;
No manag'd Horſe, by Force or Speed,
His warlike Rider ſaves:

18, 19 'Tis God, who thoſe that truſt in him
beholds with gracious Eyes;
He frees their Soul from Death, their Want
in Time of Dearth ſupplies.

20, 21 Our Soul on God with Patience waits
our Help and Shield is he!
Then, Lord, let ſtill our Hearts rejoice,
becauſe we truſt in thee.

22 The Riches of thy Mercy, Lord,
do thou to us extend;
Since we for all we want or wiſh,
on thee alone depend.

Pſalm xxxiv.

1 THRO' all the changing Scenes of Life,
in Trouble and in Joy,
The Praiſes of my God ſhall ſtill
my Heart and Tongue employ.

2 Of his deliv'rance I will boaſt,
till all that are diſtreſt,
From my Example comfort take,
and charm their Griefs to reſt.

3 O magnify the Lord with me,
with me exalt his Name:

4 When in Diſtreſs to him I call'd,
he to my Reſcue came.

5 Their drooping Hearts were ſoon refreſh'd,
who look'd to him for Aid;
Deſir'd Succeſs in ev'ry Face
a chearful Air diſplay'd.

6 "Behold (ſay they) behold the Man
"whom Providence reliev'd:
"So dangerouſly with Woes beſet,
"ſo wond'rouſly retriev'd."

7 The Hoſts of God encamp around
the Dwellings of the Juſt;

Deliv'rance he affords to all
who on his Succour truſt.

8 O make but Trial of his Love,
Experience will decide
How bleſs'd they are, and only they,
who in his Truth confide.

9 Fear him, ye Saints, and you will then
have nothing elſe to fear;
Make you his Service your Delight,
he'll make your Wants his Care.

10 While hungry Lions lack their Prey,
the Lord will Food provide
For ſuch as put their Truſt in him,
and ſee their Needs ſupply'd.

PART II.

11 Approach, ye piouſly diſpos'd,
and my Inſtruction hear,
I'll teach you the true Diſcipline
of his religious Fear.

12 Let him who length of Life deſires,
and proſp'rous Days would ſee,

13 From ſland'ring Language keep his Tongue,
his Lips from Falſhood free.

14 The crooked Paths of Vice decline,
and Virtue's Ways purſue;
Eſtabliſh Peace where 'tis begun,
and where 'tis loſt renew.

15 The Lord from Heav'n beholds the Juſt
with favourable Eyes;
And when diſtreſs'd, his gracious Ear
is open to their Cries:

16 But turns his wrathful Look on thoſe
whom Mercy can't reclaim,
To cut them off, and from the Earth
blot out their hated Name.

17 Deliv'rance to his Saints he gives,
when his Relief they crave:

18 He's nigh to heal the broken Heart,
and contrite Spirit ſave.

19 The Wicked oft, but ſtill in vain,
againſt the Juſt conſpire;

20 For under their Affliction's Weight
he keeps their Bones intire.

21 Th

21 The wicked from their wicked Arts
their Ruin ſhall derive;
Whilſt righteous Men, whom they deteſt,
ſhall them and theirs ſurvive.

22 For God preſerves the Souls of thoſe
who on his Truth depend,
To them and their Poſterity
his Bleſſings ſhall deſcend.

Pſalm xxxv.

1 AGainſt all thoſe that ſtrive with me,
O Lord, aſſert my Right;
With ſuch as War unjuſtly wage
do thou my Battles Fight.

2 Thy Buckler take, and bind thy Shield
upon thy warlike Arm;
Stand up, my God, in my Defence,
and keep me ſafe from Harm.

3 Bring forth thy Spear, and ſtop their Courſe
that haſte my Blood to ſpill:
Say to my Soul "I am thy Health,
"and will preſerve thee ſtill."

4 Let them with ſhame be cover'd o'er,
who my Deſtruction ſought:
And ſuch as did my Harm deviſe
be to confuſion brought.

5 Then ſhall they fly, diſpers'd like Chaff
before the driving Wind:
God's vengeful Miniſter of Wrath
ſhall follow cloſe behind.

6 And when, thro' dark and ſlipp'ry Ways,
they ſtrive his Rage to ſhun,
His vengeful Miniſters of Wrath
ſhall goad them as they run.

7 Since unprovok'd by any Wrong,
they hid their treach'rous Snare;
And for my harmleſs Soul a Pit
did without Cauſe prepare.

8 Surpris'd by Miſchiefs unforeſeen,
by their own Arts betray'd;
Their Feet ſhall fall into the Net,
which they for me had laid.

9 Whilſt my glad Soul ſhall God's great Name
for this Deliv'rance bleſs;

And by his saving Health secur'd,
its greatful Joy expres.
10 My very Bones shall say, O Lord,
who can compare with thee,
Who sett'st the poor and helpless Man
from strong Oppressors free?

PART II.

11 False Witnesses with forg'd Complaints,
against my Truth combin'd;
And to my Charge such Things they laid
as I had ne'er design'd.
12 The Good which I to them hath done,
with Evil they repaid;
And did, by Malice undeserv'd,
my harmless Life invade.

13 But as for me, when they were sick,
I still in Sackcloth mourn'd:
I pray'd and fasted, and my Pray'r
to my own Breast return'd.
14 Had they my Friends or Brethern been,
I could have done no more;
Nor with more decent Signs of Grief,
a Mother's loss deplore.

15 How diff'rent did their Carriage prove,
in Times of my Distress?
When they, in Crowds together met,
did Savage Joy express.
The Rabble too in num'rous Throngs,
by their Example came;
And ceas'd not, with reviling Words,
to wound my spotless Fame.

16 Scoffers that noble Tables haunt,
and earn their Bread with lyes,
Did gnash their Teeth, and stand'rous Jests
maliciously devise.
17 But, Lord, how long wilt thou look on?
on my Behalf appear;
And save my guiltless Soul, which they,
like rav'ning Beasts would tear.

PART III.

18 So I before the list'ning World,
shall greatful Thanks express;

An

And where the great Aſſembly meets,
thy Name with Praiſes bleſs.
19 Lord, ſuffer not thy cauſeleſs Foes,
who me unjuſtly hate,
With open Joy, or ſecret Signs,
to mock my ſad Eſtate.

20 For they, with Hearts averſe from Peace,
induſtriouſly deviſe,
Againſt the Men of quiet Minds
to forge malicious Lyes.
21 Nor with theſe private Arts content,
aloud they vent their Spite;
And ſay "At laſt we found him out,
"he did it in our Sight."

22 But thou, who doſt both them and me
with righteous Eyes ſurvey,
Aſſert my Innocence, O Lord,
and keep not far away.
23 Stir up thyſelf in my Behalf,
to Judgment, Lord, awake;
Thy righteous Servant's Cauſe, O God,
to thy Deciſion take.

24 Lord, as my Heart has upright been,
let me thy Juſtice find;
Nor let my cruel Foes obtain
the Triumph they deſign'd.
25 O let them not amongſt themſelves,
in boaſting Language ſay,
"At length our Wiſhes are complete,
"At laſt he's made our Prey."

26 Let ſuch as in my Harm rejoic'd,
for Shame their Faces hide;
And foul Diſhonour wait on thoſe
that proudly me defy'd:
27 Whilſt they with chearful Voices ſhout,
who my juſt Cauſe befriend:
And bleſs the Lord, who loves to make
Succeſs his Saints attend.

28 So ſhall my Tongue thy Judgments ſing,
inſpir'd with grateful Joy;
And chearful Hymns in Praiſe of thee,
ſhall all my Days employ.

Psalm xxxvi.

1 MY crafty Foe, with flatt'ring Art,
his wicked Purpose would disguise;
But Reason whispers to my Heart,
no Fear of God before his Eyes.
2 He sooths himself, retir'd from Sight,
secure he thinks his treach'rous Game;
Till his dark Plots expos'd to Light,
their false Contriver brand with Shame.

3 In Deeds he is my Foe confess'd,
whilst with his Tongue he speaks me fair;
True Wisdom's banish'd from his Breast,
and Vice has sole Dominion there.
4 His wakeful Malice spends the Night
in forging his accurst Designs;
His obstinate ungen'rous Spite,
no execrable Means declines.

5 But, Lord, thy Mercy, my sure Hope,
the highest Orb of Heav'n transcends,
Thy sacred Truth's unmeasur'd Scope
beyond the spreading Skies extends.
6 Thy Justice like the Hills remains;
unfathom'd Depths thy Judgments are;
Thy Providence the World sustains,
the whole Creation is thy Care.

7 Since of thy Goodness all partake,
with what Assurance should the Just
Thy shelt'ring Wings their Refuge make,
and Saints to thy Protection trust?
8 Such Guests unto thy Courts be led,
to Banquet on thy Love's Repast,
And drink, as from a Fountain's Head,
of Joys that shall for ever last.

9 With thee the Springs of Life remain,
thy Presence is eternal Day;
10 O let thy Saints thy Favour gain;
to upright Hearts thy Truth display.
11 Whilst Pride's insulting Foot would spurn,
and wicked Hand my Life surprize;
12 Their Mischiefs on themselves return;
down, down they're fall'n no more to (rise.

Pſalm xxxvii.

1 THO' wicked Men grow rich or great,
Yet let not their ſucceſsful State,
Thy Anger or thy Envy raiſe:
2 For they, cut down like tender Graſs,
Or like young Flow'rs, away ſhall paſs,
Whoſe blooming Beauty ſoon decays.

3 Depend on God, and him obey,
So thou within the Land ſhalt ſtay,
Secure from Danger and from Want:
4 Make his Commands thy chief Delight,
And he, thy Duty to requite,
Shall all thy earneſt Wiſhes grant.

5 In all thy Ways truſt thou the Lord,
And he will needful help afford,
To perfect ev'ry juſt Deſign:
6 He'll make, like Light, ſerene and clear,
Thy clouded Innocence appear,
And as a mid-day Sun to ſhine.

7 With quiet Mind on God depend,
And patiently for him attend;
Nor let thy Anger fondly riſe,
Tho' wicked Men with Wealth abound,
And with Succeſs the Plots are crown'd,
Which they maliciouſly deviſe.

8 From Anger ceaſe, and Wrath forſake,
Let no ungovern'd Paſſion make
Thy wav'ring Heart eſpouſe their Crime;
9 For God ſhall ſinful Men deſtroy,
Whilſt only they the Land enjoy,
Who truſt on him, and wait his Time.

10 How ſoon ſhall wicked Men decay!
Their Place ſhall vaniſh quite away,
Nor by the ſtricteſt Search be found:
11 Whilſt humble Souls poſſeſs the Earth,
Rejoicing ſtill with godly Mirth,
With Peace and Plenty always crown'd,

PART II.

12 With ſinful Crowds with falſe Deſign,
Againſt the righteous Few combine, (ſtand,
And gnaſh their Teeth, and threat'ning

13 God ſhall their empty Plots deride,
And laugh at their defeated Pride;
He ſees their Ruin near at hand.

14 They draw the Sword, and bend the Bow,
The Poor and Needy to o'erthrow,
And Men of Upright Lives to ſlay;
15 But their ſtrong Bows ſhall ſoon be broke,
Their ſharpen'd Weapons mortal Stroke
Thro' their own Hearts ſhall force its Way.

16 A little, with God's Favour bleſt,
That's by one righteous Man poſſeſt,
The Wealth of many bad excels:
17 For God ſupports the juſt Man's Cauſe,
But as for thoſe that break his Laws,
Their unſucceſsful Pow'r he quells.

18 His conſtant Care the Upright guides,
And over all their Life preſides,
Their Portion ſhall for ever laſt;
19 They, when Diſtreſs o'erwhelms the Earth,
Shall be unmov'd, and ev'n in Dearth
The happy Fruits of Plenty taſte.

20 Not ſo the wicked Men, and thoſe,
Who proudly dare, God's Will oppoſe:
Deſtruction is their hapleſs Share:
Like Fat of Lambs, their Hopes and they
Shall in an Inſtant melt away,
And vaniſh into Smoke and Air.

PART III.

21 While Sinners brought to ſad Decay,
Still borrow on, and never pay,
The Juſt have Will and Pow'r to give;
22 For ſuch as God vouchſafes to bleſs,
Shall peaceably the Earth poſſeſs.
And thoſe he curſes ſhall not live.

23 The good Man's Way is God's Delight,
He orders all the Steps aright
Of him that moves by his Command;
24 Tho' he ſometimes may be diſtreſs'd,
Yet ſhall he ne'er be quite oppreſs'd,
For God upholds him with his Hand.

25 From my firſt Youth till Age prevail'd,
I never ſaw the Righteous fail'd,

O

Or Want o'ertake his num'rous Race;
26 Becauſe Compaſſion fill'd his Heart,
And he did chearfully impart,
God made his Offspring's Wealth increaſe.

27 With Caution ſhun each wicked Deed,
In Virtue's Ways with Zeal proceed,
And ſo prolong your happy Days:
28 For God, who Judgment loves, does ſtill
Preſerve his Saints ſecure from Ill,
While ſoon the wicked Race decays.

29, 30, 31 The Upright ſhall poſſes the Land
His Portion ſhall for Ages ſtand;
His Mouth with Wiſdom is ſupply'd,
His Tongue by Rules of Judgment moves,
His Heart the Law of God approves,
Therefore his Footſteps never ſlide.

PART IV.

32 In wait the watchful Sinner lies,
In vain the Righteous to ſurpriſe;
In vain his Ruin does decree;
33 God will not him defenceleſs leave,
To his Revenge expos'd; but ſave,
And when he's ſentenc'd, ſet him free.

34 Wait ſtill on God, keep his Command,
And thou exalted in the Land,
Thy bleſt Poſſeſſion ne'er ſhall quit:
The Wicked ſoon deſtroy'd ſhall be,
And at his diſmal Tragedy,
Thou ſhalt a ſafe Spectator ſit.

35 The wicked I in Pow'r have ſeen,
And like a Bay-tree freſh and green,
That ſpreads its pleaſant Branches round:
36 But he was gone as ſwift as Thought,
And tho' in ev'ry Place I ſought,
No Sign or Track of him I found.

37 Obſerve the perfect Man with Care,
And mark all ſuch as upright are:
Their rougheſt Days in Peace ſhall end:
38 While on the latter end of thoſe
Who dare God's ſacred Will oppoſe,
A common Ruin ſhall attend.

39 God to the Juſt will Aid Afford,
Their only Safe-guard is the Lord.
Their Strength in Time of Need is he;
40 Becauſe on him they ſtill depend,
The Lord will timely Succour ſend,
And from the Wicked ſet them free.

Pſalm xxxviii.

1 THY chaſt'ning Wrath, O Lord, reſtrain,
Tho' I deſerve it all;
Nor let at once on me the Storm
of thy Diſpleaſure fall.
2 In ev'ry wretched Part of me
thy Arrows deep remain;
Thy heavy Hand's afflicting Weight
I can no more ſuſtain.

3 My Fleſh is one continu'd Wound,
Thy Wrath ſo fiercly glows;
Betwixt my Puniſhment and Guilt
my Bones have no repoſe.
4 My Sins which to a Deluge ſwell,
my ſinking Head o'rflow,
And for my feeble Strength to bear
too vaſt a Burden grow.

5 Stench and Corruption fill my Wounds,
my Folly's juſt Return,
6 With Trouble I am warp'd and bow'd,
and all Day long I mourn.
7 A loath'd Diſeaſe afflicts my Loins,
infecting ev'ry Part:
8 With Sickneſs worn, I groan and roar,
thro' Anguiſh of my Heart.

PART II.

9 But, Lord, before thy ſearching Eyes
all my Deſires appear:
And ſure my Groans have been too loud,
not to have reach'd thine Ear.
10 My Heart's oppreſt, my Strength decay'd,
my Eyes depriv'd of Light:
11 Friends, Lovers, Kinſmen gaze aloof
on ſuch a diſmal Sight.

12 Mean while the Foes that ſeek my Life,
their Snares to take me ſet;

Vent

Vent Slanders, and contrive all Day
to forge ſome new Deceit.
13 But I, as if both deaf and dumb,
nor heard, nor once reply'd:
14 Quite deaf and dumb, like one whoſe Tongue
with conſcious Guilt is ty'd.

15 For, Lord, to thee I do appeal,
my Innocence to clear;
Aſſur'd that thou, the righteous God,
my injur'd Cauſe wilt hear.
16 "Hear me, ſaid I, leſt my proud Foes
"a ſpiteful Joy diſplay,
"Inſulting if they ſee my Foot,
"but once to go aſtray."

17 And with continual Grief oppreſt,
to ſink I now begin:
18 To thee, O Lord, I will confeſs,
to thee bewail my Sin.
19 But whilſt I languiſh, my proud Foes
their Strength and Vigour boaſt;
And they who hate me without Cauſe,
are grown a dreadful Hoſt.

20 Ev'n they, whom I oblig'd, return
my Kindneſs with Deſpite;
And are my Enemies, becauſe
I chooſe the Path that's right.
21 Forſake me not, O Lord, my God,
nor far from me depart;
22 Make haſte to my Relief, O thou,
who my Salvation art.

Pſalm xxxix.

1 RESolv'd to Watch o'er all my Ways,
I kept my Tongue in awe;
I curb'd my haſty Words when I
the proſp'rous Wicked ſaw.
2 Like one that's dumb, I ſilent ſtood,
and did my Tongue refrain
From good Diſcourſe; but that Reſtraint
increas'd my inward Pain.

3 My Heart did glow, which working Thoughts
did hot and reſtleſs make,
And warm Reflections fann'd the Fire,
till thus at length I ſpake:

4 Lord, let me know my Term of Days,
how ſoon my Life will end;
The num'rous Train of Ills diſcloſe
which this frail State attend.

5 My Life, thou know'ſt, is but a Span,
a Cypher ſums my Years;
And ev'ry Man in beſt Eſtate,
but Vanity appears.

6 Man, like a Shadow, vainly Walks,
with fruitleſs Cares oppreſs'd;
He heaps up Wealth, but cannot tell
by whom 'twill be poſſeſs'd.

7 Why then ſhould I on worthleſs Toys
with anxious Care attend?
On thee alone, my ſtedfaſt Hope
ſhall ever, Lord, depend.

8, 9 Forgive my Sins, nor let me ſcorn'd
by fooliſh Sinners be;
For I was dumb, and murmur'd not,
becauſe 'twas done by thee.

10 The dreadful Burden of thy Wrath
in Mercy ſoon remove;
Leſt my frail Fleſh too weak to bear
the heavy Load ſhould prove.

11 For when thou chaſt'neſt Man for Sin,
thou mak'ſt his Beauty fade,
(So vain a Thing is he) like Cloth
by fretting Moths decay'd.

12 Lord, hear my Cry, accept my Tears,
and liſten to my Pray'r;
Who ſojourn like a Stranger here,
as all my Fathers were.

13 O ſpare me yet a little Time,
my waſted Strength reſtore;
Before I vaniſh quite from hence,
and ſhall be ſeen no more.

Pſalm xl.

1 I Waited meekly for the Lord,
'till he vouchſaf'd a kind Reply;
Who did his gracious Ear afford,
and heard from Heav'n my humble Cry.

2 He took me from the diſmal Pit,
when founder'd deep in miry Clay;

On ſolid Ground he plac'd my Feet,
and ſuffer'd not my Steps to ſtray.

3 The Wonders he for me has wrought
ſhall fill my Mouth with Songs of Praiſe;
And others, to his Worſhip brought,
to Hopes of like Deliv'rance raiſe.

4 For Bleſſings ſhall that Man reward
who on th' Almighty Lord relies;
Who treats the Proud with Diſregard,
and hates the Hypocrite's Diſguiſe.

5 Who can the wond'rous Works recount,
which thou, O God, for us haſt wrought?
The Treaſures of thy Love ſurmount
the Pow'r of Numbers, Speech and (Thought.

6 I've learn'd that thou haſt not deſir'd
Off'rings and Sacrifice alone;
Nor Blood of guiltleſs Beaſts requir'd,
for Man's Tranſgreſſion to atone.

7 I therefore come----come to fulfil
the Oracles thy Books impart:
8 'Tis my Delight to do thy Will;
thy Law is written in my Heart.

PART II.

9 In full Aſſemblies I have told
thy Truth and Righteouſneſs at large:
Nor did, thou know'ſt, my Lips with-hold
from utt'ring what thou gav'ſt in charge.

10 Nor kept within my Breaſt confin'd,
thy Faithfulneſs and ſaving Grace;
But preach'd thy Love for all deſign'd,
that all might that and Truth embrace.

11 Then let thoſe Mercies I declar'd
to others, Lord, extend to me;
Thy Loving-Kindneſs my Reward,
thy Truth my ſafe Protection be.

12 For I with Troubles am Diſtreſt,
too vaſt and numberleſs to bear;
Nor leſs with Loads of Guilt oppreſt,
that plunge and ſink me to Deſpair.
As ſoon, alas! may I recount
the Hairs on this afflicted Head:
My vanquiſht Courage they ſurmount,
and fill my drooping Soul with Dread.

PART

PART III.

13 But, Lord, to my Relief draw near,
for never was more preſſing Need!
In my Deliv'rance, Lord, appear,
and add to that Deliv'rance Speed.
14 Confuſion on their Heads return,
who to deſtroy my Soul combine;
Let them, defeated, bluſh and mourn,
enſnar'd in their own vile Deſign.

15 Their Doom let Deſolation be,
with Shame their Malice be repaid,
Who mock'd my Confidence in thee,
and Sport of my Affliction made.
16 While thoſe who humbly ſeek thy Face
to joyful Triumphs ſhall be rais'd;
And all who prize thy ſaving Grace,
with me reſound, The Lord be prais'd.

17 Thus, wretced tho' I am, and poor,
of me th' Almighty Lord takes care,
Thou, God, who only can'ſt reſtore,
to my Relief with Speed repair.

Pſalm xli.

1 HAPPY the Man, whoſe tender Care
relieves the Poor diſtreſt:
When he's by Troubles compaſs'd round,
the Lord ſhall give him Reſt.
2 The Lord his Life, with Bleſſings crown'd,
In Safety ſhall prolong;
And diſappoint the Will of thoſe
that ſeek to do him Wrong.

3 If he in languiſhing Eſtate
oppreſt with Sickneſs lie;
The Lord will eaſy make his Bed,
and inward Strength ſupply.
4 Secure of this, to thee, my God,
I thus my Pray'r addreſs'd;
"Lord, for thy Mercy, heal my Soul,
"tho' I have much tranſgreſs'd;

5 My cruel Foes, with ſland'rous Words,
attempt to wound my Fame;
"When ſhall he die (ſay they) and Men
"forget his very Name?"
6 Suppoſe they formal Viſits make,
it's all but empty Show;

They

They gather Miſchief in their Hearts,
and vent it where they go.

8 With private Whiſpers, ſuch as theſe,
to hurt me they deviſe;
"A ſore Diſeaſe afflicts him now,
"he's fall'n, no more to riſe."
9 My own familiar Boſom-Friend,
on whom I moſt rely'd,
Has me, whoſe daily Gueſt he was,
with open Scorn defy'd.

10 But thou, my ſad and wretched State,
in Mercy, Lord, regard;
And raiſe me up, that all their Crimes
may meet their juſt Reward.
11 By this, I know, thy gracious Ear
is open when I call;
Becauſe thou ſuffer'ſt not my Foes
to triumph in my Fall.

12 Thy tender Care ſecures my Life
from Danger and Diſgrace;
And thou vouchſaf'ſt to ſet me ſtill
before thy glorious Face.
13 Let therefore Iſr'el's Lord and God
from Age to Age be bleſs'd;
And all the People's glad Applauſe
with loud Amens expreſs'd.

Pſalm xlii.

1 AS pants the Hart for cooling Streams
when heated in the Chace,
So longs my Soul, O God, for thee,
and thy refreſhing Grace.
2 For thee, my God, the living God,
my thirſty Soul doth pine;
O when ſhall I behold thy Face,
thou Majeſty divine!

3 Tears are my conſtant Food, while thus
inſulting Foes upbraid,
"Deluded Wretch, wher's now thy God?
"and where his promis'd Aid?"
4 I ſigh when-e'er my muſing Thoughts
thoſe happy Days preſent,
When I with Troops of pious Friends
thy Temple did frequent.

When

When I advanc'd with Songs of Praiſe,
my ſolemn Vows to pay,
And led the lawful ſacred Throng
that kept the Feſtal Day.

5 Why reſtleſs, why caſt down, my Soul?
truſt God, and he'll employ
His Aid for thee; and change theſe Sighs
to thankful Hymns of Joy.

6 My Soul's caſt down, O God, but thinks
on thee and Sion ſtill;
From Jordan's Bank, from Herman's Height,
and Miſſar's humbler Hill.

7 One Trouble calls another on,
and burſting o'er my Head,
Fall ſpouting down, till round my Soul
a roaring Sea is ſpread.

8 But when thy Preſence, Lord of Life,
has once diſpell'd this Storm,
To thee I'll midnight Anthems ſing,
and all my Vows perform.

9 God of my Strength, how long ſhall I
like one forgotten, mourn?
Forlorn, forſaken, and expos'd
to my Oppreſſor's Scorn.

10 My Heart is pierc'd, as with a Sword,
whilſt thus my Foes upbraid,
"Vain Boaſter where is now thy God?
"and where his promis'd Aid?

11 Why reſtleſs, why caſt down my Soul?
hope ſtill, and thou ſhalt ſing
The Praiſe of him who is thy God,
thy Health's eternal Spring.

Pſalm xliii.

1 JUST Judge of Heav'n, againſt my Fo
do thou aſſert my injur'd Right:
O ſet me free, my God from thoſe
that in Deceit and Wrong delight.

2 Since thou art ſtill my only Stay,
why leav'ſt thou me in deep Diſtreſs?
Why go I mourning all the Day,
whilſt me inſulting Foes oppreſs?

3 Let me with Light and Truth be bleſt,
be theſe my Guides, and lead the Wa

Till on thy holy Hill I reſt,
and in thy ſacred Temple pray,
4 Then will I there freſh Altars raiſe
to God, who is my only Joy;
And well-tun'd Harps with Songs of Praiſe
ſhall all my grateful Hours employ.
5 Why then caſt down, my Soul, and why
ſo much oppreſt with anxious Care?
On God, thy God, for Aid rely,
who will thy ruin'd State repair.

Pſalm xliv.

1 O Lord, our Fathers oft have told
in our attentive Ears,
Thy Wonders in their Days perform'd,
and elder Times than theirs:
2 How thou, to plant them here, didſt drive
the Heathen from this Land;
Diſpeopled by repeated Strokes
of thy avenging Hand.

3 For, not their Courage, nor their Sword,
to them Poſſeſſion gave,
Nor Strength, that from unequal Force
their fainting Troops could ſave:
But thy Right-hand and pow'rful Arm,
whoſe Succour they implor'd,
Thy Preſence with the choſen Race,
who thy great Name ador'd.

4 As thee their God our Fathers own'd,
thou art our Sov'reign King;
O therefore, as thou didſt to them,
to us Deliv'rance bring.
5 Thro' thy victorious Name our Arms
the proudeſt Foes ſhall quell,
And cruſh 'em with repeated Strokes
as oft as they rebel.
6 I'll neither truſt my Bow nor Sword,
when I in Fight engage;
7 But thee, who haſt our Foes ſubdu'd,
and ſham'd their ſpiteful Rage.
8 To thee the Triumph we aſcribe,
from whom the Conqueſt came;
In God we will rejoice all Day,
and ever bleſs his Name.

PART

PART II.

9 But thou haſt caſt us off, and now
moſt ſhamefully we yield;
For thou no more vouchſaf'ſt to lead
our Armies to the Field.
10 Since when, to every upſtart Foe
we turn our Backs in Fight;
And with our Spoil their Malice feaſt
who bear us ancient Spite.
11 To Slaughter doom'd, we fall like Sheep,
into their butch'ring Hands:
Or (what's more wretched yet) ſurvive
diſperſt thro' Heathen Lands.
12 Thy People thou haſt ſold for Slaves,
and ſet their Price ſo low,
That not thy Treaſure by the Sale,
but their Diſgrace might grow.
13, 14 Reproach'd by all the Nations round,
the Heathen's By-word grown,
Whoſe Scorn of us is both in Speech
and mocking Geſtures ſhown.
15 Confuſion ſtrikes me blind, my Face
in conſcious Shame I hide,
16 While we are ſcoff'd, and God baſphem'd
by their licentious Pride.

PART III.

17 On us this Heap of Woes is fall'n,
all this we have endur'd;
Yet have not, Lord, renounc'd thy Name,
or Faith to thee abjur'd.
18 But in thy righteous Paths have kept
our Heart and Steps with Care;
19 Tho' thou haſt broken all our Strength,
and we almoſt deſpair.
20 Could we, forgetting thy great Name,
on other Gods rely,
21 And not the Searcher of all Hearts
the treach'rous Crime deſcry:
22 Thou ſeeſt what Suff'rings for thy Sake,
we ev'ry Day ſuſtain;
All ſlaughter'd, or reſerv'd like Sheep
appointed to be ſlain.
23 Awake, ariſe; let ſeeming Sleep
no longer thee detain;

Nor let us, Lord, who sue to thee,
for ever sue in vain.
24 O wherefore hidest thou thy Face
from our afflicted State?
25 Whose Souls and Bodies sink to Earth,
with Grief's oppressive Weight.

26 Arise, O Lord, and timely haste
to our Deliv'rance make;
Redeem us, Lord, ---- If not for ours,
yet for thy Mercy's sake.

Psalm xlv.

1 WHile I the King's loud Praise rehearse,
indited by my Heart,
My Tongue is like the Pen of him
that writes with ready Art.
2 How matchless is thy Form, O King!
thy Mouth with Grace o'erflows:
Because fresh Blessings God on thee
eternally bestows.

3 Gird on thy Sword, most mighty Prince,
and clad thy rich Array,
With glorious Ornaments of Pow'r
majestic Pomp display.
4 Ride on in State, and still protect
the Meek, the Just and True;
Whilst thy Right-hand with swift Revenge
does all thy Foes pursue.

5 How sharp thy Weapons are to them
that dare thy Pow'r oppose!
Down, down they fall, while thro' their (Heart
the feather'd Arrow goes.
6 But thy firm Throne, O God is fix'd
for ever to endure;
Thy Scepter's Sway shall always last,
by righteous Laws secure.

7 Because thy Heart, by Justice led,
did upright Ways approve,
And hated still the crooked Paths
where wand'ring Sinners rove.
Therefore did God, thy God, on thee
the Oil of Gladness shed;
And has above thy Fellows round
advanc'd thy lofty Head.

8 With

8 With Cassia, Aloes and Myrrh,
thy Royal Robes abound;
Which from the stately Wardrobe brought
spread greatful Odours round.
9 Among the honourable Train
did princely Virgins wait:
The Queen was plac'd at thy Right-hand,
in Golden Robes of State.

PART II.

10 But thou, O Royal Bride, give ear,
and to my Words attend;
Forget thy Native Country now,
and ev'ry former Friend.
11 So shall thy Beauty charm the King,
nor shall his Love decay;
For he is now become thy Lord,
to him due Rev'rence pay.

12 The Tyrian Matrons rich and proud
shall humble Presents make;
And all the wealthy Nations sue
thy Favour to partake.
13 The King's fair Daughter's beautious Soul
all inward Graces fill;
Her Raiment is of purest Gold,
adorn'd with costly Skill.

14 She in her Nuptual Garment dress'd,
with Needles richly wrought,
Attended by her Virgin Train,
shall to the King be brought.
15 With all the State of solemn Joy
the Triumph moves along,
Till with wide Gates the Royal Court
receives the pompous Throng.

16 Thou, in thy Royal Father's Room,
must princely Sons expect;
Whom thou to diff'rent Realms may'st send
to govern and protect.
17 Whilst this my Song to future Times
transmits thy glorious Name;
And makes the World, with one Consent,
thy lasting Praise proclaim.

Psalm

Pſalm xlvi.

1 GOD is our Refuge in Diſtreſs,
A preſent Help when Dangers preſs;
In him undaunted we'll confide:
2, 3 Tho' Earth were from her Center toſt,
And Mountains in the Ocean loſt,
Torn piece-meal by the roaring Tide.
4 A gentler Stream with Gladneſs ſtill
The City of our Lord ſhall fill,
The Royal Seat of God moſt high:
5 God dwells in Sion, whoſe fair Towr's
Shall mock th' Aſſaults of earthly Powr's,
While his Almighty Aid is nigh.
6 In Tumults when the Heathen rag'd,
And Kingdoms War againſt us wag'd,
He thunder'd and diſpers'd their Pow'rs:
7 The Lord of Hoſts conducts our Arms,
Our Tow'r of Refuge in Alarms,
Our Fathers Guardian-God and ours.
8 Come, ſee the Wonders he hath wrought,
On Earth what Deſſolation brought;
9 How he has calm'd the jarring World:
He broke the Warlike Spear and Bow;
With them the thund'ring Chariots too
Into devou'ring Flames were hurl'd.
10 Submit to God's Almighty Sway,
For him the Heathen ſhall obey,
And Earth her Sov'reign Lord confeſs.
11 The God of Hoſts conducts our Arms,
Our Tow'r of Refuge in Alarms,
As to our Fathers in Diſtreſs.

Pſalm xlvii.

1, 2 O ALL ye People, clap your Hands,
and with triumphant Voices ſing;
No Force the mighty Pow'r withſtands
of God the univerſal King.
3, 4 He ſhall oppoſing Nations quell,
and with Succeſs our Battles fight;
Shall fix the Place where we muſt dwell,
the Pride of Jacob, his Delight.
5, 6 God is gone up, our Lord and King,
with Shouts of Joy and Trumpets Sound;
To him repeated Praiſes ſing,
and let the chearful Song go round.

7, 8 Your

7, 8 Your utmoſt Skill in Praiſe be ſhown,
for him who all the World commands;
Who ſits upon his righteous Throne,
and ſpreads his Sway o'er Heathens Lands.

9 Our Chiefs and Tribes, that far from hence
t'adore the God of Ab'ram came,
Found him their conſtant ſure Defence,
How great and glorious is his Name!

Pſalm xlviii.

1 THE Lord, the only God, is great,
and greatly to be prais'd;
In Sion on whoſe happy Mount
His ſacred Throne is rais'd.

2 Her Tow'rs, the Joy of all the Earth,
with beauteous Proſpect riſe:
On her North-ſide th' Almighty King's
Imperial City lies.

3 God in her Palaces is known,
his Preſence is her Guard.

4 Confed'rate Kings withdrew their Seige,
and of Succeſs deſpair'd.

5 They view'd her Walls, admir'd and fled,
with Grief and Terror ſtruck,

6 Like Women whom the ſudden Pangs
of Travail had o'ertook.

7 No wretched Crew of Mariners
appear like them forlorn,
When Fleets from Tarſhiſh wealthy Coaſts,
by Eaſtern Winds are torn.

8 In Sion we have ſeen perform'd
a Work that was foretold,
In Pledge that God, for Times to come,
his City will uphold.

9 Not in our Fortreſſes and Walls,
did we, O God, confide,
But on the Temple fix'd our Hopes
in which thou doſt reſide.

10 According to thy Sov'reign Name,
thy Praiſe thro' Earth extends;
Thy Powe'rful Arm, as Juſtice guides,
chaſtiſes or defends.

11 Let Sion's Mount with Joy reſound,
her Daughters all be taught,

In

In Songs his Judgments to extol,
who this Deliv'rance wrought.
12 Compass her Walls in solemn Pomp,
your Eyes quite round her cast;
Count all her Tow'rs, and see if there
you find one Stone displac'd.

13 Her Forts and Palaces survey,
observe their Order well;
That with Assurance, to your Heirs,
this Wonder you may tell.
14 This God is ours, and will be ours,
whilst we in him confide;
Who as he has preserv'd us now,
'till Death will be our Guide.

Psalm xlix.

1 2 LET all the list'ning World attend,
and my Instructions hear;
Let High and Low, and Rich and Poor,
with joint Consent give Ear.
3 My Mouth with sacred Wisdom fill'd,
shall good Advice impart,
The sound Result of prudent Thoughts,
digested in my Heart.

4 To Parables of weighty Sense,
I will my Ear incline;
Whilst to my tuneful Harp I sing
dark Words of deep Design.
5 Why should my Courage fail in Times
of Danger and of Doubt?
When Sinners that would me supplant
have compass'd me about?

6 Those Men that all their Hope and Trust
in Heaps of Treasure place,
And boast and Triumph when they see
their ill-got Wealth increase.
7 Are yet unable from the Grave
their dearest Friend to free;
Nor can by Force of costly Bribes
reverse God's firm Decree.

8 9 Their vain Endeavours they must quit,
the Price is held too high;
No Sums can purchase such a Grant,
that Man should never die.

10 Not

10 Not Wiſdom can the Wiſe exempt,
nor Fools their Folly ſave;
But both muſt periſh, and in Death
their Wealth to others leave.

11 For tho' they think their ſtately Seats
ſhall ne'er to Ruin fall;
But their Remembrance laſt, in Lands
which by their Names they call;
12 Yet ſhall their Fame be ſoon forgot,
how great ſoe'er their State;
With Beaſts their Memory and they
ſhall ſhare one common Fate.

PART II.

13 How great their Folly is, who thus
abſurd Concluſions make!
And yet their Children unreclaim'd.
repeat the groſs Miſtake.
14 They all, like Sheep to Slaughter led,
the Prey of Death are made;
Their Beauty, while the Juſt rejoice,
within the Grave ſhall fade.

15 But God will yet redeem my Soul,
and from the greedy Grave
His greater Pow'r ſhall ſet me free,
and to himſelf receive.
16 Then fear not thou, when worldly Men
in envy'd Wealth abound,
Nor tho' their proſp'rous Houſe increaſe,
with State and Honour crown'd.

17 For when they're ſummon'd hence
they leave all this behind; (Death
No Shadow of their former Pomp
within the Grave they find:
18 And yet they thought their State was bleſt
caught in the Flatt'rer's Snare,
Who praiſes thoſe that ſlight all elſe,
and of themſelves take care.

19 In their Forefather's Steps they tread;
and when, like them, they die,
Their wretched Anceſtors and they
in endleſs Darkneſs lie.
20 For Man, how great ſoe'er his State,
unleſs he's truly wiſe,

As, like a ſenſual Beaſt he lives,
ſo, like a Beaſt he dies.

Pſalm l.

1, 2 THE Lord hath ſpoke, the mighty God
Hath ſent his Summons all abroad,
From dawning Light, till Day declines;
The liſt'ning Earth his Voice hath heard,
And he from Sion hath appear'd,
Where Beauty in Perfection ſhines.

3, 4 Our God ſhall come, and keep no more
Miſconſtru'd Silence as before;
But waſting Flames before him ſend;
Around ſhall Tempeſts fiercely rage,
While he does Heav'n and Earth engage
His juſt Tribunal to attend.

5, 6 Aſſemble all my Saints to me,
(Thus runs the great Divine Decree)
That in my laſting Cov'nant live;
And Off'rings bring with conſtant Care;
(The Heav'n his Juſtice ſhall declare,
For God himſelf ſhall Sentence give.)

7 Attend, my People, Iſra'l, hear;
Thy ſtrong Accuſer, I'll appear;
Thy God, thy only God am I;
8 'Tis not of Off'rings I complain,
Which, daily in my Temple ſlain,
My ſacred Altar did ſupply.

9 Will this alone Atonement make?
No Bullock from thy Stall I'll take,
Nor He-Goat from thy Fold accept;
10 The Foreſt Beaſts that range alone,
The Cattle too are all my own,
That on a thouſahd Hills are kept.

11 I know the Fowls that build their Neſts
In craggy Rocks; and ſavage Beaſts,
That looſely haunt the open Fields:
12 If ſeiz'd with Hunger I could be,
I need not ſeek Relief from thee,
Since the World's mine, and all it yields.

13 Think'ſt thou that I have any need
On ſlaughter'd Bulls, and Goats to Feed,
To eat their Fleſh, and drink their Blood?

14 The Sacrifices I require
Are Hearts which Love and Zeal inſpire,
And Vows with ſtricteſt Care make good.
15 In time of Trouble call on me,
And I will ſet thee ſafe and free;
And thou Returns of Praiſe ſhalt make:
16 But to the Wicked thus ſaith God,
How dar'ſt thou teach my Laws abroad,
Or in thy Mouth my Cov'nant take?
17 For ſtubborn thou, confirm'd in Sin,
Haſt Proof againſt Inſtruction been,
And of my Word didſt lightly ſpeak:
18 When thou a ſubtle Thief did ſee,
Thou gladly didſt with him agree,
And with Adult'rers didſt partake.
19 Vile Slander is thy chief Delight,
Thy Tongue, by envy mov'd, and Spite,
Deceitful Tales doth hourly ſpread;
20 Thou doſt with hateful Scandals wound
Thy Brother, and with Lyes confound
The Offspring of thy Mother's Bed:
21 Theſe Things didſt thou, whom ſtill I ſtrove
To gain with Silence and with Love;
Till thou didſt wickedly ſurmiſe,
That I was ſuch a one as thou;
But I'll reprove and ſhame thee now,
And ſet thy Sins before thine Eyes.
22 Mark this, ye wicked Fools, leſt I
Let all my Bolts of Vengeance fly,
Whilſt none ſhall dare your Cauſe to own:
23 Who praiſes me due honour gives;
And to the Man that juſtly lives
My ſtrong Salvation ſhall be ſhown.

Pſalm li.

1 HAVE Mercy, Lord on me,
as thou wert ever kind;
Let me oppreſt with Loads of Guilt,
thy wonted Mercy find.
2, 3 Waſh off my foul Offence,
and cleanſe me from my Sin;
For I confeſs my Crime, and ſee
how great my Guilt has been.
4 Againſt thee, Lord, alone,
And only in thy Sight. Have

Have I tranſgreſs'd, and tho' condemn'd,
muſt own thy Judgments right.
5 In Guilt each Part was form'd
Of all this ſinful Frame;
In Guilt I was conceiv'd, and born
the Heir of Sin and Shame.

6 Yet thou, whoſe ſearching Eye
doth inward Truth require,
In ſecret didſt with Wiſdom's Laws,
my Tender Soul inſpire.
7 With Hyſſop purge me, Lord,
and ſo I clean ſhall be:
I ſhall with Snow in Whiteneſs vie,
when purify'd by thee.

8 Make me to hear with Joy,
thy kind forgiving Voice;
That ſo the Bones which thou haſt broke,
May with freſh Strength rejoice.
9, 10 Blot out my crying Sins,
nor me in Anger view;
Create in me a Heart that's clean,
an upright Mind renew.

PART II.

11 Withdraw not thou thy Help,
nor caſt me from thy Sight;
Nor let thy holy Spirit take
its everlaſting Flight.
12 The Joy thy Favour gives
let me again obtain;
And thy free Spirit's firm Support
my fainting Soul ſuſtain.

13 So I thy righteous Ways
to Sinners will impart,
Whilſt my Advice ſhall wicked Men
to thy juſt Laws convert.
14 My Guilt of Blood remove,
my Saviour and my God;
And my glad Tongue ſhall loudly tell
thy righteous Acts abroad.

15 Do thou unlock my Lips,
with Sorrow clos'd and Shame;
So ſhall my Mouth thy wondrous Praiſe
to all the World proclaim.

16 Could Sacrifice atone,
whole Flocks and Herds ſhould die;
But on ſuch Off'rings thou diſdain'ſt
To caſt a gracious Eye.

17 A broken Spirit is
by God moſt highly priz'd;
By him a broken contrite Heart
ſhall never be deſpis'd.

18 Let Sion Favour find,
of thy Good-will aſſur'd;
And thy own City flouriſh long,
by lofty Walls ſecur'd.

19 The Juſt ſhall then attend,
and pleaſing Tribute pay:
And Sacrifice of choiceſt Kind
upon thy Altar lay.

Pſalm lii.

1 IN vain, O Man of lawleſs Might,
thou boaſt'ſt thyſelf in Ill;
Since God, the God in whom I truſt,
vouchſafes his favour ſtill.

2 Thy wicked Tongue doth ſland'rous Tales
malicious'ly deviſe:
And ſharper than a Razor ſet,
it wounds with treach'rous Lyes.

3, 4 Thy Thoughts are more on Ill than Good,
on Lyes than Truth employ'd;
Thy Tongue delights in Words, by which
the Guiltleſs are deſtroy'd.

5 God ſhall for ever blaſt thy Hopes,
and ſnatch thee ſoon away;
Nor in thy Dwelling-place permit,
Nor in the World to ſtay.

6 The Juſt, with pious Fear, ſhall ſee
the Downfall of thy Pride;
And at thy ſudden Ruin laugh,
and thus thy Fall deride:

7 "See there the man that haughty was,
"who proudly God defy'd,
"Who truſted in his Wealth, and ſtill
"on wicked Arts rely'd."

8 But I am like thoſe Olive-Plants,
that ſhade God's Temple round;
And hope with his indulgent Grace
to be for ever crown'd.

9 So

9 So ſhall my Soul with Praiſe, O God,
extol thy wond'rous Love;
And on thy Name with Patience wait;
for this thy Saints approve.

Pſalm liii.

1 THE wicked Fools muſt ſure ſuppoſe
that God is but a Name:
This groſs Miſtake their Practice ſhows
ſince Virtue all diſclaim. (Tow'r
2 The Lord look'd down from Heav'ns high
the Sons of Men to view;
To ſee if any own'd his Pow'r,
or Truth or Juſtice knew.

3 But all he ſaw, were backwards gone,
degen'rate grown, and baſe;
None for Religion car'd, not one
of all the ſinful Race.
4 But are thoſe Workers of Deceit
ſo dull and ſenſeleſs grown,
That they, like Bread, my People eat,
and God's juſt Pow'r diſown?

5 Their cauſeleſs Fears ſhall ſtrangely grow;
and they, deſpis'd of God,
Shall ſoon be foil'd; his Hand ſhall throw
their ſhatter'd Bones abroad.
6 Would he his ſaving Pow'r employ,
to break our ſervile Band,
Loud ſhouts of univerſal Joy
ſhould eccho thro' the Land.

Pſalm liv.

1, 2 LORD, ſave me, for thy glorious Name,
and in thy Strength appear,
To judge my Cauſe; accept my Pray'r,
and to my Words give Ear.
3 Mere Strangers, whom I never wrong'd,
to ruin me deſign'd;
And cruel Men, that fear no God,
againſt my Soul combin'd.

4, 5 But God takes Part with all my Friends,
and he's the ſureſt Guard;
The God of Truth ſhall give my Foes
their Falſhood's juſt Reward;

6 While I my grateful Off'rings bring,
and Sacrifice with Joy;
And in his Praiſe my Time to come
delightfully employ.

7 From dreadful Danger and Diſtreſs
the Lord hath ſet me free;
Thro' him ſhall I of all my Foes
the juſt Deſtruction ſee.

Pſalm lv.

1 GIVE ear, thou Judge of all the Earth,
and liſten when I pray;
Nor from thy humble Suppliant turn
thy glorious Face away.

2 Attend to this my ſad Complaint;
and hear my grievous Moans;
Whilſt I my mournful Caſe declare
With artleſs Sighs and Groans.

3 Hark! how the Foe inſults aloud,
how fierce Oppreſſors rage! (Hate
Whoſe ſtand'rous Tongues with wrathful
againſt my Fame engage.

4, 5 My Heart is rack'd with Pain, my Soul
with deadly Frights diſtreſt;
With Fear and Trembling compaſs'd round
with Horror quite oppreſt.

6 How often wiſh'd I then, that I
the Dove's ſwift Wings could get;
That I might take my ſpeedy Flight,
and ſeek a ſafe Retreat!

7, 8 Then would I wander far from hence,
and in wild Deſarts ſtray,
Till all this furious ſtorm were ſpent,
this tempeſt paſt away.

PART II.

9 Deſtroy, O Lord, their ill Deſigns,
their Counſels ſoon divide:
For through the City my griev'd Eyes
have Striſe and Rapine 'ſpy'd.

10 By Day and Night on ev'ry Wall
they walk'd their conſtant Round;
And in the midſt of all her Strength,
are Grief and Miſchief found.

11 Whoe'er thro' ev'ry Part ſhall roam,
will freſh Diſorders meet; Deceit

Deceit and Guile their conſtant Poſts
maintain in ev'ry Street,
12 For 'twas not any open Foe
that falſe Reflections made;
For then I could with Eaſe have borne
the bitter Things he ſaid:

'Twas none who Hatred had profeſt,
that did againſt me riſe;
For then I had withdrawn myſelf
from his malicious Eyes. (Friend,
13, 14 But 'twas ev'n thou, my Guide, my
whom tend'reſt Love did join;
Whoſe ſweet Advice I valu'd moſt,
whoſe Pray'rs were mix'd with mine.

15 Sure, Vengeance equal to their Crimes,
ſuch Traitors muſt ſurpriſe;
And ſudden Death requite thoſe Ills,
they wickedly deviſe!
16, 17 But I will call on God, who ſtill
ſhall in my Aid appear;
At Morn, and Noon, and Night I'll pray,
and he my Voice ſhall hear.

PART III.

18 God has releas'd my Soul from thoſe
that did with me contend;
And made a num'rous Hoſt of Friends
my righteous Cauſe defend.
19 For he who was my Help of old,
ſhall now his Suppliant hear;
And puniſh them whoſe proſp'rous State
makes them no God to fear.

20 Whom can I truſt, if faithleſs Men
perfidiouſly deviſe
To ruin me, their peaceful Friend,
and break the ſtrongeſt Ties?
21 Tho' ſoft and melting are their Words,
their Hearts with War abound;
Their Speeches are more ſmooth than Oil,
and yet like Swords they wound.

22 Do thou, my Soul, on God depend,
and he ſhall thee ſuſtain;
He aids the Juſt, whom to ſupplant
the Wicked ſtrive in vain.

23 My Foes, that trade in Lyes and Blood,
shall all untimely die;
Whilst I for Health and Length of Days
on thee, my God, rely.

Psalm lvi.

1 DO thou, O God, in Mercy help,
for Man my Life pursues;
To crush me with repeated Wrongs,
he daily Strife renews.
2 Continually my spiteful Foes
to ruin me combine;
Thou see'st, who sit'st enthron'd on high,
what mighty Numbers join.

3 But tho' sometimes surpriz'd by Fear,
(on Dangers first Alarm)
Yet still for Succour I depend
on thy Almighty Arm.
4 God's faithful Promise I shall praise,
on which I now rely:
In God I trust, and trusting him,
the Arm of Flesh defy.

5 They wrest my Words, and make 'em speak
a Sense they never meant:
Their Thoughts are all with restless Spite,
on my Destruction bent.
6 In close Assemblies they combine,
and wicked Projects lay:
They watch my Steps, and lie in wait,
To make my Soul their Prey.

7 Shall such Injustice still escape?
O righteous God, arise;
Let thy just Wrath (too long provok'd)
this impious Race chastise.
8 Thou numbrest all my wand'ring Steps,
since first compell'd to flee:
My very Tears are treasur'd up,
and register'd by thee.

9 When therefore I invoke thy Aid,
my Foes shall be o'erthrown;
For I am well assur'd that God
my righteous Cause will own.
10, 11 I'll trust God's Word, and so despise
the Force that Man can raise:

12 To

12 To thee, O God, my Vows are due,
to thee I'll render Praiſe:

13 Thou haſt retriev'd my Soul from Death;
and thou wilt ſtill ſecure
The Life thou haſt ſo oft preſerv'd,
and make my Footſteps ſure.
That thus protected by thy Pow'r,
I may this Light enjoy,
And in the Service of my God
my Length'ned Days employ.

Pſalm lvii.

1 THY Mercy, Lord, to me extend,
On thy Protection I depend;
And to thy Wings for Shelter haſte,
'Till this outrageous Storm is paſt.

2 To thy Tribunal, Lord, I'll fly,
Thou ſov'reign Judge and God moſt high;
Who Wonders haſt for me begun,
And wilt not leave thy Work undone.

3 From Heav'n protect me by thine Arm,
And ſhame all thoſe who ſeek my Harm;
To my Relief thy Mercy ſend,
And Truth, on which my Hopes depend.

4 For I with ſavage Men converſe,
Like hungry Lions wild and fierce, (Words
With Men whoſe Teeth are Spears, their
Invenom'd Darts, and two-edg'd Swords.

5 Be thou, O God, exalted high;
And, as thy Glory fills the Sky,
So let it be on Earth diſplay'd,
'Till thou art here, as there, obey'd.

6 To take me they their Net prepar'd,
And had almoſt my Soul enſnar'd,
But fell themſelves, by juſt Decree,
Into the Pit they made for me.

7 O God, my Heart is fix'd, 'tis bent
Its thankful Tribute to preſent;
And with my Heart, my Voice I'll raiſe
To thee, my God, in Songs of Praiſe.

8 Awake my Glory; Harp and Lūte,
No longer let your Strings be mute;
And I, my tuneful Part to take,
Will with the early Dawn awake.

9 Thy Praiſes, Lord, I will reſound
To all the liſt'ning Nations round:
10 Thy Mercy higheſt Heav'n tranſcends,
Thy Truth beyond the Clouds extends.
11 Be thou, O God, exalted high;
And as thy Glory fills the Sky,
So let it be on Earth diſplay'd,
Till thou art here, as there, obey'd,

Pſalm lviii.

1 SPEAK, O ye Judges of the Earth,
if juſt your Sentence be,
Or, muſt not Innocence appeal
to Heav'n from your Decree?
2 Your wicked Hearts and Judgments are
alike by Malice ſway'd:
Your griping Hands, by weighty Bribes
to Violence betray'd.

3 To Virtue Strangers from the Womb,
their Infant-ſteps went wrong;
They prattled Slander, and in Lyes
employ'd their liſping Tongue.
4 No Serpent of parch'd Afric's Breed
does ranker Poiſon bear;
The drowſy Adder will as ſoon
unlock his ſullen Ear.

5 Unmov'd by good Advice, and deaf
as Adders they remain;
From whom the skilful Charmer's Voice
can no Attention gain.
6 Defeat, O God, their threat'ning Rage,
and timely break their Pow'r:
Diſarm theſe growing Lion's Jaws,
e'er practis'd to devour.

7 Let now their Inſolence, at Height,
like ebbing Tides be ſpent;
Their ſhiver'd Darts deceive their Aim,
when they their Bow have bent.
8 Like Snails let them diſſolve to Slime:
like haſty Births become,
Unworthy to behold the Sun,
and dead within the Womb.

E'er Thorns can make the Fleſh-pots boil,
tempeſtuous Wrath ſhall come

From

From God, and ſnatch 'em hence alive,
to their eternal Doom.
10 The Righteous ſhall rejoice to ſee
their Crimes ſuch Vengeance meet,
And Saints in Perſecutors Blood,
ſhall dip their harmleſs Feet.

11 Tranſgreſſors then with Grief ſhall ſee
juſt Men Rewards obtain;
And own a God, whoſe Juſtice will
the guilty Earth arraign.

Pſalm lix.

1 DELIVER me, O Lord my God,
from all my ſpiteful Foes;
In my Defence oppoſe thy Pow'r
to theirs who me oppoſe.
2 Preſerve me from a wicked Race,
who make a Trade of Ill;
Protect me from remorſeleſs Men,
who ſeek my Blood to ſpill.

3 They lie in wait, and mighty Pow'rs
againſt my Life combine:
Implacable; yet, Lord, thou know'ſt
for no Offence of mine.
4 In haſte they run about, and watch
my guiltleſs Life to take:
Look down, O Lord, on my Diſtreſs,
and to my Help awake!

5 Thou, Lord of Hoſts, and Iſr'el's God,
their Heathen Rage ſuppreſs:
Relentleſs Vengeance take on thoſe
who ſtubbornly tranſgreſs.
6 At Ev'ning to beſet my Houſe
like growling Dogs they meet;
While others thro' the City range,
And ranſack ev'ry Street.

7 Their Throats envenom'd Slander breathe,
their Tongues are ſharpen'd Swords;
Who hears (ſay they) or hearing dares
reprove our lawleſs Words?
8 But from thy Throne thou ſhalt, O Lord,
their baffled Plots deride;
And ſoon to Scorn and Shame expoſe
their boaſted heathen Pride.

9 On thee I wait, 'tis on thy Strength
for Succour I depend:
'Tis thou, O God, art my Defence,
who only canst defend.
10 Thy Mercy, Lord, which has so oft
from Danger set me free,
Shall crown my Wishes, and subdue
My haughty Foes to me.

11 Destroy 'em not, O Lord, at once,
restrain thy vengeful Blow,
Lest we, ingratefully, too soon
forget their Overthrow.
Disperse 'em thro' the Nations round
by thy avenging Pow'r,
Do thou bring down their haughty Pride,
O Lord, our Shield and Tow'r.

12 Now, in the Height of all their Hopes,
their Arrogance chastise; (straint,
Whose Tongues have sinn'd without Re-
and Curses join'd with Lyes.
13 Nor shalt thou, whilst their Race endures,
thine Anger, Lord, suppress,
That distant Lands, by their just Doom
may Isr'el's God confess.

14 At Ev'ning let them still persist
like growling dogs to meet,
Still wander all the City round,
and traverse ev'ry Street.
15 Then, as for Malice now they do,
for Hunger let them stray,
And yell their vain Complaints aloud,
defeated of their Prey.

16 Whilst early I thy Mercy sing,
thy wond'rous Pow'r confess;
For thou hast been my sure Defence,
my Refuge in Distress.
17 To thee with never-ceasing Praise,
O God, my Strength, I'll sing;
Thou art my God, the Rock from whence
my Health and Safety spring.

Psalm lx.

1 O GOD, who hast our Troops dispers't,
Forsaking those who left thee first,

As

As we thy juſt Diſpleaſure mourn,
To us in Mercy, Lord, return.
2 Our Strength, that firm as Earth did ſtand,
Is rent by thy avenging Hand:
O heal the Breaches thou haſt made,
We ſhake, we fall, without thy Aid!

3 Our Follies ſad Effects we feel,
For drunk with Diſcord's Cup, we reel;
4 But now for them who thee rever'd
Thou haſt thy Truth's bright Banner rear'd.
5 Let thy Right-hand thy Saints protect:
Lord, hear the Pray'rs that we direct!
6 The Holy God has ſpoke; and I
O'er-joy'd on his firm Word rely.

To thee in Portions I'll divide
Fair Sichem's Soil, Samaria's Pride;
To Sichem, Succoth next I'll join,
And meaſure out her Vale by Line.
7 Manaſſeh, Gilead, both ſubſcribe
To my Commands, with Ephraim's Tribe;
Ephraim by Arms ſupports my Cauſe,
And Judah by religious Laws.

8 Moab, my Slave and Drudge ſhall be
Nor Edom from my Yoke get free;
Proud Paleſtine's imperious State
Shall humbly on our Triumph wait.
9 But who ſhall quell thoſe mighty Pow'rs,
And clear my Way to Edom's Tow'rs;
Or thro' her guarded Frontiers tread
The Path that doth to Conqueſt lead?

10 Ev'n thou, O God, who haſt diſperſt
Our Troops (for we forſook thee firſt)
Thoſe whom thou didſt in Wrath forſake,
Aton'd, thou wilt victorious make.
11 Do thou our fainting Cauſe ſuſtain,
For human Succours are but vain.
12 Freſh Strength and Courage God beſtows,
'Tis he treads down our proudeſt Foes.

Pſalm lxi.

1 LORD, hear my Cry, regard my Pray'r,
which I, oppreſt with Grief,
2 From Earth's remoteſt Parts addreſs
to thee for kind Relief:

O lodge

O lodge me ſafe beyond the Reach
of perſecuting Pow'r,
3 Thou who ſo oft from ſpiteful Foes,
haſt been my ſhelt'ring Tow'r.

4 So ſhall I in thy ſacred Courts
ſecure from Dangers lie:
Beneath the Covert of thy Wings,
all future Storms defy.
5 In ſign my Vows are heard, once more
I o'er thy Choſen reign;
6 O bleſs with long and proſp'rous Life,
the King thou ſtidſt ordain.

7 Confirm his Throne, and make his Reign
accepted in thy Sight,
And let thy Truth and Mercy both
in his Defence unite.
8 So ſhall I ever ſing thy Praiſe,
thy Name for ever bleſs;
Devote my proſp'rous Days to pay
the Vows of my Diſtreſs.

Pſalm lxii.

1, 2 MY Soul for Help on God relies,
From him alone my ſafety flows:
My Rock, my Health, that Strength ſupplies,
To bear the Shock of all my Foes.
3 How long will ye contrive my Fall,
Which will but haſten on your own?
You'll totter like a bending Wall,
Or Fence of uncemented Stone.

4 To make my envy'd Honours leſs
They ſtrive with Lyes, their chief Delight;
For they, tho' with their Mouths they bleſs,
In private Curſe with inward Spite.
5, 6 But thou, my Soul, on God rely;
On him alone, thy Truſt repoſe;
My Rock and Health will Strength ſupply,
To bear the Shock of all my Foes.

7 God does his ſaving Health diſpenſe,
And flowing Bleſſings daily ſend;
He is my Fortreſs and Defence,
On him my Soul ſhall ſtill depend.
8 In him, ye People, always truſt,
Before his Throne pour out your Hearts;

Fo

For God the Merciful and Juſt,
His timely Aid to us imparts.

9 The Vulgar fickle are and frail;
The Great diſſemble and betray;
And laid in Truth's impartial Scale,
The lighteſt Things will both out-weigh.
10 Then truſt not in oppreſſive Ways,
By Spoil and Rapine grow not vain;
Nor let your Hearts, if Wealth increaſe,
Be ſet too much upon your Gain.

11 For God has oft his Will expreſs'd;
And I this Truth hath fully known;
To be of boundleſs Pow'r poſſeſs'd
Belongs of Right to God alone.
12 Tho' Mercy is his darling Grace,
In which he chiefly takes Delight,
Yet will he all the human Race
According to their Works requite.

Pſalm lxiii.

1 O GOD, my gracious God, to thee
My Morning Pray'rs ſhall offer'd be:
For thee my thirſting Soul does pant;
My fainting Fleſh implores thy Grace,
Within this dry and barren Place,
Where I refreſhing Waters want.

2 O to my longing Eyes once more
That View of glorious Pow'r reſtore,
Which thy Majeſtic Houſe diſplays:
3 Becauſe to me thy wond'rous Love,
Than life itſelf does dearer prove,
My Lips ſhall always ſpeak thy Praiſe.

4 My Life, while I that Life enjoy,
In bleſſing God I will employ,
With lifted Hands adore his Name:
5 My Soul's Content ſhall be as great,
As theirs whoſe choiceſt Dainties eat,
While I with Joy his Praiſe proclaim.

6 When down I lie, ſweet Sleep to find,
Thou, Lord, art preſent to my Mind,
And when I wake in Dead of Night:
7 Becauſe thou ſtill doſt Succour bring,
Beneath the ſhadow of thy Wing,
I reſt with Safety and Delight.

8 My

8 My Soul, when Foes would me devour,
Cleaves faſt to thee, whoſe matchleſs Pow'r
In her Support is daily ſhown:
9 But thoſe the Righteous Lord ſhall ſlay
That my Deſtruction wiſh; and they
That ſeek my Life ſhall loſe their own.

10, 11 They by untimely Ends ſhall die,
Their Fleſh a Prey to Foxes lie:
But God ſhall fill the King with Joy;
Who ſwears by thee ſhall ſtill rejoice,
Whilſt the falſe Tongue and lying Voice,
Thou, Lord, ſhalt ſilence and deſtroy.

Pſalm lxiv.

1 LORD, hear the Voice of my Complaint,
to my Requeſt give Ear;
Preſerve my Life from cruel Foes,
and free my Soul from Fear.
2 O hide me with thy tend'reſt Care
in ſome ſecure Retreat,
From Sinners that againſt me riſe,
and all their Plots defeat.

3 See how intent to work my Harm,
they whet their Tongues like Swords:
And bend their Bows, to ſhoot their Darts,
ſharp Lyes, and bitter Words!
4 Lurking in private, at the Juſt
they take their ſecret Aim;
And ſuddenly at him they ſhoot,
quite void of Fear and Shame.

5 To carry on their ill Deſigns,
they mutually agree;
They ſpeak of laying private Snares,
and think that none ſhall ſee.
6 With utmoſt Diligence and Care
the wicked Plots they lay;
The deep Deſigns of all their Hearts
are only to betray.

7 But God, to Anger juſtly mov'd,
his dreadful Bow ſhall bend,
And on his flying Arrow's point
ſhall ſwift Deſtruction ſend.
8 Thoſe Slanders which their Mouths did vent,
upon themſelves ſhall fall;

Their

Their Crimes diſclos'd, ſhall make them be
deſpis'd and ſhunn'd by all.
9 The World ſhall then God's Pow'r confeſs
and Nations trembling ſtand,
Convinc'd that 'tis the mighty Work
of his avenging Hand.
10 Whilſt rghteous Men by God ſecur'd
in him ſhall gladly truſt;
And all the liſt'ning Earth ſhall hear
loud Triumphs of the Juſt.

Pſalm lxv.

1 FOR thee, O God, our conſtant Praiſe
In Sion waits, thy choſen Seat;
Our promis'd Altars there we'll raiſe,
And all our zealous Vows compleat.
2 O thou, who to my humble Prayer
Didſt always bend thy liſt'ning Ear,
To thee ſhall all Mankind repair,
And at thy gracious Throne appear.
3 Our Sins (tho' numberleſs) in vain
To ſtop thy flowing Mercy try;
Whilſt thou o'erlook'ſt the guilty Stain,
And waſheſt out the crimſon Dye.
4 Bleſt is the Man, who near thee plac'd,
Within thy ſacred Dwellings lives!
Whilſt we at humbler Diſtance taſte
The vaſt Delights thy Temple gives.
5 By wond'rous Acts, O God, moſt juſt,
Have we thy gracious Anſwer found;
In thee remoteſt Nations truſt,
And thoſe whom ſtormy Waves ſurround.
6, 7 God, by his Strength, ſets faſt the Hills,
And does his matchleſs Pow'r engage,
With which the Seas loud Waves he ſtills,
And angry Crowds tumultuous Rage.

PART II.

8 Thou, Lord, doſt barb'rous Lands diſmay,
When they thy dreadful Tokens view:
With Joy they ſee the Night and Day,
Each others Track by Turns purſue.
9 From out thy unexhauſted Store
Thy Rain relieves the thirſty Ground;
Makes Lands, that barren were before,
With Corn and uſeful Fruits abound.

10 O

10 On rising Ridges, down it pours,
And ev'ry furrow'd Valley fills;
Thou mak'st them soft with gentle Show'rs
In which a blest Increase distils.
11 Thy goodness does the circling Year
With fresh returns of Plenty crown;
And where thy glorious Paths appear,
Thy fruitful Clouds drop Fatness down.

12 They drop on barren Forrests, chang'd
By them to Pastures fresh and green:
The Hills about in Order rang'd,
In beauteous Robes of Joy are seen.
13 Large Flocks with fleecy Wool adorn
The chearful Downs; the Vallies bring
A plenteous Crop of full-ear'd Corn,
And seem for Joy to shout and sing.

Psalm lxvi.

1, 2 LET all the Lands with Shouts of Joy
to God their Voices raise;
Sing Psalms in Honour of his Name,
and spread his glorious Praise.
3 And let them say, how dreadful, Lord,
in all thy Works art thou!
To thy great Pow'r thy stubborn Foes
shall all be forc'd to bow.

4 Thro' all the Earth the Nations round
shall thee their God confess;
And with glad Hymns their awful Dread
of thy great Name express.
5 O come, behold the Works of God,
and then with me, you'll own,
That he to all the Sons of Men,
has wond'rous Judgments shown.

6 He made the Sea become dry Land,
thro' which our Fathers walk'd;
Whilst to each other of his Might
with Joy his People talk'd.
7 He by his Pow'r for ever rules;
his Eyes the World Survey;
Let no presumptuous Man rebel
against his sov'reign Sway.

PART II.

8, 9 O all ye Nations, bless our God,
and loudly speak his Praise; Who

Who keeps our Soul alive and ſtill
confirms our ſtedfaſt Ways.
10 For thou haſt try'd us, Lord, as Fire
does try the precious Ore;
11 Thou brought'ſt us into Straits, where we
oppreſſing Burdens bore.

12 Inſulting Foes did us, their Slaves,
thro' Fire and Water chace;
But yet at laſt thou brought'ſt us forth
into a wealthy Place.
13 Burnt-Off'rings to thy Houſe I'll bring,
and there my Vows I'll pay,
14 Which I with ſolemn Zeal did make
in Trouble's diſmal Day.

15 Then ſhall the richeſt Incenſe ſmoke,
the fatteſt Rams ſhall fall;
The choiceſt Goats from out the Fold,
and Bullocks from the Stall.
16 O come, all ye that fear the Lord,
attend with heedful Care;
Whilſt I what God for me has done,
with grateful Joy declare.

17, 18 As I before his Aid implor'd,
ſo now I praiſe his Name:
Who, if my Heart had harbour'd Sin,
would all my Pray'rs diſclaim.
19 But God to me, whene'er I cry'd,
his gracious Ear did bend;
And to the Voice of my Requeſt
with conſtant Love attend.

20 Then bleſs'd for ever be my God,
who never, when I pray,
With-holds his Mercy from my Soul,
nor turns his Face away.

Pſalm lxvii.

1 TO bleſs thy choſen Race,
in Mercy, Lord, incline:
And cauſe the Brightneſs of thy Face
on all thy Saints to ſhine:
2 That ſo thy wond'rous Ways
may thro' the World be known;
Whilſt diſtant Lands their Tribute pay,
and thy Salvation own.

3 Let

3 Let diff'ring Nations join
to celebrate thy Fame;
Let all the World, O Lord, combine
to praiſe thy glorious Name.
4 O let them ſhout and ſing,
diſſolv'd in pious Mirth,
For thou, the righteous Judge and King,
ſhall govern all the Earth.

5 Let diff'ring Nations join
to celebrate thy Fame;
Let all the World, O Lord, combine
to praiſe thy glorious Name.
6 Then ſhall the teeming Ground
a large Increaſe diſcloſe:
And we with Plenty ſhall be crown'd,
which God, our God, beſtows.

7 Then God upon our Land
ſhall conſtant Bleſſings ſhow'r,
And all the World in Awe ſhall ſtand
of his reſiſtleſs Pow'r.

Pſalm lxviii.

1 LET God, the God of Battle riſe
And ſcatter his preſumptuous Foes;
Let ſhameful Rout their Hoſt ſurpriſe,
Who ſpitefully his Pow'r oppoſe.
2 As ſmoke in Tempeſt's Rage is loſt,
Or Wax into the Furnace caſt,
So let their ſacrilegious Hoſt
Before his wrathful Preſence waſte.

3 But let the Servants of his Will
His Favours gentle Beams enjoy;
Their upright Hearts let Gladneſs fill,
And chearful Songs their Tongues employ.
4 To him your Voice in Anthems raiſe,
Jehovah's awful Name he bears,
In him rejoice, extol his Praiſe,
Who rides upon high rolling Spheres.

5 Him, from his Empire of the Skies,
To this low World Compaſſion draws,
The Orphan's Claim to patronize,
And judge the injur'd Widow's Cauſe.
6 'Tis God, who from a foreign Soil,
Reſtores poor Exiles to their Home,

Makes

Makes Captives free, and fruitleſs Toil
Their proud Oppreſſors righteous Doom.

'Twas ſo of old, when thou didſt lead,
In Perſon, Lord, our Armies forth,
Srrange Terrors thro' the Deſart ſpread,
Convulſions ſhook th' aſtoniſh'd Earth.
The breaking Clouds did Rain diſtil,
And Heav'ns high Arches ſhook with Fear:
How then ſhall Sinai's humble Hill,
Of Iſr'el's God the Preſence bear?

Thy Hand at famiſht Earth's Complaint,
Reliev'd her from celeſtial Stores;
And when thy Heritage was faint, ('rs.
Aſſwag'd the Drought with plenteous Show-
Where Savages had rang'd before,
At Eaſe thou mad'ſt our Tribes reſide;
And in the Deſart, for the Poor,
Thy gen'rous Bounty did provide.

PART II.

Thou gav'ſt the Word, we ſally'd forth,
And in that pow'rful Word o'ercame,
While Virgin-Troops with Songs of Mirth
In State our Conqueſt did proclaim.
Vaſt Armies, by ſuch Gen'rals led,
As yet had ne'er receiv'd a Foil,
Forſook their Camp with ſudden Dread,
And to our Women left the Spoil.

Tho' Egppt's Drudges you have been,
Your Army's Wings ſhall ſhine as bright
As Doves in Golden Sun-ſhine ſeen,
Or ſilver'd o'er with paler Light.
'Twas ſo when God's Almighty Hand
O'er ſcatter'd Kings the Conqueſt won;
Our Troops drawn up on Jordan's Strand,
High Salmon's glitt'ring Snow out-ſhone.

From thence to Jordan's farther Coaſt,
And Baſhan's Hill we did advance:
No more her Height ſhall Baſham boaſt,
But that ſhe's God's Inheritance.
But wherefore (tho' the Honour's great)
Should this, O Mountains, ſwell with Pride?
For Sion is his choſen Seat,
Where he for ever will reſide.

17 His Chariots numberleſs, his Pow'rs
Are heavenly Hoſts that wait his Will;
His Preſence now fills Sion's Tow'rs,
As once it honour'd Sinai's Hill.
18 Aſcending high, in Triumph thou
Captivity haſt Captive led,
And on thy People didſt beſtow
The Spoil of Armies, once their Dread.

Ev'n Rebels ſhall partake thy Grace,
And humble Proſelytes repair
To worſhip at thy Dwelling-Place,
And all the World pay Homage there.
19 For Benefits each Day beſtow'd,
Be daily his great Name ador'd;
20 Who is our Saviour and our God,
Of Life and Death the ſov'reign Lord.

21 But Juſtice for his harden'd Foes
Proportion'd Vengeance hath decreed,
To wound the hoary Head of thoſe
Who in preſumptuous Crimes proceed.
22 The Lord has thus, in Thunder ſpoke;
" As I ſubdu'd proud Baſham's King,
" Once more I'll break my People's Yoke,
" And from the Deep my Servants bring.

23 " Their Feet ſhall with a Crimſon Flood
" Of ſlaughter'd Foes be cover'd o'er,
" Nor Earth receive ſuch impious Blood,
" But leave for Dogs th' unhallow'd Gore.

PART III.

24 When marching to thy bleſt Abode,
The wond'ring Multitude ſurvey'd
The pompous State of thee, our God,
In Robes of Majeſty array'd.
25 Sweet-ſinging Levites led the Van,
Loud Inſtruments brought up the Rear;
Between both Troops a Virgin Train
With Voice and Timbrel charm'd the Ear.

26 This was the Burthen of their Song,
" In full Aſſemblies bleſs the Lord,
" All, who to Iſr'els Tribes belong,
" The God of Iſr'el's Praiſe record.
27 Nor little Benjamin alone
From neighb'ring Bounds did there atten-

Nor only Judah's nearer Throne,
Her Counſellers in State did ſend.

But Zebulon's remoter Seat,
And Naphthali's more diſtant Coaſt,
(The grand Proceſſion to compleat)
Sent up their Tribes, a princely Hoſt.

28 Thus God to Strength and Union brought
Our Tribes, at Striſe till that bleſt Hour;
This Work, which thou, O God haſt (wrought,
Confirm with freſh Recruits of Pow'r.

29 To viſit Salem, Lord, deſcend,
And Sion thy terreſtrial Throne;
Where Kings with Preſents ſhall attend,
And thee with offer'd Crowns atone. (threat

30 Break down the Spearman's Ranks, who
Like pampar'd Herds of ſavage Might,
Their Silver'd-armour'd Chiefs defeat,
Who in deſtructive War delight.

31 Egypt ſhall then to God ſtretch forth
Her Hands and Afric Homage bring:
32 The ſcatter'd Kingdoms of the Earth
Their common Sov'reign's Praiſes ſing.
33 Who mounted on the loftieſt Sphere
Of ancient Heav'n, ſublimely rides;
From whence his dreadful Voice we hear,
Like that of warring Winds and Tides.

34 Aſcribe ye Pow'r to God moſt high,
Of humble Iſr'el he takes Care:
Whoſe Strength from out the dusky Sky
Darts ſhining Terrors thro' the Air.
35 How dreadful are the ſacred Courts,
Where God has fix'd his earthly Throne!
His Strength his feeble Saints ſupports;
To God give Praiſe, in him alone.

Pſalm lxix.

SAVE me, O God, from Waves that roll,
And preſs to overwhelm my Soul.
With painful Steps in Mire I tread,
And Deluges o'erflow my Head,
With reſtleſs Cries my Spirits faint,
My Voice is hoarſe with long Complaint,
My Sight decays with tedious Pain,
Whilſt for my God I wait in vain.

4 My Hairs tho' num'rous, are but few,
Compar'd with Foes that me purſue
With groundleſs Hate, grown now of Might
To execute their lawleſs Spite.
They force me guiltleſs to reſign
As Rapine, what by right was mine.
5 Thou, Lord, my innocence doſt ſee,
Nor are my Sins conceal'd from thee.

6 Lord God of Hoſts, take timely Care,
Leſt for my Sake, thy Saints deſpair;
7 Since I have ſuffer'd for thy Name
Reproach, and hid my Face in Shame.
8 A Stranger to my Country grown,
Nor to my neareſt Kindred known;
A Foreigner, expos'd to Scorn
By Brethren of my Mother born.

9 For Zeal to thy lov'd Houſe and Name
Conſumes me like devouring Flame,
Concern'd at their Affronts to thee,
More than at Slanders caſt on me.
10 My very Tears and Abſtinence
They conſtrue in a ſpiteful Senſe;
11 When cloth'd with Sackcloth for their ſake,
They me their common Proverb make.

12 Their Judges make my Wrongs their Jeſts,
Thoſe Wrongs they ought to have redreſt!
How ſhould I then expect to be
From Libels of lewd Drunkards free.
13 But, Lord, to thee I will repair
For Help with humble timely Pray'r:
Relieve me from thy Mercy's Store,
Diſplay thy Truth's preſerving Pow'r.

14 From threatning Dangers me relieve,
And from the Mire my Feet retrieve;
From ſpiteful Foes in Safety keep,
And ſnatch me from the raging Deep.
15 Control the Deluge e'er it ſpread,
And roll its Waves above my Head;
Nor deep Deſtruction's yawning Pit
To cloſe her Jaws on me permit.

16 Lord, hear the humble Pray'r I make,
For thy tranſcending Goodneſs Sake;
Relieve thy Supplicant once more
From thy abounding Mercy's Store.

17 No

17 Nor from thy Servant hide thy Face;
Make haſte, for deſp'rate is my Caſe:
18 Thy timely Succour interpoſe,
And ſhield me from remorſeleſs Foes.

19 Thou know'ſt what Infamy and Scorn,
I from my Enemies have born,
Nor can their cloſe diſſembled Spite,
Or darkeſt Plots eſcape thy Sight.
20 Reproach and Grief have broke my Heart,
I look'd for ſome to take my Part;
To pity or relieve my Pain,
But look'd (alas!) for both in vain!

21 With Hunger pin'd for Food I call,
Inſtead of Food, they give me Gall;
And when with Thirſt my Spirits ſink,
They gave me Vinegar to drink.
22 Their Table therefore to their Health
Shall prove a Snare, a Trap their Wealth;
23 Perpetual Darkneſs ſeize their Eyes,
And ſudden Blaſts their Hopes ſurpriſe.

24 On them thou ſhalt thy Fury pour,
Till thy fierce Wrath their Race devour,
25 And make their Houſe a diſmal Cell,
Where none will e'er vouchſafe to dwell.
26 For new Afflictions they procur'd,
For him who had thy Stripes endur'd;
And made the Wounds thy Scourge had torn
To bleed afreſh with ſharper Scorn.

27 Sin ſhall to Sin their Steps betray,
Till they to Truth have loſt the Way.
28 From Life thou ſhalt exclude their Soul,
Nor with the Juſt their Names enrol.
29 But me, howe'er diſtreſt and poor,
Thy ſtrong Salvation ſhall reſtore:
30 Thy Pow'r with Songs I'll then proclaim,
And celebrate with Thanks thy Name.

31 Our God ſhall this more highly prize
Than Herds or Flocks in Sacrifice;
32 Which humble Saints with Joy ſhall ſee,
And hope for like Redreſs with me.
33 For God regards the Poor's Complaint,
Sets Pris'ners free from cloſe Reſtraint;
34 Let Heav'n, Earth, Sea, their Voices raiſe,
And all the World reſound his Praiſe.

35 For God will Sion's Walls erect,
Fair Judah's Cities he'll protect,
Till all her scatter'd Sons repair
To undisturb'd Possession there.
36 This Blessing they shall, at their Death,
To their religious Heirs bequeath;
And they to endless Ages more,
Of such as his blest Name adore.

Psalm lxx.

O LORD, to my Relief draw near,
for never was more pressing Need;
For my Deliv'rance, Lord, appear,
and add to that Deliv'rance Speed.
2 Confusion on their Heads return,
who to destroy my Soul combine;
Let them defeated, blush, and mourn,
ensnar'd in their own vile Design.
3 Their Doom let Desolation be,
with Shame their Malice be repaid,
Who mock'd my Confidence in thee,
and Sport of my Afflictions made.
4 While those who humbly seek thy Face,
to joyful Triumphs shall be rais'd,
And all who prize thy saving Grace
with me shall sing, The Lord be prais'd.
5 Thus wretched tho' I am and poor,
the mighty Lord of me takes care,
Thou God, who only can'st restore,
to my Relief with Speed repair.

Psalm lxxi.

1, 2 IN thee I put my steadfast Trust,
defend me, Lord, from Shame;
Incline thine Ear, and save my Soul,
for righteous is thy Name.
3 Be thou my strong abiding Place,
to which I may resort;
'Tis thy Decree that keeps me safe;
thou art my Rock and Fort.
4, 5 From cruel and ungodly Men
protect and set me free.
For from my earliest Youth 'till now
my Hope has been in thee.
6 Thy constant Care did safely guard
my tender infant Days;

Thou took'ſt me from my Mother's Womb,
to ſing thy conſtant Praiſe.

7, 8, While ſome on me with Wonder gaze,
thy Hand ſupports me ſtill;
Thy Honour therefore and thy Praiſe
my Mouth ſhall always fill.

9 Reject not then thy ſervant, Lord,
when I with Age decay,
Forſake me not, when worn with Years,
my Vigour fades away.

10 My Foes, againſt my Fame and me,
with crafty Malice ſpeak;
Againſt my Soul, they lay their Snares,
and mutual Counſel take.

11 His God, ſay they, forſakes him now,
on whom he did rely;
Purſue and take him, whilſt no Hope
of timely Aid is nigh.

12 But thou, my God, withdraw not far,
for ſpeedy Help I call;

13 To Shame and Ruin bring my Foes
that ſeek to work my Fall.

14 But as for me, my ſtedfaſt Hope
ſhall on thy Pow'r depend,
And I in grateful Songs of Praiſe,
my Time to come will ſpend.

PART II.

15 Thy righteous Acts and ſaving Health
my Mouth ſhall ſtill declare;
Unable yet to count them all,
tho' ſumm'd with utmoſt Care.

16 While God vouchſes me his Support,
I'll in his Strength go on;
All other Righteouſneſs diſclaim,
and mention his alone.

17 Thou, Lord, haſt taught me from my Youth
to praiſe thy glorious Name?
And ever ſince thy wond'rous Works
have been my conſtant Theme.

18 Then now forſake me not when I
am gray and feeble grown,
'Till I to theſe and future Times,
thy Strength and Pow'r have ſhown.

19 How high thy Juſtice, ſoars, O God!
how great and wond'rous are
The mighty Works which thou haſt done!
who may with thee compare?
20 Me, whom thy Hand has ſorely preſs'd,
thy Grace ſhall yet relieve;
And from the loweſt Depth of Woe
with tender Care retrieve.

21 Thro' thee my Time to come ſhall be
with Pow'r and Greatneſs crown'd,
And me, who diſmal Years have paſt,
thy Comforts ſhall ſurround.
22 Therefore with Pſaltery and Harp
thy Truth, O Lord, I'll praiſe;
To thee, the God of Jacob's Race,
my Voice in Anthems raiſe.

23 Then Joy ſhall fill my Mouth, and Songs
employ my chearful Voice;
My grateful Soul, by thee redeem'd,
ſhall in thy Strength rejoice.
24 My Tongue thy juſt and righteous Acts
ſhall all the Day proclaim;
Becauſe thou didſt confound my Foes,
and brought'ſt them all to Shame.

Pſalm lxxii.

1 LORD, let thy juſt Decrees the King
in all his Ways direct;
And let his Son throughout his Reign
thy righteous Laws reſpect.
2 So ſhall he ſtill thy People judge
with pure and upright Mind,
Whilſt all the helpleſs Poor ſhall him
their juſt Protector find.

3 Then Hills and Mountains ſhall bring forth
the happy Fruits of Peace;
Which all the Land ſhall own to be
the Work of Righteouneſs;
4 Whilſt he the Poor and needy Race
ſhall rule with gentle Sway;
And from their humble Necks ſhall take
oppreſſive Yokes away.

5 In ev'ry Heart thy awful Fear
ſhall then be rooted faſt,

As long as Sun and Moon endure,
or Time itſelf ſhall laſt.
6 He ſhall deſcend like Rain that chears
the Meadows ſecond Birth,
Or like warm Show'rs, whoſe gentle Drops
refreſh the thirſty Earth.

7 In his bleſt Days the Juſt and Good
ſhall be with Favour crown'd,
The happy Land ſhall ev'ry where
with endleſs Peace abound.
8 His uncontrol'd Dominion ſhall
from Sea to Sea extend,
Begin at proud Euphrate's Streams,
at Nature's Limits end.

9 To him the ſavage Nations round
ſhall bow their ſervile Heads,
His vanquiſh'd Foes ſhall lick the Duſt
where he his Conqueſts ſpreads.
10 The Kings of Tarſhiſh and the Iſles
ſhall coſtly Preſents bring;
From ſpicy Sheba Gifts ſhall come,
and wealthy Saba's King.

11 To him ſhall ev'ry King on Earth
his humble Homage pay,
And diff'ring Nations gladly join
to own his righteous Sway.
12 For he ſhall ſet the Needy free,
when they for Succour cry,
Shall ſave the Helpleſs and the Poor,
and all their Wants ſupply.

PART II.

13 His Providence, for needy Souls,
ſhall due Supplies prepare:
And over their defenceleſs Lives
ſhall watch with tender Care.
14 He ſhall preſerve and keep their Souls,
from Fraud and Rapine free,
And in his Sight their guiltleſs Blood
of mighty Price ſhall be.

15 Therefore ſhall God his Life and Reign
to many Years extend,
Whilſt Eaſtern Princes Tribute pay,
and golden Preſents ſend.

For him ſhall conſtant Pray'rs be made,
thro' all his proſp'rous Days,
His juſt Dominion ſhall afford
a laſting Theme of Praiſe.

16 Of uſeful Grain, thro' all the Land,
great Plenty ſhall appear;
A Handful ſown on Mountain Tops
a mighty Crop ſhall bear.
Its Fruit, like Cedars ſhook by Winds,
a rattling Noiſe ſhall yield;
The City too ſhall thrive, and vie
for Plenty with the Field.

17 The Mem'ry of his glorious Name
thro' endleſs Years ſhall run;
His ſpotleſs Fame ſhall ſhine as bright
and laſting as the Sun.
In him the Nations of the World
ſhall be completely bleſt,
And his unbounded Happineſs
by ev'ry Tongue confeſt.

18 Then bleſs'd be God, the mighty Lord,
the God whom Iſr'el fears;
Who only wond'rous in his Works,
beyond compare appears.
19 Let Earth be with his Glory fill'd;
for ever bleſs his Name;
Whilſt to his Praiſe the liſt'ning World
their glad Aſſent proclaim.

Pſalm lxxiii.

1 AT length, by certain Proofs, 'tis plain
that God will to his Saints be kind;
That all, whoſe Hearts are pure and clean
ſhall his protecting Favour find.
2, 3 Till this ſuſtaining Truth I knew,
my ſtagg'ring Feet had almoſt fail'd;
I griev'd the Sinners Wealth to view,
and envy'd when the Fools prevail'd.

4, 5 They to the Grave in Peace deſcend,
and whilſt they live are hale and ſtrong;
No Plagues or Troubles them offend,
which oft to other Men belong.
6, 7 With Pride, as with a Chain, they're held,
and Rapine ſeems their Robe of State;

Their

Their Eyes ſtand out with Fatneſs ſwell'd,
they grow beyond their Wiſhes great.

8, 9 With Hearts corrupt and lofty Talk,
oppreſſive Methods they defend;
Their Tongue thro' all the Earth does walk,
their Blaſphemies to Heav'n aſcend.

10 And yet admiring Crowds are found,
who ſervile Viſits duly make,
Becauſe with Plenty they abound,
of which their flatt'ring Slaves partake.

11 Their fond Opinions theſe purſue,
till they with them prophanely cry,
"How ſhould the Lord our Actions view,
"Can he perceive who dwells ſo high?"

12 Behold the Wicked! theſe are they
who openly their Sins profeſs;
And yet their Wealth increas'd each Day,
and all their Actions meet Succeſs.

13 14 Then have I cleans'd my Heart, (ſaid I)
and waſh'd my Hands from Guilt in vain,
If all the Day oppreſs'd I lie,
and ev'ry Morning ſuffer Pain.

15 Thus did I once to ſpeak intend;
but if ſuch Things I raſhly ſay,
Thy Children, Lord, I muſt offend,
and baſely ſhould their Cauſe betray.

PART II.

16, 17 To fathom this my Thoughts I bent,
but found the Caſe too hard for me,
'Till to the Houſe of God I went,
then I their End did plainly ſee.

18 How high ſoe'er advanc'd, they all
on ſlipp'ry Places looſe they ſtand;
Thence into Ruin headlong fall,
caſt down by thy avenging Hand.

19, 20 How dreadful and how quick their Fate!
deſpis'd by thee, when they're deſtroy'd;
As waking Men with Scorn do treat
the Fancies that their Dreams employ'd.

21, 22 Thus was my Heart with Grief oppreſs'd,
my Reins were rack'd with reſtleſs Pains;
So ſtupid was I, like a Beaſt,
who no reflecting Thought retains.

23, 24 Yet ſtill thy Preſence me ſupply'd,
and thy Right-hand Aſſiſtance gave:
Thou firſt ſhalt with thy Counſel guide,
and then to Glory me receive.
25 Whom then in Heav'n, but thee alone,
have I, whoſe Favour I require?
Throughout the ſpacious Earth there's none
that I beſides thee can deſire.

26 My trembling Fleſh and aking Heart
may often fail to ſuccour me;
But God ſhall inward Strength impart,
and my eternal Portion be.
27 For they that far from thee remove,
ſhall into ſudden Ruin fall:
If after other Gods they rove,
thy Vengeance ſhall deſtroy them all.

28 But as for me, 'tis good and juſt
that I ſhould ſtill to God repair;
In him I always put my Truſt,
and will his wond'rous Works declare.

Pſalm lxxiv.

1 WHY haſt thou caſt us off, O God!
wilt thou no more return?
O why againſt thy choſen Flock,
does thy fierce Anger burn?
2 Think on thy ancient Purchaſe, Lord,
the Land that is thy own;
By thee redeem'd; and Sion's Mount,
where once thy Glory ſhone.
3 O come, and view our ruin'd State!
how long our Troubles laſt!
See! how the Foe with wicked Rage
has laid thy Temple waſte!
4 Thy Foes blaſpheme thy Name; where late
thy zealous Servants pray'd;
The Heathen there, with haughty Pomp,
their Banners have diſplay'd.
5, 6 Thoſe curious Carvings which did once
advance the Artiſt's Fame,
With Ax and Hammer they deſtroy,
like Works of vulgar Frame.
7 Thy holy Temple they have burnt;
and what eſcap'd the Flame,
Has been prophan'd, and quite defac'd,
tho' ſacred to thy Name. 8 Thy

7 For God the great Diſpoſer is,
and ſov'reign Judge alone,
Who caſts the Proud to Earth, and lifts
the Humble to a Throne.

8 His Hand holds forth a dreadful Cup,
with Purple Wine 'tis crown'd;
The deadly Mixture, which his Wrath
deals out to Nations round,
Of this his Saints ſometimes may taſte,
but wicked Men ſhall ſqueeze
The bitter Dregs, and be condemn'd
to drink the very Lees.

9 His Prophet, I, to all the World
this Meſſage will relate;
The Juſtice then of Jacob's God,
my Song ſhall celebrate.
10 The Wicked's Pride I will reduce,
their Cruelty diſarm;
Exalt the Juſt, and ſeat him high,
above the reach of Harm.

Pſalm lxxvi.

1 IN Judah the Almighty's known,
(Almighty there by Wonders ſhown)
His Name in Jacob does excel:
2 His Sanctuary in Salem ſtands;
The Majeſty that Heav'n commands,
In Sion condeſcends to dwell.

3 He brake the Bow and Arrows there,
The Shield, the temper'd Swords and Spear,
There ſlain the mighty Army lay;
4 Whence Sion's Fame thro' Earth is ſpread,
Of greater Glory, greater Dread,
Then Hills where Robbers lodge their Prey.

5 Their valiant Chiefs, who came for Spoil,
Themſelves met there a ſhameful Foil,
Securely down to ſleep they lay:
But wak'd no more; their ſtouteſt Band
Ne'er lifted one reſiſting Hand
'Gainſt his that did their Legions ſlay.

6 When Jacob's God began to frown,
Both Horſe and Chariteers, o'erthrown,
Together ſlept in endleſs Night:

23, 24 Yet ſtill thy Preſence me ſupply'd,
and thy Right-hand Aſſiſtance gave:
Thou firſt ſhalt with thy Counſel guide,
and then to Glory me receive.

25 Whom then in Heav'n, but thee alone,
have I, whoſe Favour I require?
Throughout the ſpacious Earth there's none
that I beſides thee can deſire.

26 My trembling Fleſh and aking Heart
may often fail to ſuccour me;
But God ſhall inward Strength impart,
and my eternal Portion be.

27 For they that far from thee remove,
ſhall into ſudden Ruin fall:
If after other Gods they rove,
thy Vengeance ſhall deſtroy them all.

28 But as for me, 'tis good and juſt
that I ſhould ſtill to God repair;
In him I always put my Truſt,
and will his wond'rous Works declare.

Pſalm lxxiv.

1 WHY haſt thou caſt us off, O God!
wilt thou no more return?
O why againſt thy choſen Flock,
does thy fierce Anger burn?

2 Think on thy ancient Purchaſe, Lord,
the Land that is thy own;
By thee redeem'd; and Sion's Mount,
where once thy Glory ſhone.

3 O come, and view our ruin'd State!
how long our Troubles laſt!
See! how the Foe with wicked Rage
has laid thy Temple waſte!

4 Thy Foes blaſpheme thy Name; where late
thy zealous Servants pray'd;
The Heathen there, with haughty Pomp,
their Banners have diſplay'd.

5, 6 Thoſe curious Carvings which did once
advance the Artiſt's Fame,
With Ax and Hammer they deſtroy,
like Works of vulgar Frame.

7 Thy holy Temple they have burnt;
and what eſcap'd the Flame,
Has been prophan'd, and quite defac'd,
tho' ſacred tó thy Name.

8 Thy

7 For God the great Disposer is,
and sov'reign Judge alone,
Who casts the Proud to Earth, and lifts
the Humble to a Throne.

8 His Hand holds forth a dreadful Cup,
with Purple Wine 'tis crown'd;
The deadly Mixture, which his Wrath
deals out to Nations round,
Of this his Saints sometimes may taste,
but wicked Men shall squeeze
The bitter Dregs, and be condemn'd
to drink the very Lees.

9 His Prophet, I, to all the World
this Message will relate;
The Justice then of Jacob's God,
my Song shall celebrate.
10 The Wicked's Pride I will reduce,
their Cruelty disarm;
Exalt the Just, and seat him high,
above the reach of Harm.

Psalm lxxvi.

1 IN Judah the Almighty's known,
(Almighty there by Wonders shown)
His Name in Jacob does excel:
2 His Sanctuary in Salem stands;
The Majesty that Heav'n commands,
In Sion condescends to dwell.

3 He brake the Bow and Arrows there,
The Shield, the temper'd Swords and Spear,
There slain the mighty Army lay;
4 Whence Sion's Fame thro' Earth is spread,
Of greater Glory, greater Dread,
Then Hills where Robbers lodge their Prey.

5 Their valiant Chiefs, who came for Spoil,
Themselves met there a shameful Foil,
Securely down to sleep they lay:
But wak'd no more; their stoutest Band
Ne'er lifted one resisting Hand
'Gainst his that did their Legions slay.

6 When Jacob's God began to frown,
Both Horse and Chariteers, o'erthrown,
Together slept in endless Night:

7 When thou, whom Earth and Heav'n revere,
Dost once with wrathful look appear,
What mortal Pow'r can stand thy Sight,

8 Pronounc'd from Heav'n, Earth heard its Doom,
Grew hush'd with Fear, when thou didst come.

9 The Meek with Justice to restore;

10 The Wrath of Man shall yield thee Praise,
Its last Attempts but serves to raise
the Triumphs of Almighty Pow'r.

11 Vow to the Lord, ye Nations, bring
Vow'd Presents to the Eternal King;
Thus to his Name due Rev'rence pay,

12 Who proudest Potentates can quell,
To earthly Kings more terrible
Than to their trembling Subjects they.

Psalm lxxvii.

1 TO God I cry'd, who to my Help
did graciously appear;
In Trouble's dismal Day I sought
my God with humble Pray'r.

2 All Night my fest'ring Wound did run,
no Med'cine gave Relief;
My Soul no comfort would admit,
my Soul indulg'd her Grief.

3 I thought on God, and Favours past,
but that increas'd my Pain;
I found my Spirit more oppress,
the more I did complain.

4 Thro' ev'ry Watch of tedious Night
thou keep'st my Eyes awake;
My Grief is swell'd to that Excess
I sigh but cannot speak.

5 I call to mind the Days of old
with signal Mercy crown'd,
Those famous Years of ancient Times,
for Miracles renown'd.

6 By Night I recollect my Songs
on former Triumphs made,
Then search, consult, and ask my Heart
where's now that wond'rous Aid?

7 Has God for ever cast us off?
Withdrawn his Favour quite?

Are

8 Are both his Mercy and his Truth
retir'd to endleſs Night?
9 Can his long-practis'd Love forget
its wonted Aids to bring!
Has he in wrath ſhut up and ſeal'd
his Mercy's healing Spring?

10 I ſaid, my Weakneſs hints theſe Fears,
but I'll my Fears disband;
I'll yet remember the moſt high,
and Years of his Right-hand.
11 I'll call to mind his Works of old,
the Wonders of his Might;
12 On them my Heart ſhall meditate,
my Tongue ſhall them recite.

13 Safe lodg'd from human ſearch on high,
O God, thy Counſels are!
Who is ſo great a God as ours?
who can with him compare?
14 Long ſince a God of Wonders thee
thy reſcu'd People found:
15 Long ſince haſt thou thy choſen Seed
with ſtrong Deliv'rance crown'd.

16 When thee, O God, the Waters ſaw,
the frighted Billows ſhrunk;
The troubled Depths themſelves for Fear,
beneath their Channels ſunk. (Skies
17 The Clouds pour'd down, while rending
did with their Noiſe conſpire;
Thy Arrows all abroad were ſent,
wing'd with avenging Fire.

18 Heav'n with thy Thunders Voice was torn,
whilſt all the lower World (ſeem'd
With Light'nings blaz'd; Earth ſhook and
from her Foundations hurl'd.
19 Thro' rolling Streams thou find'ſt thy Way,
thy Paths in Waters lie;
Thy wond'rous Paſſage, where no Sight
thy Footſteps can deſcry.

20 Thou led'ſt thy People like a Flock,
ſafe thro' the deſart Land,
By Moſes, their meek skilful Guide,
And Aaron's ſacred Hand.

Pſalm lxxviii.

1 HEAR, O my People; to my Law
devout Attention lend;
Let the Inſtruction of my Mouth
deep in your Hearts deſcend.
2 My Tongue, by Inſpiration taught,
ſhall Parables unfold,
Dark Oracles, but underſtood,
and own'd for Truths of old.

3 Which we from ſacred Regiſters
of ancient Times have known,
And our Fore-fathers pious Care
To us has handed down.
4 We will not hide them from our Sons;
our Offspring ſhall be taught
The Praiſes of the Lord, whoſe Strength
has Works of Wonder wrought.

5 For Jacob he this Law ordain'd,
this League with Iſr'el made,
With Charge, to be from Age to Age,
from Race to Race convey'd.
6 That Generations yet to come
ſhould to their unborn Heirs
Religiouſly tranſmit the ſame,
and they again to theirs.

7 To teach 'em that in God alone
their Hope ſecurely ſtands;
That they ſhould ne'er his Works forget,
but keep his juſt Commands.
8 Leſt, like their Fathers, they might prove
a ſtiff Rebellious Race,
Falſe-hearted, fickle to their God,
unſteadfaſt in his Grace.

9 Such were revolting Ephraim's Sons,
who tho' to Warfare bred,
And skilful Archers, arm'd with Bows,
from Field ignobly fled.
10, 11 They falſify'd their League with God,
his Orders diſobey'd;
Forgot his Works and Miracles
before their Eyes diſplay'd.

12 Nor Wonders which their Fathers ſaw,
did they in mind retain;

Prodigio

Prodigious Things in Egypt done,
and Zoan's fertile Plain.
13 He cut the Seas to let them paſs,
reſtrain'd the preſſing Flood;
While pil'd in Heaps, on either Side,
the ſolid Waters ſtood.
14 A wond'rous Pillar led them on,
compos'd of Shade and Light;
A ſhelt'ring Cloud it prov'd by Day,
a leading Fire by Night.
15 When Drought oppreſt them, where no Stream
the Wilderneſs ſupply'd,
He cleft the Rock, whoſe flinty Breaſt
diſſolv'd into a Tide.
16 Streams from the ſolid Rock he brought,
which down in Rivers fell,
That, trav'ling with their Camp, each Day
renew'd the Miracle.
17 Yet there they ſinn'd againſt him more,
provoking the moſt High;
In that ſame Deſart where he did
their fainting Souls ſupply.
18 They firſt incens'd him in their Hearts,
that did his Pow'r diſtruſt,
And long'd for Meat, not urg'd by Want,
but to indulge their Luſt.
19 Then utter'd their blaſpheming Doubts,
"Can God, ſay they, prepare
"A Table in the Wilderneſs,
"ſet out with various Fare?
20 "He ſmote the flinty Rock, ('tis true)
"and guſhing Streams enſu'd;
"But can he Corn and Fleſh provide
"For ſuch a Multitude?"
21 The Lord with Indignation heard,
from Heav'n avenging Flame.
On Jacob fell, conſuming Wrath
on thankleſs Iſr'el came.
22 Becauſe their unbelieving Hearts
in God wou'd not confide:
Nor truſt his Care, who had from Heav'n,
their Wants ſo oft ſupply'd.
23 Tho' he had made his Clouds diſcharge
Proviſions down in Show'rs;

And,

And, when Earth fail'd, reliev'd their Needs
from his celeſtial Stores.

24 Tho' taſteful Manna was rain'd down
their Hunger to relieve;
Tho' from the Stores of Heav'n they did
ſuſtaining Corn receive.
25 Thus Man with Angels ſacred Food,
ingrateful Man was fed;
Not ſparingly, for ſtill they found
a plenteous Table ſpread.

26 From Heav'n he made an Eaſt-Wind blow,
then did the South command,
27 To rain down Fleſh like Duſt, and Fowls
like Seas unnumber'd Sand.
28 Within their Trenches he let fall
the luſcious eaſy Prey,
And all around their ſpreading Camp
their feather'd Booty lay.

29 They fed, were fill'd, he gave 'em Leave
their Appetites to feaſt;
30, 31 Yet ſtill their wanton Luſt crav'd on,
nor with their Hunger ceas'd.
But whilſt in their luxurious Mouths,
they did their Dainties chew,
The Wrath of God ſmote down their Chiefs,
and Iſr'el'' Choſen ſlew.

PART II.

32 Yet ſtill they ſinn'd, nor would afford
his Miracles Belief;
33 Therefore thro' fruitleſs Travels he
conſum'd their Lives in Grief.
34 When ſome were ſlain, the reſt return'd
to God with early Cry;
35 Own'd him the Rock of their Defence,
their Saviour, God moſt High.

36 But this was feign'd Submiſſion all,
their Heart their Tongue bely'd;
37 Their Heart was ſtill perverſe, nor would
firm in his League abide.
38 Yet, full of Mercy, he forgave,
nor did with Death chaſtiſe;
But turn'd his kindled Wrath aſide,
or would not let it riſe.

39 Fo

39 For he remember'd they were Fleſh
that could not long remain;
A murm'ring Wind that's quickly paſt,
and ne'er returns again.
40 How oft did they provoke him there,
How oft his patience grieve,
In that ſame Deſart where he did
their fainting Soul relieve?
41 They tempted him by turning back,
and wickedly repin'd,
When Iſr'el's God refus'd to be
by their Deſires confin'd.
42 Nor call'd to mind the Hand and Day
that their Redemption brought;
43 His Signs in Egypt, wond'rous Works
in Zoan's Valley wrought.
44 He turn'd their Rivers into Blood,
that Man and Beaſt forbore,
And rather choſe to die of Thirſt
than drink the putrid Gore.
45 He ſent devouring ſwarms of Flies,
Hoarſe Frogs annoy'd their Soil;
46 Locuſts and Caterpillars reap'd
the Harveſt of their Toil.
47 Their Vines with batt'ring Hail were broke,
with Froſt the Fig-tree dies;
48 Lightning and Hail made Flocks and Herds
one gen'ral Sacrifice.
49 He turn'd his Anger looſe, and ſet
no Time for it to ceaſe;
And, with their Plagues, bad Angels ſent
their Torments to increaſe.
50 He clear'd a Paſſage for his Wrath
to ravage uncontrol'd;
The Murrain on their Firſtlings ſeiz'd
in ev'ry Field and Fold,
51 The deadly Peſt from Beaſt to Man,
from Field to City came;
It ſlew their Heirs, their eldeſt Hopes,
thro' all the Tents of Ham.
52 But his own Tribe, like folded Sheep,
he brought from their Diſtreſs,
And them conducted like a Flock,
throughout the Wilderneſs.

53 He led 'em on, and in their Way,
no Cauſe of Fear they found;
But march'd ſecurely thro' thoſe Deeps
in which their Foes were drown'd.

54 Nor ceas'd his Care, 'till them he brought
ſafe to his promis'd Land,
And to his holy Mount, the Prize
of his victorious Hand.

55 To them the out-caſt Heathen's Land
he did by Lot divide;
And in their Foes abandon'd Tents
made Iſr'el's Tribes reſide.

PART III.

56 Yet ſtill they tempted, ſtill provok'd
the Wrath of God moſt High;
Nor would to practice his Commands
their ſtubborn hearts apply.

57 But in their faithleſs Fathers ſteps
perverſly choſe to go;
They turn'd aſide, like Arrows ſhot
from ſome deceitful Bow.

58 For him to Fury they provok'd
with Altars ſet on high;
And with their graven Images
inflam'd his Jealouſy.

59 When God heard this, on Iſr'el's Tribes,
his Wrath and Hatred fell;

60 He quitted Shilo, and the Tents
where once he choſe to dwell.

61 To vile Captivity his Ark,
his Glory to diſdain,

62 His People to the Sword he gave,
nor would his Wrath reſtrain.

63 Deſtructive-War their ableſt Youth
untimely did confound;
No Virgin was to th' Altar led,
with Nuptial Garlands crown'd.

64 In Fight the Sacrificer fell,
the Prieſt a Victim bled;
And Widows who their Deaths ſhould mour
themſelve of Grief were dead.

65 Then, as a Giant, rouz'd from Sleep,
whom Wine had throughly warm'd,
Shouts out aloud, the Lord awak'd,
and his proud Foe alarm'd.

66

66 He ſmote their Hoſts, that from the Field
a ſcatter'd remnant came,
With Wounds imprinted on their Backs
of everlaſting Shame.
67 With Conqueſts crown'd, he, Joſeph's Tents
and Ephraim's Tribe forſook;
68 But Judah choſe, and Sion's Mount
for his lov'd dwelling took.

69 His Temple he erected there,
with Spires exalted high,
While deep and fixt, as that of Earth,
the ſtrong Foundations lie.
70 His faithful Servant David too,
he for his Choice did own,
And from the Sheep-folds him advanc'd
to ſit on Judah's Throne.

71 From tending on the teeming Ews,
he brought him forth to feed
His own Inheritance, the Tribes
of Iſr'el's choſen ſeed.
72 Exalted thus, the Monarch prov'd
a faithful Shepherd ſtill;
He fed them with an upright Heart,
and guided them with Skill.

Pſalm lxxix.

BEhold, O God, how Heathen Hoſts
have thy Poſſeſſion ſeiz'd:
Thy ſacred Houſe they have defil'd,
thy holy City raz'd.
The mangled Bodies of thy Saints
abroad unbury'd lay;
Their Fleſh expos'd to ſavage Beaſts,
and rav'nous Birds of Prey.

Quite thro' Jeruſalem was their Blood
like common Water ſhed;
And none were left alive to pay
laſt Duties to the Dead.
The neighb'ring Lands our ſmall Remains
with loud Reproaches wound;
And we a Laughing-ſtock are made
to all the Nations round.

How long wilt thou be angry, Lord,
muſt we for ever mourn?
Shall thy devouring jealous Rage,
like Fire, for ever burn?

6 On foreign Lands that know not thee,
thy heavy Vengeance ſhow'r,
Thoſe ſinful Kingdoms let it cruſh
that have not own'd thy Pow'r.

7 For their devouring Jaws have prey'd
on Jacob's choſen Race;
And to a barren Deſart turn'd
their fruitful dwelling-place.

8 O think not on our former Sins,
but ſpeedily prevent
The uttet Ruin of thy Saints,
almoſt with Sorrow ſpent.

9 Thou God of our Salvation, help,
and free our Souls from Blame;
So ſhall our Pardon and Defence
exalt thy glorious Name.

10 Let Infidels, that ſcoffing ſay,
where is the God they boaſt?
In Vengeance, for thy ſlaughter'd Saints,
perceive thee to their Coſt.

11 Lord, hear the ſighing Pris'ners Moan,
thy ſaving Pow'r extend:
Preſerve the Wretches doom'n to die,
from that untimely End.

12 On them, who us oppreſs, let all
our Suff'rings be repaid;
Make their Confuſion ſev'n Times more
than what on us they laid,

13 So we, thy People and thy Flock,
ſhall ever Praiſe thy Name;
And with glad Hearts our grateful Thanks
from Age to Age proclaim.

Pſalm lxxx.

1 O Iſr'el's Shepherd, Joſeph's Guide,
our Pray'rs to thee vouchſafe to hear;
Thou that doſt on the Cherubs ride,
again in ſolemn State appear.

2 Behold, how Benjamin expects,
with Ephraim and Manaſſeh join'd,
In our Deliv'rance, the Effects
of thy reſiſtleſs Strength to find.

3 Do thou convert us, Lord, do thou
the Luſtre of thy Face diſplay;

And all the Ills we ſuffer now
like ſcatter'd Clouds ſhall paſs away.
O thou, whom Heav'nly Hoſts obey,
how long ſhall thy fierce Anger burn?
How long thy ſuffring People pray,
and to their Pray'rs have no Return?
When hungry, we are forc'd to drench
our ſcanty Food in Floods of Woe;
When dry, our raging Thirſt we quench
with Streams of Tears that largely flow.
For us the Heathen Nations round,
As for a common Prey, conteſt:
Our Foes with ſpiteful Joy abound,
and at our loſt Condition jeſt.
Do thou convert us, Lord, do thou
the Luſtre of thy Face diſplay;
And all the Ills we ſuffer now,
like ſcatter'd Clouds ſhall paſs away.

PART II.

Thou brought'ſt a Vine from Egypt's Land,
and caſting out the Heathen Race,
Didſt plant it with thy own Right-hand,
and firmly fix it in their Place.
Before it thou prepar'dſt the Way,
and mad'ſt it take a laſting Root;
Which, bleſt with thy indulgent Ray,
O'er all the Land did widely ſhoot.
The Hills were cover'd with its Shade,
Its goodly Boughs did Cedars ſeem;
Its Branches to the Seas were ſpread,
and reach'd to proud Euphrate's Stream.
Why then haſt thou its Hedge o'erthrown,
which thou haſt made ſo firm and ſtrong?
While all its Grapes, defenceleſs grown,
are pluck'd by thoſe that paſs along.
See how the briſtling Foreſt-Boar
with dreadful Fury lays it waſte;
Hark how the ſavage Monſters roar,
and to their helpleſs Prey make haſte.

PART III.

To thee, O God of Hoſts, we pray;
thy wonted Goodneſs, Lord, renew:
From Heav'n thy Throne this Vine ſurvey,
and her ſad State with Pity view.

15 Behold

15 Behold the Vineyard, made by thee,
Which thy Right-hand did guard so long;
And keep that Branch from Danger free,
Which for thyself thou mad'st so strong.

16 To wasting Flames 'tis made a Prey,
And all its spreading Boughs cut down;
At thy rebuke they soon decay,
And perish at thy dreadful Frown.

17 Crown thou the King with good Success,
By thy Right-hand secur'd from Wrong;
The Son of Man in Mercy bless,
Whom for thyself thou mad'st so strong.

18 So shall we still continue free
From whatsoe'er deserves thy Blame;
And if once more reviv'd by thee,
Will always praise thy holy Name.

19 Do thou convert us, Lord, do thou
the Lustre of thy Face display;
And all the Ills we suffer now,
Like scatter'd Clouds, shall pass away.

Psalm lxxxi.

1 TO God, our never-failing Strength,
with loud Applauses sing;
And jointly make a chearful Noise
to Jacob's awful King.

2 Compose a Hymn of Praise, and touch
your Instruments of Joy;
Let Psalteries and pleasant Harps
your grateful Skill employ.

3 Let Trumpets at the great New Moon
their joyful Voices raise,
To celebrate th' appointed Time,
the solemn Day of Praise.

4 For this a Statute was of old,
which Jacob's God decreed,
To be with pious Care observ'd
by Isr'el's chosen Seed.

5 This he for a Memorial fix'd
when freed from Egypt's Land,
Strange Nations barb'rous Speech we heard
but could not understand.

6 " Your burthen'd Shoulders I reliev'd,
(thus seems our God to say)

You

" Your ſervile Hands by me were freed
" from lab'ring in the Clay.

7 " Your Anceſtors with Wrongs oppreſt,
" to me for Aid did call;
" With Pity I their Suff'rings ſaw,
" and ſet them free from all.
" They fought for me, and from the Cloud
" in Thunder I reply'd;
" At Meribah's contentious Stream
" their Faith and Duty try'd.

PART II.

8 " While I my ſolemn Will declare,
" my choſen People, hear;
" If thou, O Iſr'el, to my Words
" wilt bend thy liſt'ning Ear;
9 " Then ſhall no God beſides myſelf
" within thy Coaſts be found;
" Nor ſhalt thou Worſhip any God
" of all the Nations round.

10 " The Lord thy God am I, who thee
" brought forth from Egypt's Land;
" 'Tis I that all thy juſt Deſires
" ſupply with lib'ral Hand.
11 " But they, my choſen Race, refus'd
" to hearken to my Voice;
" Nor would rebellious Iſr'el's Sons
" make me their happy Choice."

12 So I, provok'd, reſign'd them up
to ev'ry Luſt a Prey,
And, in their own perverſe Deſigns,
permitted them to ſtray.
13 O that my People wiſely would
my juſt Commandments heed!
And Iſr'el in my righteous Ways
with pious Care proceed!

14 Then ſhould my heavy Judgments fall
on all that them oppoſe,
And my avenging Hand be turn'd
againſt their num'rous Foes,
15 Their Enemies and mine, ſhould all
before my Footſtool bend;
But as for them, their happy State
ſhall never know an End.

16 All

16 All Parts with Plenty ſhall abound;
with fineſt Wheat their Field:
The barren Rocks, to pleaſe their Taſte,
ſhould richeſt Honey yield.

Pſalm lxxxii.

1 GOD in the great Aſſembly ſtands,
where his impartial Eye,
In State ſurveys the earthly Gods,
and does their Judgments try.

2, 3 How dare you then unjuſtly judge,
or be to Sinner kind?
Defend the Orphans and the Poor,
let ſuch your Juſtice find.

4 Protect the humble helpleſs Man,
reduc'd to deep Diſtreſs,
And let not him become a Prey
to ſuch as would oppreſs.

5 They neither know, nor will they learn,
but blindly rove and ſtray;
Juſtice and Truth, the World's Support,
thro' all the Land decay.

6 Well then may God in Anger ſay,
"I've call'd you by my Name;
"I've ſaid y'are Gods, the Sons and Heirs
"of my immortal Fame.

7 "But ne'ertheleſs your unjuſt Deeps
"to ſtrict Account I'll call;
"You all ſhall die like common Men,
"like other Tyrants fall."

8 Ariſe, and thy juſt judgment, Lord,
throughout the Earth diſplay;
And all the Nations of the World
ſhall own thy righteous Sway.

Pſalm lxxxiii.

1 HOLD not thy Peace, O Lord our God,
no longer ſilent be;
Nor with conſenting quiet Looks
our Ruin calmly ſee!

2 For lo! the Tumults of thy Foes
o'er all the Land are ſpread;
And they that hate thy Saints and thee
lift up their threatn'ing Head.

3 Againſt thy zealous People, Lord,
they craftily combine;

A

And to deſtroy the choſen Saints
have laid their cloſe Deſign.
4 " Come, let us cut them off, ſay they,
" their Nation quite deface;
" That no Remembrance may remain
" of Iſr'el's hated Race."

5 Thus they againſt thy People's Peace
conſult with one Conſent;
And diff'ring Nations, jointly leagu'd,
their common Malice vent.
6 The Iſhm'elites that dwell in Tents,
with warlike Edom join'd,
And Moab's Sons our Ruin vow,
with Hagar's Race combin'd.

7 Proud Ammon's Offspring, Gebal too,
with Amalek conſpire;
The Lords of Paleſtine, and all
the wealthy Sons of Tyre:
8 All theſe the ſtrong Aſſyrian King
their firm Ally have got,
Who with a pow'rful Army aids
th' inceſtuous Race of Lot.

PART II.

9 But let ſuch Vengeance come to them,
as once to Midian came;
To Jabin and Proud Siſera,
at Kiſhon's fatal Stream.
10 When thy Right-hand their num'rous Hoſts
near Endor did confound,
And left their Carcaſes for Dung
to feed the hungry Ground.

11 Let all their mighty Men the Fate
of Zeb and Oreb ſhare;
As Zebah and Zalmunnah, ſo
let all their Princes fare.
12 Who, with the ſame Deſign inſpir'd,
thus vainly boaſting ſpake,
" In firm Poſſeſſion for ourſelves
" let us God's Houſes take."

13 To Ruin let them haſte, like Wheels
which downwards ſwiftly move:
Like Chaff before the Winds, let all
their ſcatter'd Forces prove.

14, 15 As Flames consume dry Wood, or Heath
that on parch'd Mountains grows,
So let thy fierce pursuing Wrath
with Terror strike thy Foes.

16, 17 Lord, shroud their Faces with Disgrace,
that they may own thy Name;
Or them confound, whose harden'd Hearts
thy gentler Means disclaim.

18 So shall the wond'ring World confess
that thou, who claim'st alone
Jehovah's Name, o'er all the Earth
hath rais'd thy lofty Throne.

Psalm lxxxiv.

1 O GOD of Hosts, the mighty Lord,
how lovely is the Place
Where thou, inthorn'd in Glory, shew'st
the Brightness of thy Face!

2 My longing Soul faints with Desire,
to view thy blest Abode;
My panting Heart and Flesh cry out
for thee the living God.

3 The Birds, more happy far than I,
around thy Altars throng;
Securely there they build, and there
securely hatch their Young.

4 O Lord of Hosts, my King and God,
how highly blest are they,
Who in thy Temple always dwell,
and there thy Praise display!

5 Thrice happy they, whose Choice has thee
their sure Protection made;
Who long to tread the sacred Ways
that to thy Dwelling lead!

6 Who pass thro' Baca's thirsty Vale,
yet no Refreshment want;
Their Pools are fill'd with Rain, which thou
at their Request dost grant.

7 Thus they proceed from Strength to Strength
and still approach more near;
Till all on Sion's holy Mount,
before their God appear.
O Lord, the mighty God of Hosts,
my just Request regard;

Thou

Thou God of Jacob, let my Pray'r
be ſtill with Favour heard.

9 Behold, O God, for thou alone
canſt timely aid diſpenſe;
On thy anointed Servant look,
be thou his ſtrong Defence,
10 For in thy Courts one ſingle Day
'tis better to attend,
Than, Lord, in any Place beſides
a thouſand Days to ſpend.

Much rather in God's Houſe will I
the meaneſt Office take,
Than in the wealthy Tents of Sin
my pompous Dwelling make.
11 For God who is our Sun and Shield,
will Grace and Glory give;
And no good Thing will he with-hold
from them that juſtly live.

12 Thou God, whom heav'nly Hoſts obey,
how high'ly bleſt is he,
Whoſe Hope and Truſt, ſecurely plac'd,
is ſtill repos'd on thee!

Pſalm lxxxv.

1 LORD, thou haſt granted to thy Land,
the Favours we implor'd;
And faithful Jacob's captive Race
haſt graciouſly reſtor'd.
2, 3 Thy Peoples Sins thou haſt abſolv'd,
and all their Guilt defac'd;
Thou haſt not let thy Wrath flame on,
nor thy fierce Anger laſt.

4 O God our Saviour, all our Hearts
to thy Obedience turn;
That quench'd with our repenting Tears,
thy Wrath no more may burn.
5, 6 For why ſhould'ſt thou be angry ſtill,
and Wrath ſo long retain?
Revive us, Lord, and let thy Saints
thy wonted Comfort gain.

7 Thy gracious Favour, Lord, diſplay,
which we have long implor'd;
And, for thy wond'rous Mercies ſake,
thy wonted Aid afford.

8 God's Anſwer patiently I'll wait,
for he, with glad Succeſs,
(If they no more to Folly turn)
his mourning Saints will bleſs.

9 To all that fear his holy Name
his ſure Salvation's near;
And in its former happy State
our Nation ſhall appear.

10 For Mercy now with Truth is join'd,
and Righteouſneſs with Peace,
Like kind Companions abſent long,
with friendly Arms embrace.

11, 12 Truth from the Earth ſhall ſpring, whilſt
ſhall Streams of Juſtice pour; (Heav'n
And God, from whom all Goodneſs flows,
ſhall endleſs Plenty ſhow'r.

13 Before him Righteouſneſs ſhall march,
and his juſt Paths prepare;
Whilſt we his holy Steps purſue,
with conſtant Zeal and Care.

Pſalm lxxxvi.

1 TO my Complaint, O Lord my God,
thy gracious Ear incline;
Hear me, diſtreſt and deſtitute
of all Relief but thine!

2 Do thou, O God, preſerve my Soul,
that does thy Name adore;
Thy Servant keep, and him, whoſe Truſt
relies on thee, reſtore.

3 To me, who daily thee invoke,
thy Mercy, Lord, extend:

4 Refreſh thy Servant's Soul, whoſe Hopes
on thee alone depend.

5 Thou, Lord, art good, not only good,
but prompt to Pardon too;
Of plenteous Mercy to all thoſe
who for thy Mercy ſue.

6 To my repeated humble Pray'r,
O Lord, attentive be!

7 When troubled I on thee will call,
for thou wilt anſwer me.
Among the Gods there's none like thee,
O Lord, alone divine!

To thee as much inferior they,
as are their Works to thine.

9 Therefore their great Creator thee
the Nations ſhall adore,
Their long-miſguided Pray'rs and Praiſe
to thy bleſt Name reſtore.

10 All ſhall confeſs thee great, and great
the Wonders thou haſt done:
Confeſs thee God, the God ſupreme,
confeſs thee God alone.

PART II.

11 Teach me thy Way, O Lord, and I
from Truth ſhall ne'er depart;
In rev'rence to thy ſacred Name
devoutly fix my Heart.

12 Thee will I praiſe, O Lord my God,
praiſe thee with Heart ſincere,
And to thy everlaſting Name
eternal Trophies rear.

13 Thy boundleſs Mercy ſhewn to me
tranſcends my Pow'r to tell,
For thou haſt oft redeem'd my Soul
from loweſt Depths of Hell.

14 O God, the Sons of Pride and Strife
have my Deſtruction ſought,
Regardleſs of thy Pow'r, that oft
has my Deliv'rance wrought.

15 But thou thy conſtant Goodneſs didſt
to my Aſſiſtance bring;
Of Patience, Mercy, and of Truth,
thou evarlaſting Spring!

16 O bounteous Lord, thy Grace and Strength
to me thy Servant ſhow;
Thy kind Protection, Lord, on me
thine Handmaid's Son beſtow.

17 Some Signal give, which my proud Foes
may ſee with Shame and Rage,
When thou, O Lord, for my Relief
and Comfort doſt engage.

Pſalm lxxxvii.

1 GOD's Temple crowns the holy Mount;
the Lord there condeſcends to dwell:

2 His Sion's Gates, in his Account,
our Isr'el's fairest Tents excel.
3 Fame glorious Things of thee shall sing,
O City of th' Amighty King!

4 I'll mention Rahab with due Praise,
in Babylon's Applauses join,
The Fame of Ethiopia raise,
with that of Tyre and Palestine.
And grant that some amongst them born,
Their Age and Country did adorn.

5 But still of Sion I'll aver,
that many such from her proceed;
Th' Almighty shall establish her.
6 His gen'ral List shall shew, when read,
That such a Person there was born,
And such did such an Age adorn.

7 He'll Sion find with Numbers fill'd
of such as merit high Renown;
For Hand and Voice Musician's skill'd,
and (her transcending Fame to crown)
Of such she shall Successions bring,
Like Waters from a living Spring.

Psalm lxxxviii.

1 TO thee, my God and Saviour, I
By Day and Night address my Cry;
2 Vouchsafe my mournful Voice to hear,
To my Distress incline thine Ear:
3 For Seas of Trouble me invade,
my Soul draws nigh to Death's cold Shade.
4 Like one whose Strength and Hopes are fled,
They Number me among the Dead.
5 Like those, who, shrouded in the Grave,
From thee no more remembrance have;
6 Cast off from thy sustaining Care,
Down to the Confines of Despair.
7 Thy Wrath has hard upon me lain,
Afflicting me with restless Pain;
Me all thy Mountain Waves have prest,
Too weak, alas! to bear the least.

8 Remov'd from Friends, I sigh alone,
In a loath'd Dungeon laid, where none
A Visit will vouchsafe to me,
Confin'd, past Hopes of Liberty.

9 My

9 My Eyes from weeping never ceaſe,
They waſte, but ſtill my Griefs increaſe;
Yet daily, Lord, to thee I've pray'd,
With out-ſtretch'd Hands invok'd thy Aid.

10 Wilt thou by Miracle revive
The Dead whom thou forſook'ſt alive?
From Death reſtore thy Praiſe to ſing,
Whom thou from Priſon would'ſt not bring.
11 Shall the mute Grave thy Love confeſs?
A mould'ring Tomb thy Faithfulneſs?
12 Thy Truth and Pow'r Renown obtain,
When Darkneſs and Oblivion reign?

13 To thee, O Lord, I cry, forlorn,
My Pray'r prevents the early Morn.
14 Why haſt thou, Lord, my Soul forſook,
Nor once vouchſaf'd a gracious Look?
15 Prevailing Sorrows bear me down,
Which from my Youth with me have grown;
Thy Terrors paſt diſtract my Mind,
And Fears of blacker Days behind.

16 Thy Wrath has burſt upon my Head,
Thy Terrors fill my Soul with Dread;
17 Environ'd as with Waves combin'd,
And for a gen'ral Deluge join'd.
18 My Lovers, Friends, Familiars, all
Remov'd from Sight and out of Call;
To dark Oblivion all retir'd,
Dead, or at leaſt to me expir'd.

Pſalm lxxxix.

1 THY Mercies, Lord, ſhall be my Song,
my Song on them ſhall ever dwell;
To Ages yet unborn my Tongue
thy never-failing Truth ſhall tell.
2 I have affirm'd, and ſtill maintain,
thy Mercy ſhall for ever laſt;
Thy Truth, that does the Heav'ns ſuſtain,
like them ſhall ſtand for ever faſt.

3 Thus ſpak'ſt thou by thy Prophet's Voice,
" with David I a League have made,
" To him my Servant and my Choice,
" my ſolemn Oath this Grant convey'd.
4 " While Earth, and Seas, and Skies endure,
" thy Seed ſhall in my Sight remain;

" To them thy Throne I will insure,
" they shall to endless Ages reign."
5 For such stupend'ous Truth and Love
both Heav'n and Earth just Praises owe,
By Choirs of Angels sung above,
and by assembled Saints below.
6 What Seraph of celestial Birth
to vie with Isr'el's God shall dare?
Or who among the Gods of Earth,
with our Almighty Lord compare?
7 With Rev'rence and religious Dread,
his Saints should to his Temple press;
His Fear thro' all their Hearts should spread,
who his Almighty Name confess;
8 Lord God of Armies, who can boast
of Strength or Pow'r like thine renown'd?
Of such a num'rous faithful Host,
as that which does thy Throne surround?
9 Thou dost the lawless Sea control,
and change the Prospect of the Deep:
Thou mak'st the sleeping Billows roll,
thou mak'st the rolling Billows sleep.
10 Thou brak'st in Pieces Rahab's Pride,
and didst oppressing Pow'r disarm:
Thy scatter'd Foes have dearly try'd
the Force of thy resistless Arm.
11 In thee the sov'reign Right remains
of Earth and Heav'n; thee, Lord, alone
The World, and all that it contains,
their Maker and Preserver own.
12 The Poles on which the Globe does rest,
were form'd by thy creating Voice;
Tabor and Hermon, East and West,
in thy sustaining Pow'r rejoice.
13 Thy Arm is mighty, strong thy Hand,
yet, Lord, thou dost with Justice reign;
14 Possest of absolute Command,
Thou Truth and Mercy dost maintain.
15 Happy, thrice happy they, who hear
thy sacred Trumpet's joyful Sound;
Who may at Festivals appear,
with thy most glorious Presence crown'd
16 Thy Saints shall always be o'erjoy'd,
who on thy sacred Name rely;

And, in thy Righteouſneſs employ'd,
above their Foes be rais'd on high.
17 For in thy Strength they ſhall advance,
whoſe Conqueſts from thy Favour ſpring.
18 The Lord of Hoſts is our Defence,
and Iſr'el's God our Iſr'el's King.

19 Thus ſpak'ſt thou by thy Prophet's Voice,
" A mighty Champion I will ſend;
" From Judah's Tribe have I made choice
" of one who ſhall the reſt defend.
20 " My Servant David I have found,
" with holy Oil anointed him;
21 " Him ſhall the Hand ſupport that crown'd,
" and guard that gave the Diadem.

22 " No Prince from him ſhall Tribute force,
" no Son of Strife ſhall him annoy;
23 " His ſpiteful Foes I will diſperſe,
" and them before his Face deſtroy.
24 " My Truth and Grace ſhall him ſuſtain;
" his Armies in well order'd Ranks,
25 " Shall conquer from the Tyrian Main
" to Tygris and Euphrates Banks.

26 " Me for his Father he ſhall take,
" his God and Rock of Safety call;
27 " Him I my firſt-born Son will make,
" and earthly Kings his Subjects all.
28 " To him my Mercy I'll ſecure,
" my Cov'nant make for ever faſt;
29 " His Seed for ever ſhall endure, (laſt,
" his Throne, 'till Heav'n diſſolves, ſhall

PART II.

30 " But if his Heirs my Law forſake,
" and from my ſacred Precepts ſtray,
31 " If they my righteous Statues break,
" nor ſtrictly my Commands obey.
32 " Their Sins I'll viſit with a Rod,
" and for their Folly make them ſmart;
33 " Yet will not ceaſe to be their God,
" nor from my Truth, like them, depart.

34 " My Cov'nant I will ne'er revoke,
" but in Remembrance faſt retain;
" The Thing that once my Lips have ſpoke
" ſhall in eternal Force remain.

35 " Once have I ſworn, but once for all,
" and made my Holineſs the Tie,
" That I my Grant will ne'er recall,
" nor to my Servant David lie.

36 " Whoſe Throne and Race, the conſtant Sun
" ſhall, like his Courſe, eſtabliſht ſee;
37 " Of this my Oath, thou conſcious Moon,
" in Heav'n my faithful Witneſs be."
38 Such was thy gracious Promiſe, Lord,
but thou haſt now our Tribes forſook,
Thy own Anointed haſt abhor'd,
and turn'd on him thy wrathful Look.

39 Thou ſeemeſt to have render'd void
the Cov'nant with thy Servant made,
Thou haſt his Dignity deſtroy'd,
and in the Duſt his Honour laid.
40 Of Strong-holds thou haſt him bereft,
and brought his Bulwarks to Decay,
41 His Frontier Coaſt defenceleſs left,
a public Scorn and common Prey.

42 His Ruin does glad Triumphs yield
to Foes advanc'd by thee to Might;
43 Thou haſt his conqu'ring Sword unſteel'd,
his Valour turn'd to ſhameful Flight.
44 His Glory is to Darkneſs fled,
his Throne is levell'd with the Ground:
45 His Youth to wretched Bondage led,
with Shame o'er whelm'd and Sorrow drown'd.

46 How long ſhall we thy Abſence mourn?
wilt thou for ever, Lord, retire?
Shall thy conſuming Anger burn
till that and we at once expire?
47 Conſider, Lord, how ſhort a ſpace
thou doſt for mortal Life ordain;
No Method to prolong the Race,
but loading it with Grief and Pain.

48 What Man is he that can controul
Death's ſtrict, unalterable Doom?
Or reſcue from the Grave his Soul,
the Grave that muſt Mankind intomb?
49 Lord, where's thy Love, thy bound leſs Grace,
The Oath to which thy Truth did ſeal,
Conſign'd to David and his Race,
the Grant which Time ſhould ne'er repeal?

50 See how thy Servants treated are
with Infamy, Reproach and Spite;
Which in my ſilent Breaſt I bear
from Nations of licentious Might.

51 How they, reproaching thy great Name,
have made thy Servant's Hope their Jeſt:
52 Yet thy juſt Praiſes we'll proclaim,
and ever ſing, the Lord be bleſt.
Amen, Amen.

Pſalm xc.

1 O LORD, the Saviour and Defence
of us thy choſen Race,
From Age to Age thou ſtill haſt been
our ſure Abiding-place.
2 Before thou brought'ſt the Mountain's forth,
or th' Earth and World didſt frame,
Thou always wert the mighty God,
and ever art the ſame.

3 Thou turneſt Man, O Lord, to Duſt,
of which he firſt was made;
And when thou ſpeak'ſt the Word, Return,
'tis inſtantly obey'd.
4 For in thy Sight a thouſand Years
are like a Day that's paſt,
Or like a Watch in Dead of Night,
whoſe Hours unminded waſte.

5 Thou ſweep'ſt us off as with a Flood,
we vaniſh hence like Dreams;
At firſt we grow like Graſs that feels
the Sun's reviving Beams.
6 But howſoever freſh and fair
its Morning Beauty ſhows;
'Tis all cut down, and wither'd quite,
before the Ev'ning cloſe.

7, 8 We by thine Anger are conſum'd,
and by thy wrath diſmay'd:
Our publick Crimes and ſecret Sins
before thy Sight are laid.
9 Beneath thy Anger's ſad Effects
our drooping Days we ſpend;
Our unregarded Years break off,
like Tales that quickly end.

10 Our Term of Time is ſeventy Years,
an Age that few ſurvive;
But if, with more than common Strength,
to Eighty we arrive;
Yet then our boaſted Strength decays,
to Sorrow turn'd and Pain;
So ſoon the ſlender Thread is cut,
and we no more remain.

PART II.

11 But who thy Anger's dread Effects
does, as he ought, revere?
And yet thy Wrath does fall or riſe,
as more or leſs we fear.
12 So teach us, Lord, the uncertain Sum
of our ſhort Days to mind,
That to true Wiſdom all our Hearts
may ever be inclin'd.
13 O to thy Servant, Lord, return,
And ſpeedily relent!
As we of our miſdeeds, do thou
of our juſt Doom repent.
14 To ſatisfy and chear our Souls,
thy early Mercy ſend;
That we may all our Days to come,
in Joy and Comfort ſpend.
15 Let happy Times, with large amends,
dry up our former Tears;
Or equal at the leaſt the Term
of our afflicted Years.
16 To all thy Servants, Lord, let this
thy wond'rous Works be known,
And to our Offspring, yet unborn,
thy glorious Pow'r be ſhown.
17 Let thy bright Rays upon us ſhine,
give thou our Work Succeſs;
The glorious Work we have in Hand
do thou vouchſafe to bleſs.

Pſalm xci.

1 HE that has God his Guardian made,
ſhall under the Almighty Shade,
Secure and undiſtrub'd abide,
2 Thus, to my Soul, of him I'll ſay,
He is my Fortreſs and my Stay,
My God, in whom I will confide.

3 His

3 His tender Love and watchful Care
Shall free thee from the Fowler's Snare,
And from the noiſome Peſtilence:
4 He over thee his Wings ſhall ſpread,
And cover thy unguarded Head;
His Truth ſhall be thy ſtrong Defence.

5 No Terrors, that ſurpriſe by Night,
Shall thy undaunted Courage fright,
Nor deadly Shafts that fly by Day;
6 Nor Plague of unknown Riſe, that kills
In Darkneſs, nor infectious Ills,
That in the hotteſt Seaſon ſlay.

7 A thouſand at thy Side ſhall die,
At thy Right-hand ten thouſand lie,
While thy firm Health untouch'd remains:
8 Thou only ſhalt look on and ſee
The Wicked's ſad Cataſtrophe,
And count the Sinner's mournful Gains.

9 Becauſe (with well-plac'd Confidence)
Thou mak'ſt the Lord thy ſure Defence,
And on the Higheſt doſt rely;
10 Therefore no Ill ſhall thee befall,
Nor to thy healthful Dwelling ſhall
Any infectious Plague draw nigh.

11 For he, throughout thy happy Days,
To keep thee ſafe in all thy Ways,
ſhall give his Angels ſtrict Commands:
12 And they, leſt thou ſhouldſt chance to meet
With ſome rough Stone to wound thy Feet,
Shall bear thee ſafely in their Hands.

13 Dragons and Aſps that thirſt for Blood,
And Lions roaring for their Food,
Beneath his conqu'ring Feet ſhall lie,
14 Becauſe he lov'd and honour'd me,
Therefore (ſays God) I'll ſet him free,
And fix his glorious Throne on high.

15 He'll call; I'll anſwer when he calls,
And reſcue him when Ill befalls:
Increaſe his Honour and his Wealth:
16 And when, with undiſturb'd Content,
His long and happy Life is ſpent,
His End I'll Crown with ſaving Health.

Pſalm

Pſalm xcii.

1 HOW good and pleaſant muſt it be
to thank the Lord moſt high!
And with repeated Hymns of Praiſe,
his Name to magnify!
2 With ev'ry Morning's early Dawn,
his Goodneſs to relate;
And of his conſtant Truth each Night,
the glad Effects repeat.

3 To ten-ſtring'd Inſtruments we'll ſing,
with tuneful Pſalt'ries join'd;
And to the Harp, with ſolemn Sounds,
for ſacred Uſe deſign'd.
4 For thro' thy wond'rous Works, O Lord,
thou mak'ſt my Heart rejoice;
The Thoughts of them ſhall make me glad,
and ſhout with chearful Voice.

5, 6 How wond'rous are thy Works, O Lord,
how deep are thy Decrees!
Whoſe winding Tracks in ſecret laid,
no ſtupid Sinner ſees.
7 He little thinks, when wicked Men,
like Graſs, look freſh and gay,
How ſoon their ſhort-liv'd Splendor muſt
for ever paſs away.

8, 9 But thou, my God, art ſtill moſt high;
and all thy lofty Foes,
Who thought they might ſecurely ſin,
ſhall be o'erwhelm'd with Woes.
10 Whilſt thou exalt'ſt my ſov'reign Pow'r,
and mak'ſt it largely ſpread;
And with refreſhing Oil anoint'ſt
my conſecrated Head.

11 I ſoon ſhall ſee my ſtubborn Foes
to utter Ruin brought;
And hear the diſmal End of thoſe
who have againſt me fought.
12 But righteous Men, like fruitful Palms,
ſhall make a glorious Show;
As Cedars that on Lebanon
in ſtately Order grow.

13, 14 Theſe, planted in the Houſe of God,
within his Courts ſhall thrive;

Their

Their Vigor and their Luſtre both
ſhall in old Age revive.
15 Thus will the Lord his Juſtice ſhew;
and God, my ſtrong Defence,
Shall due Rewards to all the World
impartially diſpence.

Pſalm xciii.

1 WITH Glory clad, with Strength array'd,
the Lord, that o'er all Nature reigns,
The World's Foundation ſtrongly laid,
and the vaſt Fabric ſtill ſuſtains.
2 How ſurely ſtabliſht is thy Throne!
which ſhall no Change or Period ſee;
For thou, O Lord, and thou alone,
art God from all Eternity.

3, 4 The Floods, O Lord, liſt up their Voice,
and toſs the troubled Waves on high;
But God above can ſtill their Noiſe,
and make the angry Sea comply.
5 Thy Promiſe, Lord, is ever ſure;
and they that in thy Houſe would dwell,
That happy Station to ſecure,
muſt ſtill in Holineſs excel.

Pſalm xciv.

1, 2 O GOD, to whom Revenge belongs,
thy Vengeance now diſcloſe;
Ariſe, thou Judge of all the Earth,
and cruſh thy haughty Foes.
3, 4 How long, O Lord, ſhall ſinful Men
their ſolemn Triumphs make?
How long their wicked Actions boaſt?
and inſolently ſpeak?
5, 6 Not only they thy Saints oppreſs,
but unprovok'd they ſpill
The Widows and the Strangers Blood,
and helpleſs Orphans kill.
7 " And yet the Lord ſhall ne'er perceive,
" (prophanely thus they ſpeak)
" Nor any Notice of our Deeds
" the God of Jacob take.
8 At length, ye ſtupid Fools, your Wants
endeavour to diſcern,
In Folly will you ſtill proceed,
and Wiſdom never learn?

9, 10 Can

9, 10 Can he be deaf who form'd the Ear,
or blind who fram'd the Eye?
Shall Earth's great Judge not punish those
who his known Will defy?

11 He fathoms all the Thoughts of Men,
to him their Hearts lie bare;
His Eye surveys them all, and sees
how vain their Counsels are.

PART II.

12 Blest is the Man whom thou, O Lord,
in Kindness dost chastise;
And by thy sacred Rules to walk,
dost lovingly advise.

13 This Man shall Rest and Safety find
in Seasons of Distress;
Whilst God prepares a Pit for those
that stubbornly transgress.

14 For God will never from his Saints
his Favour wholly take;
His own Possession and his Lot,
he will not quite forsake.

15 The World shall then confess thee just,
in all that thou hast done;
And those that choose thy upright Ways,
shall in those Paths go on.

16 Who will appear in my Behalf,
when wicked Men invade?
Or who, when Sinners would oppress,
my righteous Cause shall plead?

17, 18, 19 Long since had I in Silence slept,
but that the Lord was near,
To stay me when I slipt; when sad,
my troubled Heart to chear.

20 Wilt thou, who art a God most just,
their sinful Throne sustain,
Who make the Law a fair Pretence
their wicked Ends to gain?

21 Against the Lives of righteous Men
they form their close Design;
And Blood of Innocents to spill,
in solemn League combine.

22 But my Defence is firmly plac'd
in God the Lord most High;

H

He is my Rock, to which I may
for Refuge always fly.
23 The Lord ſhall cauſe their ill Deſigns
on their own Heads to fall;
He in their Sins ſhall cut them off,
our God ſhall ſlay them all.

Pſalm xcv.

1 O Come, loud Anthems let us ſing,
Loud thanks to our Almighty King,
For we our Voices high ſhould raiſe,
When our Salvation's Rock we praiſe.
2 Into his Preſence let us haſte,
To thank him for his Favours paſt;
To him addreſs in joyful Songs,
The Praiſe that to his Name belongs.

3 For God the Lord, enthron'd in State,
Is, with unrival'd Glory, great;
A King ſuperior far to all,
Whom, by his Title, God we call.
4 The Depths of Earth are in his Hand,
Her ſecret Wealth at his Command;
The ſtrength of Hills that threat the Skies
Subjected to his Empire lies.

5 The rolling Ocean's vaſt Abyſs
By the ſame ſov'reign Right is his;
'Tis mov'd by his Almighty Hand,
That form'd and fix'd the ſolid Land.
6 O let us to his Courts repair,
And bow with Adoration there,
Down on our Knees devoutly all
Before the Lord our Maker fall.

7 For he's our God, our Shepherd he,
His Flock and Paſture-ſheep are we;
If then you'll (like his Flock) draw near,
To Day, if you his Voice will hear.
8 Let not your harden'd Hearts renew
Your Fathers Crimes and Judgments too;
Nor here provoke my Wrath, as they
In Deſart Plains of Meribah!

9 When thro' the Wilderneſs they mov'd,
And me with freſh Temptations prov'd;
They ſtill, thro' unbelief, rebell'd,
While they my wond'rous Works beheld.

10, 11 They

10, 11 They, forty Years, my Patience griev'd,
Tho' daily I their Wants reliev'd;
Then---'Tis a faithless Race, I said,
Whose Heart from me has always stray'd;
They ne'er will tread my righteous Path;
Therefore to them in settled Wrath,
Since they despis'd my Rest, I swear,
That they shall never enter there.

Psalm xcvi.

1 SING to the Lord a new-made Song,
Let Earth, in one assembled Throng,
Her common Patron's Praise resound.
2 Sing to the Lord, and bless his Name,
From Day to Day his Praise proclaim,
Who us has with Salvation crown'd.
3 To heathen Lands his Fame rehearse,
His Wonders to the Universe.

4 He's great, and greatly to be prais'd;
In Majesty and Glory rais'd,
Above all other Deities:
5 For Pageantry and Idols all,
Are they whom Gods the Heathen call;
He only Rules who made the Skies.
6 With Majesty and Honour crown'd,
Beauty and Strength his Throne surround;

7 Be therefore both to him restor'd
By you who have false God's ador'd,
Ascribe due Honour to his Name;
8 Peace-Off'rings on his Altar lay,
Before his Throne your Homage pay,
Which he, and he alone, can claim.
9 To worship at his sacred Court
Let all the trembling World resort.

10 Proclaim aloud, Jehovah reigns,
Whose Pow'r the Universe sustains,
And banisht Justice will restore;
11 Let therefore Heav'n new Joys confess,
And heav'nly Mirth let Earth express,
Its loud Applause the Ocean roar;
Its mute Inhabitants rejoice,
And for this Triumph find a Voice.

12 For Joy let fertile Valleys sing,
The chearful Groves their Tribute bring;

The

The tuneful Choir of Birds awake,
13 The Lord's Approach to celebrate,
Who now ſets out, with awful State,
His Circuit thro' the Earth to take:
From Heav'n to judge the World he's come,
With Juſtice to Reward and Doom.

Pſalm xcvii.

1 JEhovah reigns, let all the Earth
in his juſt Government rejoice;
Let all the Iſles with ſacred Mirth,
in his Applauſe unite their Voice.
2 Darkneſs and Clouds of awful Shade
his dazling Glory ſhroud in State;
Juſtice and Truth his Guards are made,
and fix'd by his Pavilion wait.

3 Devouring Fire before his Face,
his Foes around with Vengeance ſtrook;
4 His Lightnings ſet the World on Blaze.
Earth ſaw it, and with Terror ſhook.
5 The proudeſt Hills his Preſence felt,
their Height nor Strength could Help afford,
The proudeſt Hills like wax did melt
In Preſence of th' Almighty Lord.

6 The Heav'ns, his Righteouſneſs to ſhow,
with Storms of Fire our Foes purſu'd;
And all the trembling World below,
have his deſcending Glory view'd.
7 Confounded be their impious Hoſt,
who make the Gods to whom they pray;
All who of Pageant Idols boaſt,
To him, ye Gods, your Worſhip pay.

8 Glad Sion of thy Triumph heard,
and Judah's Daughters were o'erjoy'd;
Becauſe thy righteous Judgments, Lord,
have Pagan-Pride and Pow'r deſtroy'd.
9 For thou, O God, art ſeated high,
above Earth's Potentates enthron'd;
Thou Lord, unrivall'd in the Sky,
Supreme by all the God's art own'd.

10 You, who to ſerve this Lord aſpire,
abhor what's ill, and Truth eſteem:
He'll keep his Servants Souls entire,
And them from wicked Hands redeem.

11 For

11 For Seeds are ſown of glorious Light,
a future Harveſt for the Juſt;
And Gladneſs for the Heart that's right,
to recompenſe his pious Truſt.

12 Rejoice, ye Righteous, in the Lord;
Memorials of his Holineſs,
Deep in your faithful Breaſts record,
and with your thankful Tongues confeſs.

Pſalm xcviii.

1 SING to the Lord a new-made Song,
who wond'rous Things has done;
With his Right-hand and holy Arm
the Conqueſt he has won.

2 The Lord has thro' th' aſtoniſht World
diſplay'd his ſaving Might,
And made his righteous Acts appear
in all the Heathens Sight.

3 Of Iſr'el's Houſe his Love and Truth
have ever mindful been:
Wide Earth's remoteſt Parts the Pow'r
of Iſ'rel's God have ſeen.

4 Let therefore Earth's Inhabitants
their chearful Voices raiſe,
And all with univerſal Joy,
reſound their Maker's Praiſe.

5 With Harp and Hymns ſoft Melody,
into the Conſort bring,

6 The Trumpet and ſhrill Cornets Sound,
before th' Almighty King.

7 Let the loud Ocean roar her Joy,
with all that Seas contain;
The Earth and her Inhabitants
join Conſort with the Main.

8 With Joy let Riv'lets ſwell to Streams,
to ſpreading Torrents they;
And ecchoing Vales, from Hill to Hill,
redoubled Shouts convey;

9 To welcome down the World's great Judge,
who does with Juſtice come,
And, with impartial Equity,
Both to Reward and Doom.

Pſalm xcix.

1 JEhovah reigns, let therefore all
the guilty Nations quake;

On Cherubs Wings he ſits enthron'd:
let Earth's Foundation ſhake.
2 On Sion's Hill he keeps his Court,
his Palace makes her Tow'rs;
Yet thence his Sovereignty extends
ſupreme o'er earthly Pow'rs.

3 Let therefore all with Praiſe addreſs
his great and dreadful Name;
And with his unreſiſted Might,
his Holineſs proclaim.
4 For Truth and Juſtice, in his Reign,
of Strength and Pow'r take Place;
His Judgments are with Righteouſneſs
diſpens'd to Jacob's, Race.

5 Therefore exalt the Lord our God,
before his Footſtool fall;
And with his unreſiſted Might,
his Holineſs extol.
6 Moſes and Aaron thus of old,
among his Prieſts ador'd,
Amongſt his Prophets Samuel thus
his ſacred Name implor'd.

Diſtreſt, upon the Lord they call'd,
who ne'er their Suit deny'd;
But, as with Rev'rence they implor'd,
he graciouſly reply'd.
7 For with their Camp, to guide their March,
the cloudy Pillar mov'd:
They kept his Laws, and to his Will
obedient Servants prov'd.

8 He anſwer'd them, forgiving oft
his People for their ſake,
And thoſe who raſhly them oppos'd,
did ſad Examples make.
9 With Worſhip at his ſacred Courts
exalt our God and Lord;
For he, who only holy is,
alone ſhould be ador'd.

Pſalm c.

1, 2 WITH one Conſent let all the Earth
to God their chearful Voices raiſe;
Glad Homage pay with awful Mirth,
and ſing before him Songs of Praiſe;

3 Con-

3 Convinc'd that he is God alone,
from whom both we and all proceed;
We, whom he chooſes for his own.
the Flock that he vouchſafes to feed.

4 O enter then his Temple-Gate,
thence to his Courts devoutly preſs,
And ſtill your grateful Hymns repeat,
and ſtill his Name with Praiſes bleſs,
5 For he's the Lord, ſupremely good,
his Mercy is for ever ſure.
His Truth which always firmly ſtood,
to endleſs Ages ſhall endure.

Pſalm ci.

1 OF Mercy's never failing Spring,
And ſtedfaſt Judgment I will ſing;
And ſince they both to him belong,
To thee, O Lord, addreſs my Song.
2 When, Lord, thou ſhalt with me reſide,
Wiſe Diſcipline my Reign ſhall guide;
With blameleſs life myſelf I'll make
A Pattern for my Court to take.

3 No ill Deſign will I purſue,
Nor thoſe my Fav'rites make that do.
4 Who to Reproof bears no Regard,
Him I will totally diſcard.
5 The private Slanderer ſhall be
In public Juſtice doom'd by me:
From haughty Looks I'll turn aſide,
And mortify the Heart of Pride;

6 But Honeſty, call'd from her Cell,
In Splendor at my Court ſhall dwell:
Who Virtue's Practice make their Care,
Shall have the firſt Preferments there.
7 No Politics ſhall recommend
His Country's Foe to be my Friend:
None e'er ſhall to my Favor riſe
By fiatt'ring or malicious Lyes.

8 All thoſe who wicked Courſes take,
An early Sacrifice I'll make;
Cut off, deſtroy, till none remain
God's holy City to profane.

Pſalm

Pſalm cii.

1 WHEN I pour out my Soul in Pray'r,
do thou, O Lord, attend,
To thy eternal Throne of Grace
let my ſad Cry aſcend.

2 O hide not thou thy glorious Face
in Time of deep Diſtreſs,
Incline thine Ear, and when I call
my Sorrows ſoon redreſs.

3 Each cloudy Portion of my Life,
like ſcatter'd Smoke expires;
My ſhrivel'd Bones are like a Hearth,
that's parch'd with conſtant Fires.

4 My Heart like Graſs, that feels the Blaſt
of ſome infectious Wind,
Does languiſh ſo with Grief, that ſcarce
my needful Food I mind.

5 By reaſon of my ſad Eſtate,
I ſpend my Breath in Groans;
My Fleſh is worn away, my Skin
ſcarce hides my ſtarting Bones.

6 I'm like a Pelican become,
that does in Deſarts mourn;
Or like an Owl, that ſits all Day
on barren Trees forlorn.

7 In Watchings or in reſtleſs Dreams
the Night by me is ſpent;
As by thoſe Solitary Birds
that loneſome Roofs frequent.

8 All Day by railing Foes I'm made
the Subject of their Scorn;
Who all, poſſeſt with furious Rage,
have my Deſtruction ſworn.

9 When grov'ling on the Ground I lie,
oppreſt with Grief and Fears,
My Bread is ſtrew'd with Aſhes o'er,
my Drink is mix'd with Tears.

10 Becauſe on me with double Weight
thy heavy Wrath does lie;
For thou, to make my Fall more great,
didſt lift me up on high.

11 My days, juſt haſt'ning to their End,
are like an Ev'ning Shade;

My

My Beauty does, like with'red Grass,
with wanting Lustre fade.
12 But thy eternal State, O Lord,
no length of Time shall waste;
The Mem'ry of thy wond'rous Works,
from Age to Age shall last.

13 Thou shalt arise, and Sion view
with an unclouded Face;
For now her Time is come, thy own
appointed Day of Grace.
14 Her scatter'd Ruins by thy Saints
with Pity are survey'd;
They grieve to see her lofty Spires
in Dust and Rubbish laid.

15, 16 The Name and Glory of the Lord
all Heathen Kings shall fear;
When he shall Sion build again,
and in full State appear.
17, 18 When he regards the Poor's Request,
nor slights their earnest Pray'r;
Our Sons for this recorded Grace,
shall his just Praise declare.

19 For God, from his Abode on high,
his gracious Beams display'd;
The Lord from Heav'n his lofty Throne,
has all the Earth survey'd.
20 He list'ned to the Captives Moans,
he heard their mournful Cry,
And freed by his resistless Pow'r
the Wretches doom'd to die.

21 That they in Sion, where he dwells,
might celebrate his Fame,
And through the holy City sing
loud Praises to his Name.
22 When all the Tribes assembling there,
their solemn Vows address,
And neighb'ring Lands, with glad Consent,
the Lord their God confess.

23 But e'er my Race is run, my Strength
thro' his fierce Wrath decays;
He has, when all my Wishes bloom'd,
cut short my hopeful Days.
24 Lord, end not thou my Life, said I,
when half is scarcely past;

Thy Years from worldly Changes free,
to endleſs Ages laſt.

25 The ſtrong Foundations of the Earth
of old by thee were laid;
Thy Hands the beauteous Arch of Heav'n
with wond'rous Skill have made.
26, 27 Whilſt thou for ever ſhalt endure,
they ſoon ſhall paſs away;
And, like a Garment often worn,
ſhall tarniſh and decay.

Like that, when thou ordain'ſt their Change,
to thy Command they bend;
But thou continu'ſt ſtill the ſame,
nor have thy Years an End.
28 Thou to the Children of thy Saints
ſhalt laſting Quiet give;
Whoſe happy Race, ſecurely fixt,
ſhall in thy Preſence live.

Pſalm ciii.

1, 2 MY Soul, inſpir'd with ſacred Love,
God's Holy Name for ever bleſs;
Of all his Favours mindful prove,
and ſtill thy grateful thanks expreſs.
3, 4 'Tis he that all thy Sins forgives,
and after Sickneſs makes thee ſound;
From Danger he thy Life retrieves,
by him with Grace and Mercy crown'd.

5, 6 He with good Things my Mouth ſupplies,
thy Vigour, Eagle-like, renews;
He, when the guiltleſs Suff'rer cries,
his Foe with juſt Revenge purſues.
7 God made of old his righteous Ways
to Moſes and our Fathers known;
His Works to his eternal Praiſe,
were to the Sons of Jacob ſhown.

The Lord abounds with tender Love,
and unexampled Acts of Grace;
His waken'd Wrath does ſlowly move;
his willing Mercy flows apace.
9, 10 God will not always harſhly chide,
but with his Anger quickly part;
And loves his Puniſhments to guide,
more by his Love than our Deſert.

11 As high as Heav'n its Arch extends,
above this little Spot of Clay;
So much his boundless Love transcends,
the small Respects that we can pay.
12, 13 As far as 'tis from East to West,
so far has he our Sins remov'd;
Who with a Father's tender Breast,
has such as fear him always lov'd.

14, 15 For God, who all our Frame surveys,
considers that we are but Clay;
How fresh soe'er we seem, our Days
like Grass or Flow'rs must fade away.
16, 17 Whilst they are nipt with sudden Blasts,
nor can we find their former Place:
God's faithful Mercy ever lasts,
to those that fear him, and their Race.

18 This shall attend on such as still
proceed in his appointed Way;
And who not only know his Will;
but to his just Obedience pay.
19, 20 The Lord, the universal King,
in Heav'n has fixt his lofty Throne:
To him, ye Angels, Praises sing,
in whose great Strength his Pow'r is shown,

Ye that his just Commands obey,
and hear and do his sacred Will!
21 Ye Hosts of his, his Tribute pay,
who still what he ordains fulfil.
22 Let every Creature jointly bless
the mighty Lord; and thou my Heart
With grateful Joy thy Thanks express,
and in this Consort bear thy Part.

Psalm civ.

1 BLess God, my Soul; thou, Lord, alone,
possessest Empire without Bounds;
With Honour thou art crown'd, thy Throne
eternal Majesty surrounds.
2 With Light thou dost thyself enrobe,
and Glory for a Garment take:
Heav'n's Curtains stretch beyond the Globe
thy Canopy of State to make.
3 God builds on liquid Air, and forms
his Palace-Chambers in the Skies;

The

The Clouds his Chariots are, and Storms
the ſwift-wing'd Steeds with which he flies.
4 As bright as Flame, and ſwift as Wind,
his Miniſters Heav'n's Palace fill,
To have their ſundry Tasks aſſign'd;
all proud to ſerve their Sov'raign's Will.

5, 6 Earth on her Center fixt, he ſet,
her Face with Waters overſpread:
Nor proudeſt Mountains dar'd, as yet,
to lift above the Waves their Head.
7 But when thy awful Face appear'd
th' inſulting Waves diſpers'd; they fled,
When once thy Thunder's Voice they heard,
and by their Haſte confeſs'd their Dread.

8 Thence up, by ſecret Tracts they creep,
and, guſhing from the Mountain's Side,
Thro' Valleys travel to the Deep,
appointed to receive their Tide.
9 There haſt thou fixt the Ocean's Bounds,
the threat'ning Surges to repel;
That they no more o'erpaſs their Mounds,
nor to a ſecond Deluge ſwell.

PART II.

10 Yet thence in ſmaller Parties drawn,
the Sea recovers her loſt Hills;
And ſtarting Springs from ev'ry Lawn,
ſurprize the Vales with plenteous Rills.
11 The Field's tame Beaſts are thither led,
weary with Labour, faint with Drought;
And Aſſes on wild Mountains bred,
have Senſe to find theſe Currents out.

12 There ſhady Trees, from ſcorching Beams,
yield Shelter to the feather'd Throng;
They drink, and to the bounteous Streams
return the Tribute of their Song.
13 His Rains from Heav'n parcht Hills recruit,
that ſoon tranſmit the liquid Store;
Till Earth is burden'd with her Fruit,
and nature's Lap can hold no more.

14 Graſs for our Cattle to devour,
he makes the Growth of ev'ry Field;
Herbs for man's Uſe, of various Pow'r,
that either Food or Phyſick yield.

15 With cluſter'd Grapes he crowns the Vine,
to chear Man's Heart oppreſt with Cares,
Gives Oil that makes his Face to ſhine,
and Corn, that waſted Strength repairs.

PART III.

16 The Trees of God, without the Care
or Art of Man, with Sap are fed:
The Mountain-Cedar looks as fair
as thoſe in Royal Gardens bred.

17 Safe in the lofty Cedar's Arms
the Wond'rers of the Air may reſt:
The hoſpitable Pine from Harms
protects the Stork, her pious Gueſt.

18 Wild Goats the craggy Rock aſcend,
its tow'ring Heights their Fortreſs make,
Whoſe Cells in Labyrinths extend,
where feebler Creatures Refuge take.

19 The Moon's inconſtant Aſpect ſhows
th' appointed Seaſons of the Year;
Th' inſtructed Sun his Duty knows,
his Hours to riſe and diſappear.

20, 21 Darkneſs he makes the Earth to ſhroud,
When Foreſt-Beaſts ſecurely ſtray;
Young Lions roar their Wants aloud
to Providence that ſends them Prey.

22 They range all Night, on Slaughter bent,
'till ſummon'd by the riſing Morn,
To ſculk in Dens, with one Conſent,
the conſcious Ravagers return.

23 Forth to the Tillage of his Soil,
the Husbandman ſecurely goes,
Commencing with the Sun his Toil,
with him returns to his Repoſe.

24 How various, Lord, thy Works are found,
for which thy Wiſdom we adore!
The Earth is with thy Treaſure crown'd,
'till Nature's Hand can graſp no more.

PART IV.

25 But ſtill the vaſt unfathom'd Main,
of Wonders a new Scene ſupplies,
Whoſe Depths Inhabitants contain
of ev'ry Form and ev'ry Size.

26 Full-freighted Ships from ev'ry Port,
there cut their unmoleſted Way;

Leviathan,

Leviathan, whom there to ſport
thou mad'ſt, has Compaſs there to play.

27 Theſe various Troops of Sea and Land,
in Senſe of common Want agree;
All wait on thy diſpenſing Hand,
and have their daily Alms from thee.
28 They gather what thy Stores diſperſe,
without their Trouble to provide;
Thou op'ſt thy Hand, the Univerſe,
the craving World is all ſupply'd.

29 Thou for a Moment hid'ſt thy Face,
the num'rous Ranks of Creatures mourn:
Thou tak'ſt their Breath, all Nature's Race
forthwith to Mother-Earth return.
30 Again thou ſend'ſt thy Spirit forth,
t' inſpire the Maſs with vital Seed;
Nature's reſtor'd, and Parent-Earth
ſmiles on her new-created Breed.

31 Thus thro' ſucceſſive Ages ſtands
firm fixt, thy providential Care;
Pleas'd with the Work of thy own Hands,
thou doſt the Waſtes of Time repair.
32 One Look of thine, one wrathful Look,
Earth's panting Breaſt with Terror fills;
One Touch from thee with Clouds of Smoke,
in Darkneſs ſhrouds the proudeſt Hills.

33 In praiſing God, while he prolongs
my Breath, I will that Breath employ;
34 And join Devotion to my Songs,
ſincere, as is in him my Joy.
35 While Sinners from Earth's Face are hurl'd,
my Soul, praiſe thou his holy Name,
Till, with thy Song, the liſt'ning World
join Conſort, and his Praiſe proclaim.

Pſalm cv.

1 O Render Thanks, and bleſs the Lord,
invoke his ſacred Name:
Acquaint the Nations with his Deeds,
His matchleſs Deeds proclaim.
2 Sing to his Praiſe in lofty Hymns,
his wond'rous Works rehearſe;
Make them the Theme of your Diſcourſe,
and Subject of your Verſe.

3 Rejoice in his Almighty Name,
alone to be ador'd;
And let their Hearts o'erflow with Joy,
that humbly ſeek the Lord.
4 Seek ye the Lord, his ſaving Strength
devoutly ſtill implore;
And, where he's ever preſent, ſeek
his Face for evermore.

5 The Wonders that his Hands have wrought
keep thankfully in Mind;
The righteous Statutes of his Mouth,
and Laws to us aſſign'd.
6 Know ye his Servant Abr'am's Seed,
and Jacob's choſen Race,
7 He's ſtill our God, his Judgments ſtill
throughout the Earth take Place.

8 His Cov'nant he has kept in Mind
for num'rous Ages paſt;
Which yet, for thouſand Ages more,
in equal Force ſhall laſt.
9 Firſt ſign'd to Abr'am, next by Oath
to Iſaac made ſecure;
10 To Jacob and his Heirs a Law
for ever to endure.

11 That Canaan's Land ſhould be their Lot,
when yet but few they were:
12 But few in Number, and thoſe few
all friendleſs Strangers there.
13 In Pilgrimage, from Realm to Realm,
ſecurely they remov'd;
14 Whilſt proudeſt Monarchs for their ſakes
ſeverely he reprov'd.

15 "Theſe mine Anointed are, ſaid he,
"let none my Servants wrong;
"Nor treat the pooreſt Prophet ill,
"that does to me belong."
16 A Dearth at laſt, by his Command,
did thro' the Land prevail;
Till Corn, the chief Support of Life,
ſuſtaining Corn did fail.

17 But his indulgent Providence
had pious Joſeph ſent,
Sold into Egypt, but their Death
who ſold him to prevent.

18 Hi

18 His Feet with heavy Chains were cruſh'd,
with Calumny his Fame;
19 Till God's appointed Time and Word
to his Deliv'rance came.

20 The King his ſov'reign Orders ſent,
and reſcu'd him with Speed;
Whom private Malice had confin'd,
the People's Ruler freed.
21 His Court, Revenues, Realm, were all
ſubjected to his Will;
22 His greateſt Princes to control,
and teach his Stateſmen Skill.

PART II.

23 To Egypt then, invited Gueſts,
half-famiſh'd Iſr'el came;
And Jacob held, by Royal Grant,
the fertile Soil of Ham.
24 Th' Almighty there with ſuch Increaſe
his People multiply'd;
Till with their proud Oppreſſors they
in Strength and Number vy'd.

25 Their vaſt Increaſe th' Egyptians Hearts
with jealous Anger fir'd,
Till they his Servants to deſtroy
by treach'rous Arts conſpir'd.
26 His Servant Moſes then he ſent,
his choſen Aaron too;
27 Impower'd with Signs and Miracles,
to prove their Miſſion true.

28 He call'd for Darkneſs, Darkneſs came,
Nature his Summons knew;
29 Each Stream and Lake transform'd to Blood,
the wond'ring Fiſhes ſlew.
30 In putrid Floods, throughout the Land,
the Peſt of Frogs were bred;
From noiſome Fens ſent up to croak
at Pharaoh's Board and Bed.

31 He gave the Sign, and Swarms of Flies
came down in cloudy Hoſts;
Whilſt Earth's enliv'ned Duſt below
bred Lice through all their Coaſts.
32 He ſent them batt'ring Hail for Rain,
and Fire for cooling Dew;

33 He ſmote their Vines and Foreſt Plants,
and Garden's Pride o'erthrew.

34 He ſpake the Word and Locuſts came,
with Caterpillar's join'd,
They prey'd upon the poor Remains
the Storm had left behind.

35 From Trees to Herbage they deſcend;
no verd'nt Thing they ſpare;
But like the naked Fallow-Field,
leave all the Paſtures bare.

36 From Fields to Villages and Towns,
commiſſion'd Vengeance flew;
One fatal Stroke their eldeſt Hopes
and Strength of Egypt ſlew.

37 He brought his Servants forth, inrich'd
with Egypt's borrow'd Wealth;
And, what tranſcends all Treaſure elſe,
enrich'd with vig'rous Health.

38 Egypt rejoyc'd, in Hopes to find
her Plagues with them remov'd;
Taught dearly now to fear worſe Ills,
by thoſe already prov'd.

39 Their ſhrouding Canopy by Day,
a journeying Cloud was ſpread;
A fiery Pillar all the Night
their Deſart Marches led.

40 They long'd for Fleſh, with Ev'ning Quails
he furniſh'd ev'ry Tent;
From Heav'ns own Granary, each Morn,
the Bread of Angels ſent.

41 He ſmote the Rock, whoſe flinty Breaſt
pour'd forth a guſhing Tide, (march'd
Whoſe flowing Streams, where e'er they
the Deſart's Drought ſupply'd.

42 For ſtill he did on Abr'am's Faith
an ancient League reflect;

43 He brought his People forth with Joy,
with Triumph his Elect.

44 Quite rooting out their Heathen Foes,
from Canaan's fertile Soil,
To them in cheap Poſſeſſion gave
the Fruit of others Toil.

45 That they his Statutes might obſerve,
his ſacred Laws obey;

For

For Benefits ſo vaſt let us
our Songs of Praiſe repay.

Pſalm cvi.

1 O Render Thanks to God above,
The Fountain of eternal Love;
Whoſe Mercy firm thro' Ages paſt
Has ſtood, and ſhall for ever laſt.
2 Who can his mighty Deeds expreſs,
Not only vaſt but numberleſs?
What mortal Eloquence can raiſe
His Tribute of immortal Praiſe?

3 Happy are they, and only they,
Who from thy Judgments never ſtray,
Who know what's right, not only ſo,
But always practice what they know.
4 Extend to me that Favour, Lord,
Thou to thy Choſen doſt afford;
When thou return'ſt to ſet them free,
Let thy Salvation viſit me.

5 O may I worthy prove, to ſee
Thy Saints in full Proſperity!
That I the joyful Choir may join,
And count thy People's Triumph mine.
6 But ah! can we expect ſuch Grace,
Of Parents vile, the viler Race;
Who their Miſdeeds have acted o'er,
And with new Crimes increas'd the Score.

7 Ingrateful they, no longer thought
On all his Works in Egypt wrought;
The Red-Sea they no ſooner view'd,
But they their baſe Diſtruſt renew'd.
8 Yet he, to vindicate his Name,
Once more to their Deliv'rance came,
To make his ſov'reign Pow'r be known,
That he is God, and he alone.

9 To Right and Left at his Command,
The parting Deep diſclos'd her Sand;
Where firm and dry the Paſſage lay,
As through ſome parch'd and deſart Way.
10 Thus reſcu'd from their Foes they were,
Who cloſely preſs'd upon their Rear;
11 Whoſe Rage purſu'd them to thoſe Waves
That prov'd the raſh purſuers Graves.

12 The wat'ry Mountains ſudden Fall
O'erwhelm'd proud Pharaoh, Hoſt and all;
This Proof did ſtupid Iſr'el move
To own God's Truth, and praiſe his Love.

PART II.

13 But ſoon theſe Wonders they forgot,
And for his Counſel waited not;
14 But luſting in the Wilderneſs,
Did him with freſh Temptations preſs.
15 Strong Food at their requeſt he ſent,
But made their Sin their Puniſhment;
16 Yet ſtill his Saints they did oppoſe,
The Prieſt and Prophet whom he choſe.
17 But Earth, the Quarrel to decide,
Her vengeful Jaws extending wide,
Raſh Dathan to her Centre drew,
With proud Abiram's factious Crew.
18 The reſt of thoſe who did conſpire
To kindle wild Sedition's Fire,
With all their impious Train, became
A Prey to Heav'n's devouring Flame.
19 Near Horeb's Mount a Calf they made,
And to the molten Image pray'd;
20 Adoring what their Hands did Frame,
They chang'd their Glory to their Shame.
21 Their God and Saviour they forgot,
And all his Works in Egypt wrought;
22 His Signs in Ham's aſtoniſht Coaſt,
And where proud Pharaoh's Troops were loſt.
23 Thus urg'd, his vengeful hand he rear'd,
But Moſes in the Breach appear'd;
The Saint did for the Rebels pray,
And turn'd Heav'ns kindled Wrath away.
24 Yet they his pleaſant Land deſpis'd,
Nor his repeated promiſe priz'd;
25 Nor did th' Almighty's Voice obey,
But when God ſaid, Go up, would ſtay.
26, 27 This ſeal'd their Doom without Redreſs,
To periſh in the Wilderneſs;
Or elſe to be by Heathens Hands
O'erthrown and ſcatter'd thro' the Lands.

PART III.

28 Yet unreclaim'd this ſtubborn Race,
Baal-Peor's Worſhip did embrace;

Became

Became his impious Guests and fed
On Sacrifices to the Dead.
29 Thus they persisted to provoke
God' Vengeance to the final Stroke:
'Tis come;--the deadly Pest is come
To execute their gen'ral Doom.

30 But Phinehas, fir'd with holy Rage,
(Th' Almighty's Vengeance to asswage)
Did, by two bold Offenders Fall,
Th' Atonement make that ransom'd all.
31 As him a heav'nly Zeal had mov'd,
So Heav'n the zealous Act approv'd;
To him confirming, and his Race,
The Priesthood he so well did Grace.

32 At Meribah God's Wrath they mov'd,
Who Moses for their Sakes reprov'd:
33 Whose patient Soul they did provoke,
Till rashly the meek Prophet spoke.
34 Nor when possest of Canaan's Land,
Did they perform their Lord's Command,
Nor his commission'd Sword employ
The guilty Nations to destroy.

35 Nor only spar'd the Pagan Crew,
But, mingling, learnt their Vices too;
36 And worship to those Idols paid
Which them to fatal Snares betray'd.
37, 38 To Devils they did Sacrifice
Their Children with relentless Eyes,
Approach'd their Altars thro' a Flood,
Of their own Sons and Daughters Blood.

No cheaper Victims would appease
Canaan's remorseless Deities;
No Blood her Idols reconcile,
But that which did the Land defile.

PART IV.

39 Nor did these savage Cruelties
The harden'd Reprobates suffice;
For after their Hearts Lust they went,
And daily did new Crimes invent.
40 But Sins of such Infernal Hue
God's Wrath against his People drew,
Till he, their once indulgent Lord,
His own Inheritance abhor'd.

41 He them defenceleſs did expoſe
To their inſulting Heathen Foes;
And made them on the Triumphs wait,
Of thoſe who bore them greateſt Hate.
42 Nor thus his Indignation ceas'd,
Their Liſt of Tyrants he increas'd,
Till they, who God's mild Sway declin'd,
Were made the Vaſſels of Mankind.

43 Yet when diſtreſt, they did repent,
His Anger did as oft relent;
But freed, they did his Wrath provoke,
Renew'd their Sins, and he their Yoke.
44 Nor yet implacable he prov'd,
Nor heard their wretched Cries unmov'd,
45 But did to mind his Promiſe bring,
And Mercy's inexhauſted Spring.

46 Compaſſion too he did impart
E'en to their Foes obdurate Heart,
And Pity for their Suff'rings bred
In thoſe who them to Bondage led.
47 Still ſave us, Lord, and Iſr'el's Bands
Together bring from Heathen Lands;
So to thy Name our Thanks we'll raiſe,
And ever Triumph in thy Praiſe.

48 Let Iſr'el's God be ever bleſt,
His Name eternally confeſt;
Let all his Saints with full Accord,
Sing loud Amens---Praiſe ye the Lord.

Pſalm cvii.

1 TO God your grateful Voices raiſe,
who does your daily Patron prove;
And let your never-ceaſing Praiſe
attend on his eternal Love.
2, 3 Let thoſe give Thanks whom he from Bands
of proud oppreſſing Foes releas'd;
And brought them back from diſtant Lands,
from North and South, and Weſt and Eaſt.

4, 5 Thro' lonely deſart Ways they went,
nor could a peopled City find;
Till quite with Thirſt and Hunger ſpent,
their fainting Soul within them pin'd.

6 Then ſoon to God's indulgent Ear
did they their mournful Cry addreſs,

Who

Who graciouſly vouchſaf'd to hear,
and freed them from their deep Diſtreſs.

7 From crooked Paths he led them forth,
and in the certain Way did guide,
To wealthy Towns of great Reſort,
where all their Wants were well ſupply'd.
8 O then that all the Earth with me,
would God for this his Goodneſs praiſe!
And for the mighty Works which he
thro'out the wond'ring World diſplays!

9 For he from Heav'n the ſad Eſtate
of longing Souls with Pity views;
To hungry Souls that pant for Meat,
his Goodneſs daily Food renews.

PART II.

10 Some lie, with Darkneſs compaſs'd round
in Death's uncomfortable Shade;
And with unweildy Fetters bound,
by preſſing Cares more heavy made;
11, 12 Becauſe God's Counſel they defy'd,
and lightly priz'd his holy Word,
With theſe Affictions they were try'd;
they fell, and none could Help afford.

13 Then ſoon to God's indulgent Ear,
did they their mournful Cry addreſs;
Who graciouſly vouchſaf'd to hear,
and freed them from their deep Diſtreſs.
14 From diſmal Dungeons, dark as Night,
and Shades as black as Death's Abode,
He brought them forth to chearful Light,
and welcome Liberty beſtow'd.

15 O then that all the Earth, with me
would God for this his goodneſs praiſe!
And for the mighth Works which he
thro'out the wond'ring World diſplays!
16 For he with his Almighty Hand
the Gates of Braſs in Pieces broke;
Nor could the maſſy Bars withſtand,
or temper'd Steel reſiſt his Stroke.

PART III.

17 Remorſeleſs Wretches, void of Senſe,
with bold Tranſgreſſions God defy;

And

And for their multiply'd Offence,
oppreſt with ſore Diſeaſes lie:
18 Their Soul, a Prey to Pain and Fear,
abhors to taſte the choiceſt Meats,
And they by faint Degrees draw near
to Death's inhoſpitable Gates.

19 Then ſtrait to God's indulgent Ear,
do they their mournful Cry addreſs;
Who graciouſly vouchſafes to hear,
and frees them from their deep Diſtreſs.
20 He all their ſad Diſtempers heals,
his Word both Health and ſafety gives:
And when all human Succour fails,
from near Deſtruction them retrieves.

21 O then that all the Earth, with me,
would God for this his Goodneſs praiſe!
And for the mighty Works which he
thro'out the wond'ring World diſplays!
22 With Off'rings let his Altar flame,
whilſt they their grateful Thanks expreſs!
And with loud Joy his holy Name
for all his Acts of Wonder bleſs.

PART IV.

23, 24 They that in Ships, with Courage bold,
o'er ſwelling Waves their Trade purſue;
Do God's amazing Works behold,
and in the Deep his Wonders view.
25 No ſooner his Command is paſt,
but forth a dreadful Tempeſt flies,
Which ſweeps the Sea with rapid Haſte,
and makes the ſtormy Billows riſe.

26 Sometimes the Ships, toſs'd up to Heav'n,
on Tops of Mountain Waves appear;
Then down the ſteep Abyſs are driv'n,
whilſt ev'ry Soul diſſolves with Fear.
27 They reel and ſtagger too and fro,
like Men with Fumes of Wine oppreſt;
Nor do the skilful Seamen know,
which Way to ſteer, what Courſe is beſt.

28 Then ſtrait to God's indulgent Ear
they do their mournful Cry addreſs;

Who

Who graciouſly vouchſafes to hear,
and frees them from their deep Diſtreſs.
29, 30 He does the raging Storm appeaſe,
and makes the Billows calm and ſtill:
With Joy they ſee their Fury ceaſe,
and their intended Courſe fulfil.

31 O then that all the Earth, with me,
would God for this his Goodneſs praiſe;
And for the mighty Works, which he
thro'out the wond'ring World diſplays!
32 Let them, where all the Tribes reſort,
advance to Heav'n his glorious Name,
And in the Elders ſov'reign Court,
with one Conſent his Praiſe proclaim.

PART V.

33, 34 A fruitful Land, where Streams abound,
God's juſt Revenge, where People ſin,
Will turn to dry and barren Ground,
to puniſh thoſe that dwell therein.
35, 36 The parcht and deſart Heath he makes
to flow with Streams and ſpringing Wells:
Which for his Lot the Hungry takes,
and in ſtrong Cities ſafely dwells.

37, 38 He ſows the Field, the Vineyard plants,
which gratefully his Toil repay;
Nor can, whilſt God his Bleſſing grants,
his fruitful Seed or Stock decay.
39 But when his Sins Heav'ns Wrath provoke,
his Health and Subſtance fade away;
He feels th' Oppreſſor's galling Yoke,
and is of Grief the wretched Prey.

40 The Prince that ſlights what God commands,
expos'd to Scorn, muſt quit his Throne;
And over wild and deſart Lands,
where no Path offers, ſtray alone.
41 Whilſt God, from all afflicting Cares,
ſets up the humble Man on high:
And makes in Time his num'rous Heirs
with his increaſing Flocks to vie.

42, 43 Then Sinners ſhall have nought to ſay,
the Juſt a decent Joy ſhall ſhow;

The

The Wiſe theſe ſtrange Events ſhall Weigh,
and thence God's Goodneſs fully know.

Pſalm cviii.

1 O GOD, my Heart is fully bent,
to magnify thy Name;
My Tongue with chearful Songs of Praiſe,
ſhall celebrate thy Fame.
2 Awake, my Lute; nor thou, my Harp,
thy warbling Notes delay;
Whilſt I with early Hymns of Joy,
prevent the dawning Day.

3 To all the liſt'ning Tribes, O Lord,
thy Wonders I will tell;
And to thoſe Nations ſing thy Praiſe
that round about us dwell:
4 Becauſe thy Mercy's boundleſs Height
the higheſt Heav'n tranſcends;
And far beyond th' aſpiring Clouds
thy faithful Truth extends.

5 Be thou, O God, exalted high
above the ſtarry Frame;
And let the World, with one Conſent,
confeſs thy glorious Name.
6 That all thy choſen People Thee
their Saviour may declare.
Let thy Right-hand protect me ſtill,
and anſwer thou my Pray'r.

7 Since God himſelf has ſaid the Word,
whoſe Promiſe cannot fail,
With Joy I Shechem will divide,
and meaſure Succoth's Vale:
8 Gilead is mine; Manaſſeh too;
and Ephraim owns my Cauſe:
Their Strength my Regal Pow'r ſupports,
and Judah gives my Laws.

9 Moab I'll make my ſervile Drudge,
on vanquiſht Edom tread;
And thro' the proud Philiſtine Lands
my conqu'ring Banners ſpread.
10 By whoſe Support and Aid ſhall I
their well-fenc'd City gain?
Who will my Troops ſecurely lead
thro' Edom's guarded Plain?

11 Lord,

11 Lord, wilt not thou aſſiſt our Arms,
which late thou didſt forſake?
And wilt not thou, of theſe our Hoſts,
once more the Guidance take?
12 O to thy Servants in Diſtreſs
thy ſpeedy Succour ſend:
For vain it is on human Aid
for Safety to depend.
13 Then valiant Acts ſhall we perform,
if thou thy Pow'r diſcloſe;
For God it is, and God alone,
that treads down all our Foes.

Pſalm cix.

1 O GOD, whoſe former Mercies make
my conſtant Praiſe thy due,
Hold not thy Peace, but my ſad State
with wonted Favour view.
2 For ſinful Men, with lying Lips,
deceitful Speeches frame,
And with their ſtudy'd Slanders ſeek
to wound my ſpotleſs Fame.
3 Their reſtleſs Hatred prompts them ſtill,
malicious Lies to ſpread;
And all againſt my Life combine,
by cauſeleſs Fury led.
4 Thoſe whom with tend'reſt love I us'd,
my chief Oppreſſors are;
Whilſt I of other Friends bereft,
reſort to thee by Pray'r.
5 Since Miſchief, for the Good I did,
their ſtrange Reward does prove:
And Hatred's the return they make
for undiſſembled Love:
6 Their guilty Leader ſhall be made
to ſome ill Man a Slave;
And when he's try'd, his mortal Foe
for his Accuſer have.
7 His Guilt, when Sentence is pronounc'd,
ſhall meet a dreadful Fate;
Whilſt his rejected Pray'r but ſerves
his Crimes to aggravate.
8 He, ſnatch'd by ſome untimely Fate,
ſhan't live out half his Days;

Another

Another, by divine Decree,
shall on his Office seize.

9, 10 His Seed shall Orphans be, his Wife
a Widow plung'd in Grief;
His vagrant Children beg their Bread,
where none can give Relief.
11 His ill-got Riches shall be made
to Usurers a Prey;
The Fruit of all his Toil shall be
by Strangers borne away.

12 None shall be found, that to his Wants
their Mercy will extend,
Or to his helpless Orphan-Seed
the least Assistance lend.
13 A swift Destruction soon shall seize
on his unhappy Race;
And the next Age his hated Name
shall utterly deface.

14 The Vengeance of his Father's Sins
upon his Head shall fall;
God on his Mother's Crimes shall think,
and punish him for all.
15 All these, in horrid Order rank'd,
Before the Lord shall stand,
Till his fierce Anger quite cuts off
their Mem'ry from the Land.

PART II.

16 Because he never Mercy shew'd,
but still the Poor oppress'd;
And sought to slay the helpless Man,
with heavy Woes distress'd.
17 Therefore the Curse he lov'd to vent,
shall his own Portion prove;
And blessing, which he still abhor'd,
shall far from him remove.

18 Since he in Cursing took such Pride,
like Water it shall spread
Thro' all his Veins, and stick like Oil,
with which his Bones are fed.
19 This, like a poison'd Robe, shall still
his constant Cov'ring be,
Or an envenom'd Belt, from which
he never shall be free.

20 Thu

20 Thus ſhall the Lord reward all thoſe
that Ill to me deſign;
That with malicious falſe Reports
againſt my Life combine.
21 But for thy glorious Name, O God,
do thou deliver me;
And for thy gracious Mercy's Sake,
preſerve and ſet me free.

22 For I, to utmoſt Straits reduc'd,
am void of all Relief;
My Heart is wounded with Diſtreſs,
and quite pierc'd through with Grief.
23 I, like an Ev'ning Shade, decline,
which vaniſhes apace;
Like Locuſts up and down I'm toſt,
and have no certain Place.

24, 25 My Knees with faſting are grown weak,
my Body lank and lean;
All that behold me ſhake their Heads,
and treat me with Diſdain.
26, 27 But for thy Mercy's ſake, O Lord,
do thou my Foes withſtand;
That all may ſee 'tis thy own Act,
the Work of thy Right-hand.

28 Then let them curſe, ſo thou but bleſs;
let Shame the Portion be
Of all that my Deſtruction ſeek,
while I rejoice in thee.
29 My Foe ſhall with Diſgrace be cloath'd,
and ſpite of all his Pride:
His own Confuſion, like a Cloak,
the guilty Wretch ſhall hide.

30 But I to God, in grateful Thanks,
my chearful Voice will raiſe;
And where the great Aſſembly meets,
ſet forth his noble Praiſe.
31 For him the Poor ſhall always find
their ſure and conſtant Friend;
And he ſhall from unrighteous Dooms
their guiltleſs Souls defend.

Pſalm cx.

1 THE Lord unto my Lord thus ſpake,
"Till I thy Foes thy Foot-ſtool make,
"ſit

" fit thou, in State, at my Right-hand
2 " Supreme in Sion, thou ſhalt be,
" and all thy proud Oppreſſors ſee
" ſubjected to thy juſt Command.

3 " Thee, in thy Pow'rs triumphant Day,
" the willing Nations ſhall obey,
" and when thy riſing Beams they view,
" Shall all (redeem'd from Error's Night)
" appear as numberleſs and bright
" as Cryſtial Drops of Morning Dew."

4 The Lord has ſworn, nor ſworn in vain,
that like Melchizedech's, thy Reign
and Prieſthood ſhall no Period know:

5 No proud Competitor to ſit
at thy Right-hand will he permit:
but in his Wrath crown'd Heads o'erthrow

6 The ſentenc'd Heathen he ſhall ſlay,
and fill with Carcaſſes his Way,
till he has ſtruck Earth's Tyrants dead;

7 But in the High-way Brook ſhall firſt,
like a poor Pilgrim ſlake his Thirſt,
and then in Triumph raiſe his Head.

Pſalm cxi.

1 PRaiſe ye the Lord; our God to praiſe
My Soul her utmoſt Pow'r ſhall raiſe,
With private Friends, and in the Throng
Of Saints his Praiſe ſhall be my Song.

2 His Works, for greatneſs, tho' renown'd,
His wond'rous Works with Eaſe are found
By thoſe who ſeek for them aright,
And in the pious Search delight.

3 His Works are all of matchleſs Fame,
And univerſal Glory claim;
His Truth, confirm'd thro' Ages paſt,
Shall to eternal Ages laſt.

4 By Precept he has us enjoin'd,
To keep his wond'rous Works in Mind,
And to Poſterity record,
That good and gracious is our Lord.

5 His Bounty, like a flowing Tide,
Has all his Servants Wants ſupply'd;
And he will ever keep in Mind
His Cov'nant with our Fathers ſign'd.

At once aſtoniſht and o'erjoy'd,
They ſaw his matchleſs Pow'r employ'd;
Whereby the Heathen were ſuppreſs'd,
And we their Heritage poſſeſs'd.

Juſt are the Dealings of his Hands,
Immutable are his Commands:
By Truth and Equity ſuſtain'd,
And for eternal Rules ordain'd.
He ſet his Saints from Bondage free,
And then eſtabliſh'd his Decree,
For ever to remain the ſame;
Holy and Rev'rend is his Name.

Who Wiſdom's ſacred Prize would win;
Muſt with the Fear of God begin:
Immortal Praiſe, and heav'nly Skill
Have they who know and do his Will.

Pſalm cxii.

HALLELUJAH.

THAT Man is bleſt who ſtands in Awe
of God, and loves his ſacred Law:
His Seed on Earth ſhall be renown'd,
And with ſucceſſive Honours crown'd.
His Houſe, the Seat of Wealth, ſhall be
An inexhauſted Treaſury;
His Juſtice free from all Decay,
Shall Bleſſings to his Heirs convey.

The Soul that's fill'd with Virtue's Light,
Shines brighteſt in Affliction's Night:
To pity the Diſtreſs'd inclin'd,
As well as Juſt to all Mankind.
His lib'ral Favours he extends,
To ſome he gives, to others lends:
Yet what his charity impairs,
He ſaves by Prudence in Affairs.

Beſet with threat'ning Dangers round,
Unmov'd ſhall he maintain his Ground;
The ſweet Rememb'rance of the Juſt,
Shall flouriſh when he ſleeps in Duſt.
Ill Tidings never can ſurpriſe
His Heart that, fix'd, on God relies:
On Safety's Rock, he ſits, and ſees
The Shipwreck of his Enemies.

9 His Hands, while they his Alms beſtow'd,
His Glory's future Harveſt ſow'd;
Whence he ſhall reap Wealth, Fame, Renown
A temp'ral and eternal Crown.
10 The Wicked ſhall his Triumph ſee,
And gnaſh their Teeth in Agony;
While their unrighteous Hopes decay,
And vaniſh, with themſelves, away.

Pſalm cxiii.

1 YE Saints and Servants of the Lord,
the Triumphs of his Name record,
2 His ſacred Name for ever bleſs.
3 Where'ere the circling Sun diſplays,
His riſing Beams or ſetting Rays,
Due Praiſe to his great Name addreſs.

4 God thro' the World extends his Sway,
the Regions of eternal Day;
but Shadows of his Glory are.
5 To him, whoſe Majeſty excels,
Who made the Heav'n wherein he dwells,
let no created Pow'r compare.
6 Tho' 'tis beneath his State to view
in higheſt Heav'n what Angels do,
yet he to Earth vouchſafes his Care:
He takes the needy from his Cell,
advancing him in Courts to dwell,
Companion to the greateſt there.

7 When childleſs Families deſpair,
he ſends the Bleſſing of an Heir,
to reſcue their expiring Name;
Makes her that barren was to bear,
and joyfully her Fruit to rear;
O then extol his matchleſs Fame!

Pſalm cxiv.

1 WHEN Iſr'el by th' Almighty led,
(enrich'd with their Oppreſſor's Spo
From Egypt march'd, and Jacob's Seed
from Bondage in a foreign Soil;
2 Jehovah, for his Reſidence,
choſe out imperial Judah's Tent,
His Manſion-Royal, and from thence
thro' Iſr'el's Camp his Orders ſent.

3 The distant Sea with terror saw,
and from th' Almighty's Presence fled;
Old Jordan's Streams, surpriz'd with Awe,
retreated to their Fountain's Head,
4 The taller Mountains skipp'd like Rams,
when Danger near the Fold they hear;
The Hills skipp'd after them, like Lambs,
affrighted by their leader's Fear.

5 O Sea, what made your Tide withdraw,
and naked leave your ouzy Bed?
Why, Jordan, against Nature's Law,
recoil'st thou to thy Fountain's Head?
6 Why, Mountains, did you skip like Rams,
when Danger does approach the Fold?
Why after you the Hills like Lambs,
when they their Leader's Flight behold?

7 Earth, tremble on; well may'st thou fear,
thy Lord and Maker's Face to see;
When Jacob's awful God draws near,
'tis Time for Earth and Sea to flee;
8 To flee from God, whose Nature's Law,
confirms and cancels at his Will;
Who Springs from flinty Rocks can draw
and thirsty Vales with Water fill.

Psalm cxv.

1 LORD, not to us, we claim no Share,
but to thy sacred Name
Give Glory, for thy Mercy's sake,
and Truth's eternal Fame.
2 Why should the Heathen cry, Where's now
the God whom we adore?
Convince them that in Heav'n thou art,
and uncontroul'd thy Pow'r.

3 Their Gods but Gold and Silver are,
the Works of mortal Hands:
With speechless Mouth, and sightless Eyes,
the molten Idol stands.
4 The Pageant has both Ears and Nose,
but neither hears nor smells;
Its Hands and Feet nor feel nor move,
no Life within it dwells.

5 Such senseless Stocks they are, that we
can nothing like them find.

But

But thoſe who on their Help rely,
and them for Gods deſign'd.
9 O Iſr'el, make the Lord your Truſt,
who is your Help and Shield;
10 Prieſts, Levites, truſt in him alone,
who only Help can yield.

11 Let all, who truly fear the Lord,
on him they fear, rely;
Who them in Danger can defend,
and all their Wants ſupply.
12, 13 Of us he oft has mindful been,
and Iſr'el's Houſe will bleſs,
Prieſts, Levites, Proſelytes, ev'n all
who his great Name confeſs.

14 On you, and on your Heirs, he will
increaſe of Bleſſings bring;
15 Thrice happy you, who Fav'rites are
of this Almighty King.
16 Heav'ns higheſt Orb of Glory, he
his Empire's Seat deſign'd;
And gave this lower Globe of Earth
a Portion to Mankind.

17 They who in Death and Silence ſleep
to him no Praiſe afford:
18 But we will bleſs for evermore
our ever-living Lord.

Pſalm cxvi.

1 MY Soul with grateful Thoughts of Love
intirely is poſſeſt;
Becauſe the Lord, vouchſaf'd to hear
the Voice of my requeſt.
2 Since he has now his Ear inclin'd,
I never will deſpair;
But ſtill in all the Straits of Life
to him addreſs my Pray'r.

3 With deadly Sorrows compaſt round,
with Pains of Hell oppreſt,
When Troubles ſeiz'd my aking Heart,
and Anguiſh rack'd my Breaſt;
4 On God's Almighty Name I call'd,
and thus to him I pray'd;
"Lord, I beſeech thee ſave my Soul,
"with Sorrows quite diſmay'd."

5, 6 How

5, 6 How juſt and merciful is God,
how gracious is the Lord!
Who ſaves the Harmleſs, and to me
does timely Help afford.
7 Then, free from penſive Cares, my Soul,
reſume thy wonted Reſt;
For God has wond'rouſly to thee
his bounteous Love expreſt.
8 When Death alarm'd me, he remov'd
my Dangers and my Fears;
My Feet from falling he ſecur'd,
and dry'd my Eyes from Tears.
9 Therefore my Life's remaining Years,
which God to me ſhall lend,
Will I in Praiſes to his Name,
and in his Service ſpend.

10, 11 In God I truſted, and of him
in greateſt Straits did boaſt;
(For in my Flight all Hopes of Aid
from faithleſs Men were loſt.)
12, 13 Then what Return to him ſhall I
for all his Goodneſs make?
I'll praiſe his Name, and with glad Zeal,
the Cup of Bleſſing take.

14, 15 I'll pay my Vows amongſt his Saints,
whoſe Blood, (howe'er deſpis'd
By wicked Men) in God's Account
is always highly priz'd.
16 By various Ties, O Lord, muſt I
to thy Dominion bow;
Thy humble Handmaid's Son before,
thy ranſom'd Captive now!

17, 18 To thee I'll Off'rings bring of Praiſe;
and whilſt I bleſs thy Name,
The juſt Performance of my Vows
To all thy Saints proclaim.
19 They in Jeruſalem ſhall meet,
and in thy Houſe ſhall join,
To bleſs thy Name with one Conſent,
and mix their Songs with mine.

Pſalm cxvii.

1 WITH chearful Notes let all the Earth
to Heav'n their Voices raiſe;

Let all, inſpir'd with godly Mirth,
ſing ſolemn Hymns of Praiſe;
2 God's tender Mercy knows no Bound,
his Truth ſhall ne'er decay;
Then let the willing Nations round
their grateful Tribute pay.

Pſalm cxviii.

1, 2 O Praiſe the Lord, for he is good,
his Mercies ne'er decay:
That his kind Favours ever laſt,
let thankful Iſr'el ſay.
3, 4 Their Senſe of his eternal Love
Let Aaron's Houſe expreſs;
And that it never fails, let all
that fear the Lord confeſs.

5 To God I made my humble Moan,
with Troubles quite oppreſt;
And he releas'd me from my Straits,
and granted my Requeſt.
6 Since therefore God does on my Side
ſo graciouſly appear,
Why ſhould the vain Attempts of Men
poſſeſs my Soul with Fear?

7 Since God with thoſe that aid my Cauſe
vouchſafes my Part to take,
To all my Foes I need not doubt
a juſt Return to make.
8, 9 For better 'tis to Truſt in God,
and have the Lord our Friend,
Than on the greateſt human Pow'r
for Safety to depend.

10, 11 Tho' many Nations cloſely leagu'd,
did oft beſet me round!
Yet by his boundleſs Pow'r ſuſtain'd,
I did their Strength confound.
12 They ſwarm'd like Bees, and yet their Rage
was but a ſhort-liv'd Blaze:
For whilſt on God I ſtill rely'd,
I vanquiſh'd them with Eaſe.

13 When all united preſs'd me hard,
in Hopes to make me fall:
The Lord vouchſaf'd to take my Part,
and ſav'd me from them all.

14 The

14 The Honour of my ſtrange Eſcape
to him alone belongs;
He is my Saviour and my Strength,
he only claims my Songs.

15 Joy fills the Dwelling of the Juſt,
whom God has ſav'd from Harm;
For wond'rous Things are brought to paſs
by his Almighty Arm.
16 He, by his own reſiſtleſs Pow'r,
has endleſs Honour won;
The ſaving Strength of his Right-hand
amazing Works has done.

17 God will not ſuffer me to fall,
but ſtill prolongs my Days;
That by declaring all his Works,
I may advance his Praiſe.
18 When God had ſorely me chaſtis'd,
till quite of Hopes bereav'd;
His Mercy from the Gates of Death
my fainting Life repriev'd.

19 Then open wide the Temple-Gates
to which the Juſt repair;
That I may enter in and praiſe
my great Deliv'rer there.
20, 21 Within thoſe Gates of God's Abode
to which the Righteous preſs;
Since thou haſt heard and ſet me ſafe,
thy holy Name I'll bleſs.

22, 23 That, which the Builders once refus'd,
is now the Corner-Stone;
This is the wond'rous Work of God,
the Work of God alone.
24, 25 This Day is God's; let all the Land
exalt their chearful Voice:
Lord, we beſeech thee, ſave us now,
and make us ſtill rejoice.

26 Him that approaches in God's Name,
let all th' Aſſembly bleſs;
"We, that belong to God's own Houſe,
"have wiſh'd you good Succeſs.
27 God is the Lord, through whom we all
both Light and Comfort find;

Fast to the Altar's Horn, with Cords,
the chosen Victim bind.

28 Thou art my Lord, O God, and still
I'll praise thy holy Name;
Because thou only art my God,
I'll celebrate thy Fame.

29 O then, with me, give Thanks to God,
who still does gracious prove;
And let the Tribute of our Praise
be endless as his Love.

Psalm cxix.

ALEPH.

1 HOW blest are they who always keep
the pure and perfect Way!
Who never from the sacred Paths
of God's Commandments stray!

2 Thrice blest who to his righteous Laws
have still obedient been!
And have with fervent humble Zeal
his Favour sought to win!

3 Such Men their utmost Caution use
to shun each wicked Deed;
But in the Path which he directs
with constant Care proceed.

4 Thou strictly hast enjoin'd us, Lord,
to learn thy sacred Will;
And all our Diligence employ
thy Statutes to fulfil.

5 O then that thy most holy Will
might o'er my Ways preside!
And I the Course of all my Life
by thy Direction guide!

6 Then with Assurance should I walk,
from all Confusion free;
Convinc'd, with Joy, that all my Ways
with thy Commands agree.

7 My upright Heart, shall my glad Mouth
with chearful Praises fill;
When by thy righteous Judgments taught,
I shall have learnt thy Will.

8 So to thy sacred Laws shall I,
all due Observance pay;

O then

O then forſake me not, my God,
nor caſt me quite away.

BETH.

9 How ſhall the Young preſerve their Ways
from all Pollution free?
By making ſtill their Courſe of Life
with thy Commands agree.
10 With hearty Zeal, for thee I ſeek,
to thee for Succour pray;
O ſuffer not my careleſs Steps
from thy right Paths to ſtray.
11 Safe in my Heart, and cloſely hid,
thy Word, my Treaſure, lies;
To ſuccour me with timely Aid,
when ſinful Thoughts ariſe.
12 Secur'd by that, my grateful Soul
ſhall ever bleſs thy Name;
O teach me then by thy juſt Laws
my future Life to frame.
13 My Lips, unlockt by pious Zeal,
to others have declar'd,
How well the Judgments of thy Mouth
deſerve our beſt regard.
14 Whilſt in the Way of thy Commands,
more ſolid Joy I found,
Than had I been with vaſt Increaſe
of envy'd Riches crown'd.
15 Therefore thy juſt and upright Laws
ſhall always fill my Mind;
And thoſe ſound Rules which thou preſcrib'ſt
all due Reſpect ſhall find.
16 To keep thy Statutes undefac'd,
ſhall be my conſtant Joy;
The ſtrict Remembrance of thy Word,
ſhall all my Thoughts employ.

GIMEL.

17 Be gracious to thy Servant, Lord,
do thou my Life defend,
That I, according to thy Word,
my Time to come may ſpend.
18 Enlighten both my Eyes and Mind,
that ſo I may diſcern
The wond'rous Things which they behold
who thy juſt Precepts learn.

19 Tho' like a Stranger in the Land,
from Place to Place I ſtray,
Thy righteous Judgments from my Sight
remove not thou away.
20 My fainting Soul is almoſt pin'd,
with earneſt Longing ſpent;
Whilſt always on the eager Search
of thy juſt Will, intent.

21 Thy ſharp Rebuke ſhall cruſh the Proud,
whom ſtill thy Curſe purſues;
Since they to walk in thy right Ways
preſumptuouſly refuſe.
22 But far from me do thou, O Lord,
Contempt and Shame remove;
For I thy ſacred laws affect
with undiſſembled Love.

23 Tho' Princes oft in Council met,
againſt thy Servant ſpake;
Yet I, thy Statutes to obſerve,
my conſtant Buſineſs make.
24 For thy Commands have always been
my Comfort and Delight;
By them I learn, with prudent Care,
to guide my Steps aright.

D A L E T H.

25 My Soul oppreſs'd with deadly Care,
cloſe to the Duſt does cleave:
Revive me, Lord, and let me now
thy promis'd Aid receive.
26 To thee I ſtill declar'd my Ways,
and thou inclin'dſt thine Ear;
O teach me then my future Life
by thy juſt Laws to ſteer.

27 If thou wilt make me know thy Laws,
and by their Guidance walk,
The wond'rous Works which thou haſt done
ſhall be my conſtant Talk.
28 But ſee, my Soul within me ſinks,
preſt down with weighty Care;
Do, thou, according to thy Word,
my waſted Strength repair.

29 Far, far from me be all falſe Ways,
and lying Arts remov'd!

But kindly grant I ſtill may keep
the Path by thee approv'd.
30 Thy faithful Ways, thou God of Truth,
my happy Choice I've made;
Thy Judgments, as my rule of Life,
before me always laid.

31 My Care has been to make my Life
with thy Commands agree;
O then preſerve thy Servant, Lord,
from Shame and Ruin free.
32 So in the Way of thy Commands,
ſhall I with Pleaſure run,
And with a Heart enlarg'd with Joy,
ſucceſsfully go on.

H E.

33 Inſtruct me in thy Statutes, Lord,
thy righteous Paths diſplay!
And I from them, thro' all my Life,
will never go aſtray.
34 If thou true Wiſdom from above
wilt graciouſly impart,
To keep thy perfect Laws I will
devote my zealous Heart.

35 Direct me in the ſacred Ways
to which thy Precepts lead;
Becauſe my chief Delight has been
thy righteous Paths to tread.
36 Do thou to thy moſt juſt Commands
incline my willing Heart;
Let no Deſire of worldly Wealth
from thee my Thoughts divert.

37 From thoſe vain Objects turn my Eyes
which this falſe World diſplays;
But give me lively Pow'r and Strength
to keep thy righteous Ways.
38 Confirm the Promiſe which thou mad'ſt,
and give thy Servant Aid,
Who to tranſgreſs thy ſacred Laws
is awfully afraid.

39 The foul Diſgrace I juſtly fear,
in Mercy, Lord, remove;
For all the Judgments thou ordain'ſt
are full of Grace and Love.

40 Thou know'ſt how, after thy Commands,
my longing Heart does pant;
O then make haſte and raiſe me up,
and promis'd Succour grant.

V A U.

41 Thy conſtant Bleſſing, Lord, beſtow,
to chear my drooping Heart;
To me, according to thy Word,
thy ſaving Health impart.
42 So ſhall I, when my Foes upbraid,
this ready Anſwer make;
" In God I truſt, who never will
" his faithful Promiſe break."
43 Then let not quite the Word of Truth
be from my Mouth remov'd;
Since ſtill my Ground of ſtedfaſt Hope
thy juſt Decrees have prov'd.
44 So I to keep thy righteous Laws,
will all my Study bend;
From Age to Age my Time to come
in their Obſervance ſpend.
45 E'er long I truſt to walk at large,
from all incumbrance free;
Since I reſolv'd to make my Life
with thy Commands agree.
46 Thy Laws ſhall be my conſtant Talk;
and Princes ſhall attend,
Whilſt I the Juſtice of thy Ways
with Confidence defend.
47 My longing Heart and raviſh'd Soul
ſhall both o'erflow with Joy;
When in thy lov'd Commandments I
my happy Hours employ.
48 Then will I to thy juſt Decrees,
lift up my willing Hands;
My Care and Buſineſs then ſhall be
to ſtudy thy Commands.

Z A I N.

49 According to thy promis'd Grace,
thy Favour, Lord, extend;
Make good to me the Word, on which
thy Servant's Hopes depend.
50 That only Comfort in Diſtreſs
did all my Griefs controul;

Thy

Thy Word, when Troubles hem'd me round,
reviv'd my fainting Soul.

51 Inſulting Foes did proudly mock,
and all my Hopes deride;
Yet from thy Law, not all their Scoffs
could make me turn aſide.

52 Thy Judgments then, of ancient Date,
I quickly call'd to mind!
'Till raviſh'd with ſuch Thoughts, my Soul
did ſpeedy Comfort find.

53 Sometimes I ſtand amaz'd, like one
with deadly Horror ſtruck,
To think how all my ſinful Foes
have thy juſt Laws forſook.

54 But I thy Statutes and Decrees,
my chearful Anthems made;
Whilſt thro' ſtrange Lands and Deſarts wild
I like a Pilgrim ſtray'd.

55 Thy Name that chear'd my Heart by Day,
has fill'd my Thoughts by Night;
I then reſolv'd by thy juſt Laws,
to guide my Steps aright.

56 That Peace of Mind, which has my Soul
in deep Diſtreſs ſuſtain'd,
By ſtrict Obedience to thy Will
I happily obtain'd.

C H E T H.

57 O Lord, my God, my Portion thou,
and ſure Poſſeſſion art;
Thy Words I ſtedfaſtly reſolve
to Treaſure in my Heart.

58 With all the Strength of warm Deſires
I did thy Grace implore;
Diſcloſe, according to thy Word,
thy Mercy's boundleſs Store.

59 With due Reflection and ſtrict Care
on all my Ways I thought;
And ſo, reclaim'd to thy juſt Paths,
my wand'ring Steps I brought.

60 I loſt no Time, but made great haſte,
reſolv'd, without Delay,
To watch, that I might never more
from thy Commandments ſtray.

61 Tho' num'rous Troops of ſinful Men
to rob me have combin'd;
Yet I thy pure and righteous Laws
have ever kept in Mind.
62 In Dead of Night I will ariſe,
to ſing thy ſolemn Praiſe;
Convinc'd how much I always ought
to love thy righteous Ways.

63 To ſuch as fear thy holy Name
myſelf I cloſely join,
To all who their obedient Wills
to thy Commands reſign.
64 O'er all the Earth thy Mercy, Lord,
abundantly is ſhed;
O make me then, exactly learn,
thy ſacred Paths to tread.

T E T H.

65 With me, thy Servant, thou haſt dealt
moſt graciouſly, O Lord,
Repeated Benefits beſtow'd,
according to thy Word.
66 Teach me the ſacred Skill, by which
right Judgment is attain'd,
Who in Belief of thy Commands
have ſtedfaſtly remain'd.

67 Before Affliction ſtopt my Courſe,
my Footſteps went aſtray;
But I have ſince been diſciplin'd
thy Precepts to obey.
68 Thou art, O Lord, ſupremely good,
and all thou doſt is ſo;
On me, thy Statutes to diſcern,
the ſaving Skill beſtow.

69 The Proud have forg'd malicious Lies
my ſpotleſs Fame to ſtain;
But my fixt Heart, without Reſerve,
thy Precepts ſhall retain.
70 While pamper'd they, with proſp'rous Ills,
in ſenſual Pleaſures live,
My Soul can reliſh no Delight
but what thy Precepts give.

71 'Tis good for me that I have felt
Affliction's chaſt'ning Rod,

That

That I may duly learn and keep
the Statutes of my God.
72 The Law that from thy Mouth proceeds
of more Eſteem I hold,
Than untouch'd Mines, than thouſand Mines
of Silver and of Gold.

JOD.

73 To me, who am the Workmanſhip
of thy Almighty Hands,
The heav'nly Underſtanding give
to learn thy juſt Commands.
74 My Preſervation to thy Saints
ſtrong Comfort will afford,
To ſee Succeſs attend my Hopes,
who truſted in thy Word.
75 That right thy Judgments are, I now
by ſure Experience ſee,
And that in Faithfulneſs, O Lord,
thou haſt afflicted me.
76 O let thy tender Mercy now
afford me needful Aid;
According to thy Promiſe, Lord,
to me, thy Servant, made.
77 To me, thy ſaving Grace reſtore,
that I again may live;
Whoſe Soul can reliſh no Delight
but what thy Precepts give.
78 Defeat the Proud, who, unprovok'd,
to ruin me have ſought;
Who only on thy ſacred Laws
employ my harmleſs Thought.
79 Let thoſe that Fear thy Name eſpouſe
my Cauſe, and thoſe alone,
Who have by ſtrict and pious Search
thy ſacred Precepts known.
80 In thy bleſt Statutes let my Heart
continue always ſound,
That Guilt and Shame, the ſinners Lot,
may never me confound.

CAPH.

81 My Soul with long Expectance faints
to ſee thy ſaving Grace;
Yet ſtill on thy unerring Word
my Confidence I place.

82 My very Eyes conſume and fail
with waiting for thy Word:
O! when wilt thou thy kind Relief
and promis'd Aid afford?

83 My Skin like ſhrivel'd Parchment ſhows,
that long in Smoke is ſet;
Yet no Afflictions me can force
thy Statutes to forget.

84 How many Days muſt I endure
of Sorrow and Diſtreſs?
When wilt thou Judgment execute
on them who me oppreſs?

85 The Proud have digg'd a Pit for me,
that have no other Foes,
But ſuch as are averſe to thee,
and thy juſt Laws oppoſe.

86 With Right and Truth's eternal Laws
all thy Commands agree;
Men perſecute me without Cauſe,
thou, Lord, my helper be.

87 With cloſe Deſigns againſt my Life
they had almoſt prevail'd:
But in Obedience to thy Will
my Duty never fail'd.

88 Thy wonted Kindneſs, Lord, reſtore,
my drooping Heart to cheer;
That by thy righteous Statutes, I
my Life's whole Courſe may ſteer.

L A M E D.

89 For ever and for ever, Lord,
unchang'd thou doſt remain;
Thy Word, eſtabliſh'd in the Heav'ns,
does all their Orbs ſuſtain.

90 Thro' circling Ages, Lord, thy Truth
immoveable ſhall ſtand,
As doth the Earth, which thou uphold'ſt
by thy Almighty Hand.

91 All Things the Courſe by thee ordain'd,
ev'n to this Day fulfil:
They are thy faithful Subjects all,
and Servants of thy Will.

92 Unleſs thy ſacred Law had been
my Comfort and Delight,

I muſt

I muſt have fainted and expir'd
in dark Afflictions Night.

93 Thy Precepts therefore from my Thoughts
ſhall never, Lord, depart;
For thou, by them, haſt to new Life
reſtor'ſt my dying Heart.
94 As I am thine, entirely thine,
protect me, Lord, from Harm;
Who have thy Precepts ſought to know,
and carefully perform.

95 The Wicked have their Ambuſh laid
my guiltleſs Life to take:
But in the midſt of Danger I
thy Word my Study make.
96 I've ſeen an End of what we call
Perfection here below;
But thy Commandments, like thyſelf,
no Change or Period know.

M E M.

97 The Love that to thy Laws I bear,
no Language can diſplay;
They with freſh Wonders entertain
my raviſh'd Thoughts all Day.
98 Through thy Commands I wiſer grow
than all my ſubtle Foes;
For thy ſure Word does me direct,
and all my Ways diſpoſe.

99 From me my former Teachers now
my abler Counſel take;
Becauſe thy ſacred Precepts I
my conſtant Study make.
100 In Underſtanding I excel
the Sages of our Days;
Becauſe by thy unerring Rules
I order all my Ways.

101 My Feet, with Care, I have refrain'd
from ev'ry ſinful Way,
That to thy ſacred Word I might
intire Obedience pay.
102 I have not from thy Judgments ſtray'd,
by vain Deſires miſled;
For, Lord, thou haſt inſtructed me
thy righteous Paths to tread.

103 How

103 How ſweet are all thy Words to me;
O what divine Repaſt!
How much more grateful to my Soul
than Honey to my taſte.
104 Taught by thy ſacred Precepts, I
with heav'nly Skill am bleſt;
Thro' which the treach'rous Ways of Sin
I utterly deteſt.

N U N.

105 Thy Word is to my Feet a Lamp,
the Way of Truth to ſhow:
A Watch-light to point out the Path,
in which I ought to go.
106 I ſwear (and from my ſolemn Oath
I'll never ſtart aſide;)
That in thy righteous Judgments I
will ſtedfaſtly abide.
107 Since I with Griefs am ſo oppreſt
that I can bear no more,
According to thy Word, do thou
my fainting Soul reſtore.
108 Let ſtill my Sacrifice of Praiſe
with thee Acceptance find;
And in thy righteous Judgments, Lord,
inſtruct my willing Mind.
109 Tho' ghaſtly Dangers me ſurround,
my Soul they cannot awe:
Nor, with continual Terrors, keep
from thinking on thy Law.
110 My wicked and invet'rate Foes
for me their Snares have laid;
Yet I have kept the upright Path,
nor from thy Precepts ſtray'd.
111 Thy Teſtimonies I have made
my Heritage and Choice;
For they, when other Comforts fail,
my drooping Heart rejoice.
112 My Heart with early Zeal began
thy Statutes to obey;
And till my Courſe of Life is done,
ſhall keep thy upright Way.

S A M E C H.

113 Deceitful Thoughts and Practices
I utterly deteſt?

But

But to thy Law Affection bear
too great to be expreſt.
114 My Hiding-Place, my Refuge-Tow'r,
and Shield art thou, O Lord;
I firmly Anchor all my Hopes
on thy unerring Word.

115 Hence ye that trade in Wickedneſs,
approach not my Abode,
For firmly I reſolve to keep
the Precepts of my God.
116 According to thy gracious Word,
from Danger ſet me free;
Nor make me of thoſe Hopes aſham'd
that I repoſe on thee.

117 Uphold me, ſo ſhall I be ſafe,
and reſcu'd from Diſtreſs;
To thy Decrees continually
my juſt Reſpects addreſs.
118 The Wicked thou haſt trod to Earth,
who from thy Statutes ſtray'd;
Their vile Deceit the juſt Reward
of their own Falſhood made.

119 The Wicked from thy holy Land
thou doſt, like Droſs, remove;
I therefore, with ſuch Juſtice charm'd,
thy Teſtimonies love.
120 Yet with that Love they make me dread
leſt I ſhould ſo offend,
When on Tranſgreſſors I behold
thy Judgments thus deſcend.

A I N.

121 Judgment and Juſtice I have lov'd;
O therefore, Lord, engage
In my Defence, nor give me up
to my Oppreſſors Rage.
122 Do thou be Surety, Lord, for me;
and ſo ſhall this Diſtreſs
Prove good for me; nor ſhall the Proud
my guiltleſs Soul oppreſs.

123 My Eyes, alas! begin to fail,
in long Expectance held,
Till thy Salvation they behold,
and righteous Word fulfill'd.

124 To me, thy Servant, in Diſtreſs
thy wonted Grace diſplay,
And diſcipline my willing Heart
thy Statutes to obey.

125 On me, devoted to thy Fear,
thy ſacred Skill beſtow,
That of thy Teſtimonies I
the full Extent may know.

126 'Tis Time, high Time for thee, O Lord,
thy Vengeance to employ,
When Men with open Violence
thy ſacred Law deſtroy.

127 Yet their Contempt of thy Commands
but makes their Value riſe
In my Eſteem, who pureſt Gold,
compar'd with them, deſpiſe.

128 Thy Precepts therefore I account
in all reſpects divine;
They teach me to diſcern the right,
and all falſe Ways decline.

P E.

129 The Wonders which thy Laws contain,
no Words can repreſent;
Therefore to learn and practiſe them,
my zealous Heart is bent.

130 The very Entrance to thy Word
celeſtial Light diſplays:
And Knowledge of true Happineſs
to ſimpleſt Minds conveys.

131 With eager Hopes I waiting ſtood,
and fainted with Deſire,
That of thy wiſe Commands I might
the ſacred Skill acquire.

132 With Favour, Lord, look down on me,
who thy Relief implore;
As thou art wont to viſit thoſe
that thy bleſt Name adore.

133 Directed by thy heav'nly Word,
let all my Footſteps be;
Nor Wickedneſs of any Kind
Dominion have o'er me.

134 Releaſe, intirely ſet me free
from perſecuting Hands,

That

That unmoleſted I may learn
and practiſe thy Commands.

135 On me, devoted to thy Fear,
Lord, make thy Face to ſhine;
Thy Statutes both to know and keep,
my Heart with Zeal incline.
136 My Eyes to weeping Fountains turn,
whence briny Rivers flow,
To ſee Mankind againſt thy Laws
in bold Defiance go.

TSADDI.

137 Thou art the righteous Judge, in whom
wrong'd Innocence may truſt:
And, like thyſelf, thy Judgments, Lord,
in all Reſpects are juſt.
138 Moſt juſt and true thoſe Statutes were,
which thou didſt firſt decree;
And all with Faithfulneſs perform'd,
ſucceeding Times ſhall be.

139 With Zeal my Fleſh conſumes away,
my Soul with Anguiſh frets,
To ſee my Foes contemn, at once,
thy Promiſes and Threats.
140 Yet each neglected Word of thine,
(howe'er by them deſpis'd)
Is pure, and for eternal Truth
by me, thy Servant, priz'd.

141 Brought, for thy Sake, to low Eſtate,
Contempt from all I find;
Yet no Affronts or Wrongs can drive
thy Precepts from my Mind.
142 Thy Righteouſneſs ſhall then endure,
when Time itſelf is paſt;
Thy Law is Truth itſelf, that Truth
which ſhall for ever laſt.

143 Tho' Trouble, Anguiſh, Doubts and Dreads
to compaſs me unite,
Beſet with Dangers, ſtill I make
thy Precepts my Delight.
144 Eternal and unerring Rules
thy Teſtimonies give:
Teach me the Wiſdom that will make
my Soul for ever live.

KOPH.

K O P H.

145 With my whole Heart to God I call'd,
Lord, hear my earneſt Cry;
And I, thy Statutes to perform,
will all my Care apply.
146 Again more fervently I pray'd,
O ſave me, that I may,
Thy Teſtimonies throughly know,
and ſtedfaſtly obey.

147 My earlier Pray'r the dawning Day
prevented, while I cry'd
To him on whoſe engaging Word
my Hope alone rely'd.
148 With Zeal have I awak'd before
the Midnight Watch was ſet,
That I, of thy myſterious Word,
might perfect Knowledge get.

149 Lord, hear my ſupplicating Voice,
and wonted Favour ſhow;
O quicken me, and ſo approve
thy Judgments ever true.
150 My perſecuting Foes advance
and hourly nearer draw;
What Treatment can I hope from them
who violate thy Law?

151 Tho' they draw nigh, my Comfort is,
thou, Lord, 'art yet more near,
Thou, whoſe Commands are righteous all
thy Promiſes ſincere.
152 Concerning thy divine Decrees
my Soul has known of old,
That they were true, and ſhall their Truth
to endleſs Ages hold.

R E S C H.

153 Conſider my Affliction, Lord,
and me from Bondage draw:
Think on thy Servant in Diſtreſs,
who ne'er forgets thy Law.
154 Plead thou my Cauſe; to that and me
thy timely Aid afford;
With Beams of Mercy quicken me
according to thy Word.

155 From

153 From harden'd Sinners thou remov'ſt
Salvation far away;
'Tis juſt thou ſhouldſt withdraw from them
who from thy Statutes ſtray.
156 Since great thy tender Mercies are
to all who thee adore;
According to thy Judgments, Lord,
my fainting Hopes reſtore.

157 A num'rous Hoſt of ſpiteful Foes
againſt my Life combine;
But all too few to Force my Soul
thy Statutes to decline.
158 Thoſe bold Tranſgreſſors I beheld,
and was with Grief oppreſs'd,
To ſee with what audacious Pride
thy Cov'nant they tranſgreſs'd.

159 Yet while they ſlight, conſider, Lord,
how I thy Precepts love:
O therefore quicken me with Beams
of Mercy from Above.
160 As from the Birth of Time thy Truth
has held through Ages paſt,
So ſhall thy righteous Judgments, firm,
to endleſs Ages laſt.

SCHIN.

161 Tho' mighty Tyrants, without Cauſe,
conſpire my Blood to ſhed,
Thy ſacred Word has Pow'r alone
To fill my Heart with Dread.
162 And yet that Word my joyful Breaſt
with heav'nly Rapture warms,
Nor Conqueſt, nor the Spoils of War,
have ſuch tranſporting Charms.

163 Perfidious Practices and Lies
I utterly deteſt;
But to thy Laws Affection bear,
too vaſt to be expreſt.
164 Sev'n Times a Day, with grateful Voice,
thy Praiſes I reſound,
Becauſe I find thy Judgments all
with Truth and Juſtice crown'd.

165 Secure, ſubſtantial Peace have they
who truly love thy Law:

No

No ſmiling Miſchief them can tempt,
nor frowning Danger awe.
166 For thy Salvation I have hop'd,
and tho' ſo long delay'd,
With chearful Zeal and ſtricteſt Care
all thy Commands obey'd.

167 Thy Teſtimonies I have kept,
and conſtantly obey'd;
Becauſe the Love I bore to them
the Service eaſy made.
168 From ſtrict Obſervance of thy Laws
I never yet withdrew,
Convinc'd that my moſt ſecret Ways
are open to thy View.

T A U.

169 To my Requeſt and earneſt Cry
attend, O gracious Lord;
Inſpire my Heart with heav'nly Skill,
according to thy Word.
170 Let my repeated Pray'r at laſt
before thy Throne appear;
According to thy plighted Word
for my Relief draw near.

171 Then ſhall my grateful Lips return
the Tribute of their Praiſe,
When thou thy Counſels haſt reveal'd,
and taught me thy juſt Ways.
172 My Tongue the Praiſes of thy Word
ſhall thankfully reſound,
Becauſe thy Promiſes are all
with Truth and Juſtice crown'd.

173 Let thy Almighty Arm appear
and bring me timely Aid;
For I the Laws thou haſt ordain'd
my Heart's free Choice have made.
174 My Soul has waited long to ſee
thy ſaving Grace reſtor'd;
Nor Comfort knew, but what thy Laws,
thy heav'nly Laws afford.

175 Prolong my Life, that I may ſing
my great Reſtorer's Praiſe;
Whoſe Juſtice from the Depth of Woes
my fainting Soul ſhall raiſe.

176 Like

176 Like ſome loſt Sheep I've ſtray'd, till I
deſpair my Way to find;
Thou, therefore, Lord, thy Servant ſeek,
who keeps thy Laws in mind.

Pſalm cxx.

1 IN deep Diſtreſs I oft have cry'd
To God, who never yet deny'd
To reſcue me oppreſs'd with Wrongs;
2 Once more, O Lord, Deliv'rance ſend,
From lying Lips my Soul defend,
And from the Rage of ſland'ring Tongues.

3 What little Profit can accrue?
And yet what heavy wrath is due,
O thou perfidious Tongue, to thee!
4 Thy Sting upon thyſelf ſhall turn;
Of laſting Flames that fiercely burn,
The conſtant Fuel thou ſhalt be.

5 But O! how wretched is my Doom,
Who am a Sojourner become
In barren Meſech's deſart Soil!
With Kedar's wicked Tents enclos'd,
To lawleſs Savages expos'd,
Who live on nought but Theft and Spoil.

6 My hapleſs Dwelling is with thoſe
Who Peace and Amity oppoſe,
And Pleaſure take in others Harms:
7 Sweet Peace is all I court and ſeek;
But when to them of Peace I ſpeak,
they ſtraight cry out, to Arms, to Arms.

Pſalm cxxi.

1 TO Sion's Hill I lift my Eyes,
from thence expecting Aid;
2 From Sion's Hill, and Sion's God,
who Heav'n and Earth has made.
3 Then, thou my Soul, in Safety reſt,
thy Guardian will not ſleep;
4 His watchful Care, that Iſr'el guards,
will Iſr'el's Monarch keep.

5 Shelter'd beneath th' Almighty's Wings,
thou ſhalt ſecurely reſt,
6 Where neither Sun nor Moon ſhall thee
by Day or Night moleſt.

7 From

7 From common Accidents of Life
His Care ſhall guard thee ſtill:
From the blind Strokes of Chance and Foes,
that lie in wait to kill.
8 At Home, Abroad, in Peace, in War,
thy God ſhall thee defend;
Conduct thee thro' Life's Pilgrimage
ſafe to thy Journey's End.

Pſalm cxxii.

O 'Twas a joyful Sound to hear
our Tribes devoutly ſay,
Up Iſr'el, to the Temple haſte,
and keep your feſtal Day.
2 At Salem's Courts we muſt appear
with our aſſembled Pow'rs;
3 In ſtrong and beauteous Order rang'd
like her united Tow'rs.
4 'Tis thither, by divine Command,
the Tribes of God repair,
Before his Ark to celebrate
his Name with Praiſe and Pray'r.
5 Tribunals ſtand erected there,
where Equity takes Place,
There ſtands the Courts and Palaces
of Royal David's Race.
6 O, pray we then for Salem's Peace,
for they ſhall proſp'rous be,
(Thou holy City of our God!)
who bear true Love to thee.
7 May Peace within thy ſacred Walls
a conſtant Gueſt be found,
With Plenty and Proſperity
thy Palaces be crown'd.
8 For my dear Brethren's ſake, and Friends,
no leſs than Brethren dear,
I'll pray,--May Peace in Salem's Tow'rs
a conſtant Gueſt appear.
9 But moſt of all I'll ſeek thy Good,
and ever wiſh thee well,
For Sion and the Temples ſake,
where God vouchſafes to dwell.

Pſalm cxxiii.

1, 2 O N thee, who dwell'ſt above the Skies,
For Mercy wait my longing Eyes,

As Servants watch their Maſters Hands,
And Maids their Miſtreſſes Commands.
3, 4 O then have Mercy on us, Lord,
Thy gracious Aid to us afford,
To us whom cruel Foes oppreſs,
Grown rich and proud by our Diſtreſs.

Pſalm cxxiv.

1 HAD not the Lord, (may Iſr'el ſay)
been pleas'd to interpoſe;
2 Had he not then eſpous'd our Cauſe,
when Men againſt us roſe.
3, 4, 5 Their Wrath hath ſwallow'd us alive,
and rag'd without Control;
Their Spite and Pride's united Floods
had quite o'erwhelm'd our Soul.
6 But prais'd be our eternal Lord,
who reſcu'd us that Day,
Nor to their ſavage Jaws gave up
our threat'ned Lives a Prey.
7 Our Soul is like a Bird eſcap'd
from out the Fowler's Net;
The Snare is broke, their Hopes are croſt,
and we at Freedom ſet.
8 Secure in his Almighty Name,
our Confidence remains,
Who, as he made both Heav'n and Earth,
of both ſole Monarch reigns.

Pſalm cxxv.

1 WHO place on Sion's God their Truſt,
like Sion's Rock ſhall ſtand,
Like her immoveable be fixt
by his Almighty Hand.
2 Look how the Hills on ev'ry Side
Jeruſalem incloſe:
So ſtands the Lord around his Saints
to guard them from their Foes.
3 The Wicked may afflict the Juſt,
but ne'er too long oppreſs,
Nor force him by Deſpair to ſeek
baſe Means for his Redreſs.
4 Be good, O righteous God, to thoſe
who righteous Deeds affect,
The Heart that Innocence retains
let Innocence protect.

5 All

5 All thoſe who walk in crooked Paths,
the Lord ſhall ſoon deſtroy;
Cut off th' Unjuſt, but crown the Saints
with laſting Peace and Joy.

Pſalm cxxvi.

1 WHEN Sion's God her Sons recall'd
from long Captivity,
It ſeem'd at firſt a pleaſing Dream
of what we wiſh'd to ſee.
2 But ſoon in unaccuſtom'd Mirth
we did our Voice employ,
And ſung our great Creator's Praiſe
in thankful Hymns of Joy.

Our Heathen Foes repining ſtood,
yet were compell'd to own,
That great and wond'rous was the Work
our God for us had done.
3 'Twas great ſay they, 'twas wond'rous great,
much more ſhould we confeſs;
The Lord has done great Things, whereof
we reap the glad Succeſs.
4 To us bring back the Remnant, Lord,
of Iſr'el's captive Bands,
More welcome than refreſhing Show'rs
to parcht and thirſty Lands.
5 That we, whoſe Work commenc'd in Tears,
may ſee our Labours thrive,
Till finiſh'd with Succeſs, to make
our drooping Hearts revive.
6 Tho' he deſpond that ſows his Grain,
yet doubtleſs he ſhall come
To bind his full-ear'd Sheaves, and bring
his joyful Harveſt home.

pſalm cxxvii.

1 WE build with fruitleſs Coſt, unleſs
the Lord the Pile ſuſtain,
Unleſs the Lord, the City keep,
the Watchman wakes in vain.
2 In vain we riſe before the Day,
and late to Reſt repair,
Allow no Reſpite to our Toil,
and eat the Bread of Care.

Supplies of Life, with Eaſe to them,
he on his Saints beſtows;

He crowns their Labour with Succeſs,
their Nights with ſound Repoſe.
3 Children, thoſe Comforts of our Life,
are Preſents from the Lord:
He gives a num'rous Race of Heirs
as Piety's Reward.

4 As Arrows in a Giant's Hand,
when marching forth to War;
Ev'n ſo the Son's of ſprightly Youth,
their Parents Safeguard are.
5 Happy the Man, whoſe Quiver's fill'd
with theſe prevailing Arms;
He needs not fear to meet his Foe,
at Law, or War's Alarms.

Pſalm cxxviii.

1 THE Man is bleſt who fears the Lord,
nor only Worſhip pays;
But keeps his Steps confin'd with Care,
to his appointed Ways.
2 He ſhall upon the ſweet Returns
of his own Labour feed:
Without Dependance live, and ſee
his Wiſhes all ſucceed.
3 His Wife, like a fair fertile Vine,
her lovely Fruit ſhall bring;
His Children, like young Olive Plants,
about his Table ſpring.
4, 5, Who fears the Lord ſhall proſper thus;
him Sion's God ſhall bleſs,
And grant him all his Days to ſee
Jeruſalem's Succeſs.
6 He ſhall live on, 'till Heirs from him
deſcend with vaſt Increaſe;
Much bleſs'd in his own proſp'rous State,
and more in Iſr'el's Peace.

Pſalm cxxix.

1 FROM my Youth up, may Iſr'el ſay,
they oft have me aſſail'd;
2 Reduc'd me oft to heavy Straits,
but never quite prevail'd.
3 They oft have plough'd my patient Back
with Furrows deep and long;
4 But our juſt God has broke their Chains,
and reſcu'd us from Wrong.

5 All those who walk in crooked Paths,
the Lord shall soon destroy;
Cut off th' Unjust, but crown the Saints
with lasting Peace and Joy.

Psalm cxxvi.

1 WHEN Sion's God her Sons recall'd
from long Captivity,
It seem'd at first a pleasing Dream
of what we wish'd to see.
2 But soon in unaccustom'd Mirth
we did our Voice employ,
And sung our great Creator's Praise
in thankful Hymns of Joy.

Our Heathen Foes repining stood,
yet were compell'd to own,
That great and wond'rous was the Work
our God for us had done.
3 'Twas great say they, 'twas wond'rous great,
much more should we confess;
The Lord has done great Things, whereof
we reap the glad Success.
4 To us bring back the Remnant, Lord,
of Isr'el's captive Bands,
More welcome than refreshing Show'rs
to parcht and thirsty Lands.
5 That we, whose Work commenc'd in Tears,
may see our Labours thrive,
Till finish'd with Success, to make
our drooping Hearts revive.
6 Tho' he despond that sows his Grain,
yet doubtless he shall come
To bind his full-ear'd Sheaves, and bring
his joyful Harvest home.

psalm cxxvii.

1 WE build with fruitless Cost, unless
the Lord the Pile sustain,
Unless the Lord, the City keep,
the Watchman wakes in vain.
2 In vain we rise before the Day,
and late to Rest repair,
Allow no Respite to our Toil,
and eat the Bread of Care.

Supplies of Life, with Ease to them,
he on his Saints bestows;

He crowns their Labour with Succeſs,
their Nights with ſound Repoſe.
3 Children, thoſe Comforts of our Life,
are Preſents from the Lord:
He gives a num'rous Race of Heirs
as Piety's Reward.

4 As Arrows in a Giant's Hand,
when marching forth to War;
Ev'n ſo the Son's of ſprightly Youth,
their Parents Safeguard are.
5 Happy the Man, whoſe Quiver's fill'd
with theſe prevailing Arms;
He needs not fear to meet his Foe,
at Law, or War's Alarms.

Pſalm cxxviii.

1 THE Man is bleſt who fears the Lord,
nor only Worſhip pays;
But keeps his Steps confin'd with Care,
to his appointed Ways.
2 He ſhall upon the ſweet Returns
of his own Labour feed:
Without Dependance live, and ſee
his Wiſhes all ſucceed.
3 His Wife, like a fair fertile Vine,
her lovely Fruit ſhall bring;
His Children, like young Olive Plants,
about his Table ſpring.
4, 5, Who fears the Lord ſhall proſper thus;
him Sion's God ſhall bleſs,
And grant him all his Days to ſee
Jeruſalem's Succeſs.
6 He ſhall live on, 'till Heirs from him
deſcend with vaſt Increaſe;
Much bleſs'd in his own proſp'rous State,
and more in Iſr'el's Peace.

Pſalm cxxix.

1 FROM my Youth up, may Iſr'el ſay,
they oft have me aſſail'd;
2 Reduc'd me oft to heavy Straits,
but never quite prevail'd.
3 They oft have plough'd my patient Back
with Furrows deep and long;
4 But our juſt God has broke their Chains,
and reſcu'd us from Wrong.

5 Defeat, Confuſion, ſhameful Rout
be ſtill the Doom of thoſe,
Their righteous Doom, who Sion hate,
and Sion's God oppoſe.
6 Like Corn upon our Houſes Tops,
untimely let them fade:
Which too much Heat, and want of Root,
has blaſted in the Blade:

7 Which in his Arms no Reaper takes,
but unregarded leaves:
Nor Binder thinks it worth his Pains
to fold it into Sheaves:
8 No Traveller that paſſes by,
vouchſafes a Minute's Stop,
To give it one kind Look, or wiſh
Heav'n's Bleſſing on the Crop.

Pſalm cxxx.

1 FROM loweſt Depths of Woe,
to God I ſent my Cry:
2 Lord, hear my ſupplicating Voice,
and graciouſly reply.
3 Should'ſt thou ſeverely judge,
who can the Tryal bear;
4 But thou forgiv'ſt, leſt we deſpond,
and quite renounce thy Fear.

5 My Soul with Patience waits
for thee the living Lord:
My Hopes are on thy Promiſe built,
thy never-failing Word.
6 My longing Eyes look out
for thy enliv'ning Ray;
More duly than the Morning Watch,
to ſpy the dawning Day.

7 Let Iſr'el truſt in God,
no Bounds his Mercy knows;
The plenteous Source and Spring from whence
eternal Succour flows.
8 Whoſe friendly Streams to us
ſupplies in Want convey;
A healing Spring, a Spring to cleanſe
and waſh our Guilt away.

Pſalm cxxxi.

1 O Lord, I am not proud of Heart,
nor caſt a ſcornful Eye;

No

Nor my aſpiring Thoughts employ
in Things for me too high.
2 With Infant-Innocence thou know'ſt
I have myſelf demean'd:
Compos'd to Quiet, like a Babe,
that from the Breaſt is wean'd.

3 Like me let Iſr'el hope in God,
his Aid alone implore:
Both now and ever truſt in him
who lives for evermore.

Pſalm cxxxii.

1 LET David, Lord, a conſtant Place
in thy Remembrance find;
Let all the Sorrows he endur'd,
be ever in thy Mind.
2 Remember what a ſolemn Oath
to thee, his Lord, he ſwore;
How to the mighty God he vow'd,
whom Jacob's Sons adore.

3, 4 I will not go into my Houſe,
nor to my Bed aſcend;
No ſoft Repoſe ſhall cloſe my Eyes,
nor Sleep my Eye-lids bend:
5 'Till for the Lord's deſign'd Abode
I mark the deſtin'd Ground;
Till I a decent Place of Reſt
for Jacob's God have found.

6 Th' appointed Place, with Shouts of Joy,
at Ephrata we found:
And made the Wood and neighb'ring Fields,
our glad Applauſe reſound.
7 O with due Rev'rence let us then,
to his Abode repair:
And proſtrate at his Footſtool fall'n,
pour out our humble Pray'r.

8 Ariſe, O Lord, and now poſſeſs
thy conſtant Place of Reſt;
Be that, not only with thy Ark,
but with thy Preſence bleſt.
9, 10 Clothe thou thy Prieſts with Righteouſneſs,
make thou thy Saints rejoice:
And for thy Servant David's ſake,
hear thy Anointed's Voice.

11 God ſware to David in his Truth,
(nor ſhall his Oath be vain)
One of thy Offspring after thee
upon thy Throne ſhall reign.
12 And if thy Seed my Cov'nant keep,
and to my Laws ſubmit;
Their Children too upon thy Throne
for evermore ſhall ſit.

13, 14 For Sion does in God's Eſteem,
all other Seats excel;
His Place of everlaſting Reſt,
where he deſires to dwell.
15, 16 Her Stores, ſays he, I will encreaſe,
her Poor with Plenty bleſs;
Her Saints ſhall ſhout for Joy, her Prieſts
my ſaving Health confeſs.

17 There David's Pow'r ſhall long remain,
in his ſucceſſive Line:
And my anointed Servant there
ſhall with freſh Luſtre ſhine.
18 The Faces of his vanquiſh'd Foes
Confuſion ſhall o'erſpread;
Whilſt, with confirm'd Succeſs, his Crown
ſhall flouriſh on his Head.

Pſalm cxxxiii.

1 HOW vaſt muſt their Advantage be!
how great their Pleaſure prove!
Who live like Brethren, and conſent
in Offices of Love!
2 True Love is like that precious Oil
which pour'd on Aaron's Head,
Ran down his Beard, and o'er his Robes
its coſtly Moiſture ſhed.
3 'Tis like refreſhing Dew, which does
on Hermon's Top diſtil;
Or like the early Drops that fall
on Sion's fruitful Hill.
For God to all, whoſe friendly Hearts
with mutual Love abound,
Has firmly promis'd length of Days
with conſtant Bleſſings crown'd.

Pſalm cxxxiv.

1 BLESS God, ye Servants that attend
upon his ſolemn State;

That

That in his Temple, Night by Night,
with humble Rev'rence wait.
2, 3 Within his Houſe lift up your Hands,
and bleſs his holy Name;
From Sion bleſs thy Iſr'el, Lord,
who Heav'n and Earth didſt frame.

Pſalm cxxxv.

1 O Praiſe the Lord with one Conſent,
and magnify his Name;
Let all the Servants of the Lord
his worthy Praiſe proclaim.
2 Praiſe him all ye that in his Houſe,
attend with conſtant Care;
With thoſe that to his utmoſt Courts,
with humble Zeal repair.

3 For this our trueſt Int'reſt is,
glad Hymns of Praiſe to ſing;
And with loud Songs to bleſs his Name,
a moſt delightful Thing.
4 For God his own peculiar Choice
the Sons of Jacob makes:
And Iſr'el's Offspring for his own
moſt valu'd Treaſure takes.

5 That God is great, we often have
by glad Experience found:
And ſeen how he with wond'rous Pow'r
above all God's is crown'd.
6 For he with unreſiſted Strength,
performs his ſov'reign Will;
In Heav'n and Earth, and wat'ry Stores
that Earth's deep Caverns fill.

7 He raiſes Vapours from the Ground,
which pois'd in liquid Air,
Fall down at laſt in Show'rs, thro' which
his dreadful Lightnings glare.
8 He from his Store-houſe brings the Winds:
and he with vengeful Hand,
The Firſt-born ſlew of Man and Beaſt,
thro' Egypt's mourning Land.

9 He dreadful Signs and Wonders ſhew'd
thro' ſtubborn Egypt's Coaſts;
Nor Pharaoh could his Plagues eſcape,
nor all his num'rous Hoſts.

10, 11 'Twas he that various Nations ſmote,
and mighty Kings ſuppreſs'd:
Sihon and Og, and all beſides,
who Canaan's Lands poſſeſs'd.

12, 13 Their Land upon his choſen Race
he firmly did entail;
For which his Fame ſhall always laſt,
his Praiſe ſhall never fail.

14 For God ſhall ſoon his People's Cauſe
with pitying Eyes ſurvey;
Repent him of his Wrath, and turn
his kindled Rage away.

15 Thoſe Idols, whoſe falſe Worſhip ſpreads
o'er all the Heathen Lands,
Are made of Silver and of Gold,
the Work of human Hands.

16, 17 They move not their fictitious Tongues,
nor ſee with poliſh'd Eyes:
Their counterfeited Ears are deaf,
no Breath their Mouth ſupplies.

18 As ſenſeleſs, as themſelves, are they
that all their Skill apply
To make them, or in dangerous Times,
on them for Aid rely.

19 Their juſt Returns of Thanks to God
let grateful Iſr'el pay:
Nor let the Prieſts of Aaron's Race
to bleſs the Lord delay.

20 Their Senſe of his unbounded Love
let Levi's Houſe expreſs:
And let all thoſe that fear the Lord,
his Name for ever bleſs.

21 Let all with Thanks his wond'rous Works
in Sion's Courts proclaim:
Let them in Salem, where he dwells,
exalt his holy Name.

Pſalm cxxxvi.

1 TO God, the mighty Lord,
Your joyful Thanks repeat;
To him due Praiſe afford
As good as he is great:
For God does prove
Our conſtant Friend,

His

His boundleſs Love
Shall never end.

2, 3 To him whoſe wond'rous Pow'r
All other Gods obey,
Whom earthly Kings adore,
This grateful Homage pay.
For God, &c.

4, 5 By his Almighty Hand
Amazing Works are wrought;
The Heav'ns by his Command,
Were to Perfection brought.
For God, &c.

6 He ſpread the Ocean round,
About the ſpacious Land:
And made the riſing Ground
Above the Waters ſtand.
For God, &c.

7, 8, 9 Thro' Heav'n he did diſplay
His num'rous Hoſts of Light;
The Sun to rule by Day,
The Moon and Stars by Night.
For God, &c.

10, 11, 12 He ſtruck the firſt-born dead,
Of Egypt's ſtubborn Land:
And thence his People led
With his reſiſtleſs Hand.
For God, &c.

13, 14 By him the raging Sea,
As if in Pieces rent,
Diſclos'd a middle Way,
Thro' which his People went.
For God, &c.

15 Where ſoon he overthrew
Proud Pharaoh and his Hoſt,
Who daring to purſue,
Were in the Billows loſt.
For God, &c.

16, 17, 18 Thro' Deſarts vaſt and wild
He led the choſen Seed:
And famous Princes foil'd,
And made great Monarch's bleed.
For God, &c.

19, 20 Sihon, whoſe potent Hand
Great Ammon's Scepter ſway'd,
And Og, whoſe ſtern Command
Rich Baſhan's Land obey'd.
For God, &c.

21, 22 And of his wond'rous Grace,
Their Lands, whom he deſtroy'd,
He gave to Iſr'el's Race,
To be by them enjoy'd.
For God, &c.

23, 24 He, in our Depth of Woes,
On us with Favour thought;
And from our cruel Foes
In Peace and Safety brought.
For God, &c.

25, 26 He does the Food ſupply
On which all Creatures live,
To God who reigns on high,
Eternal Praiſes give.
For God will prove
our conſtant Friend;
His boundleſs Love
Shall never end.

Pſalm cxxxvii.

1 WHEN we our wearied Limbs to reſt,
Sat down by proud Euphrates's Stream;
We wept, with doleful Thoughts oppreſt,
and Sion was our mournful Theme.
2 Our Harps, that when with Joy we ſung,
were wont their tuneful Parts to bear,
With ſilent Strings neglected hung
on Willow-Trees that wither'd there.

3 Mean while our Foes, who all conſpir'd
to triumph in our ſlaviſh Wrongs,
Muſic and Mirth of us requir'd,
"Come, ſing us one of Sion's Songs."
4 How ſhall we tune our Voice to ſing,
or touch our Harps with ſkilful Hands?
Shall Hymns of Joy to God our King,
Be ſung by Slaves in foreign Lands?

5 O Salem, our once happy Seat!
when I of thee forgetful prove,

Let

Let then my trembling Hand forget
the ſpeaking Strings with Art to move!
6 If I to mention thee forbear,
eternal Silence ſeize my Tongue:
Or if I ſing one chearful Air,
till thy Deliv'rence is my Song.

7 Remember, Lord, how Edom's Race,
in thy own City's fatal Day,
Cry'd out, "Her ſtately Walls deface,
"and with the Ground quite level lay."
8 Proud Babel's Daughter, doom'd to be
of Grief and Woe the wretched Prey;
Bleſt is the Man who ſhall to thee
the Wrongs thou lay'ſt on us, repay.

9 Thrice bleſt, who with juſt Rage poſſeſt,
and deaf to all the Parents Moans,
Shall ſnatch thy Infants from the Breaſt,
and daſh their Heads againſt the Stones.

Pſalm cxxxviii.

1 WITH my whole Heart, my God and King,
thy Praiſe I will proclaim;
Before the Gods with Joy I'll ſing,
and bleſs thy holy Name.
2 I'll worſhip at thy ſacred Seat,
and with thy Love inſpir'd,
The Praiſes of thy Truth repeat,
o'er all thy Works admir'd.

3 Thou graciouſly inclind'ſt thine Ear,
when I to thee did cry;
And when my Soul was preſt with Fear,
didſt inward Strength ſupply.
4 Therefore ſhall ev'ry earthly Prince
thy Name with Praiſe purſue;
Whom theſe admir'd Events convince,
that all thy Works are true.

5 They all thy wond'rous Ways, O Lord,
with chearful Songs ſhall bleſs;
And all thy glorious Acts record,
thy awful Pow'r confeſs.
6 For God, altho' enthron'd on high,
does thence the Poor reſpect;
The Proud far off, his ſcornful Eye
beholds with juſt Neglect.

7 Tho' I with Troubles am oppreſt,
he ſhall my Foes diſarm,
Relieve my Soul when moſt diſtreſs'd,
and keep me ſafe from Harm.
8 The Lord, whoſe Mercies ever laſt,
ſhall fix my happy State:
And mindful of his Favours paſt,
ſhall his own Work complete.

Pſalm cxxxix.

1, 2 THou, Lord, by ſtricteſt Search haſt known
My riſing up, and lying down;
My ſecret Thoughts are known to thee,
Known long before conceiv'd by me.
3 Thine Eye my Bed and Path ſurveys,
My public Haunts and private Ways;
4 Thou know'ſt what 'tis my Lips would vent,
My yet unutter'd Words Intent.

5 Surrounded by thy Pow'r I ſtand,
On ev'ry Side I find thy Hand.
6 O Skill, for human Reach too high!
Too dazling bright for mortal Eye!
7 O could I ſo perfidious be,
To think of once diſerting thee!
Where, Lord, could I thy Influence ſhun,
Or whither from thy Preſence run?

8 If up to Heav'n I take my Flight,
'Tis there thou dwell'ſt enthron'd in Light;
Or drive to Hell's infernal Plains,
'Tis there Almighty Vengeance reigns.
9 If I the Morning's Wing could gain,
And fly beyond the Weſtern Main,
10 Thy ſwifter Hand would firſt arrive,
And there arreſt thy Fugitive.

11 Or ſhould I try to ſhun thy Sight
Beneath the ſable Wings of Night;
One Glance from thee, one piercing Ray
Would kindle Darkneſs into Day.
12 The Veil of Night is no Diſguiſe,
No Screen from thy all-ſearching Eyes;
Thro' mid-night Shades thou find'ſt thy Way
As in the blazing Noon of Day.

13 Thou know'ſt the Texture of my Heart,
My Reins and ev'ry vital Part,

Each

Each ſingle Thread, in Nature's Loom,
By thee was cover'd in the Womb.
14 I'll praiſe thee, from whoſe Hands I came,
A Work of ſuch a curious Frame:
The Wonders thou in me haſt ſhown,
My Soul with grateful Joy muſt own.

15 Thine Eyes my Subſtance did ſurvey,
While yet a lifeleſs Maſs it lay;
In ſecret how exactly wrought,
Ere from its dark Incloſure brought.
16 Thou didſt the ſhapeleſs Embryo ſee,
Its Parts were regiſter'd by thee:
Thou ſaw'ſt the daily Growth they took,
Form'd by the Model of thy Book.

17 Let me acknowledge too, O God,
That ſince this Maze of Life I trod,
Thy Thoughts of Love to me ſurmount
The Pow'r of Numbers to recount.
18 Far ſooner could I reckon o'er
The Sands upon the Ocean's Shore;
Each Morn, reviſing what I've done,
I find th' Account but new begun.

19 The Wicked thou ſhalt ſlay, O God;
Depart from me, ye Men of Blood,
20 Whoſe Tongues Heav'n's Majeſty profane
And take the Almighty's Name in vain.
21 Lord, hate not I their impious Crew,
Who thee with Enmity purſue?
And does not Grief my Heart oppreſs,
When Reprobates thy Laws tranſgreſs?

22 Who practice Enmity to thee,
Shall utmoſt Hatred have from me:
Such Men I utterly deteſt,
As if they were my Foes profeſt.
23, 24 Search, try, O God, my Thoughts and Heart,
If Miſchief lurks in any Part;
Correct me where I go aſtray,
And guide me in thy perfect Way.

Pſalm cxl.

1 PReſerve me, Lord, from crafty Foes
of treacherous Intent;
2 And from the Sons of Violence,
on open Miſchief bent.

3 Their ſland'ring Tongue the Serpent's Sting
in Sharpneſs does exceed;
Between their Lips the Gall of Aſps
and Adder's Venom breed.

4 Preſerve me, Lord, from wicked Hands,
nor leave my Soul forlorn,
A Prey to Sons of Violence,
who have my Ruin ſworn.

5 The Proud for me have laid their Snare,
and ſpread their wily Net;
With Traps and Gins, where'er I move,
I find my Steps beſet.

6 But thus environ'd with Diſtreſs,
thou art my God, I ſaid;
Lord, hear my ſupplicating Voice,
that calls to thee for Aid.

7 O Lord, the God, whoſe ſaving Strength
kind Succour did convey:
And cover'd my advent'rous Head
in Battle's doubtful Day.

8 Permit not their unjuſt Deſigns
to anſwer their Deſire;
Leſt they, encourag'd by Succeſs,
to bolder Crimes aſpire.

9 Let firſt their Chiefs the ſad Effects
of their Injuſtice mourn,
The Blaſt of their envenom'd Breath,
upon themſelves return.

10 Let them, who kindled firſt the Flame,
its Sacrifice become;
The Pit they digg'd for me, be made
their own untimely Tomb.

11 Tho' Slander's Breath may raiſe a Storm,
it quickly will decay;
Their Rage does but the Torrent ſwell
that bears themſelves away.

12 God will aſſert the poor Man's Cauſe,
and ſpeedy Succour give;
The Juſt ſhall celebrate his Praiſe,
and in his Preſence live.

Pſalm cxli.

1 TO thee, O Lord, my Cries aſcend,
O haſte to my Relief;

And

And with accuſtom'd Pity hear
the Accents of my Grief.
2 Inſtead of Off'rings, let my Pray'r
like Morning Incenſe riſe;
My lifted Hands ſupply the Place
of Ev'ning Sacrifice.

3 From haſty Language curb my Tongue,
and let a conſtant Guard
Still keep the Portal of my Lips
with wary Silence barr'd.
4 From wicked Mens Deſigns and Deeds
my Heart and Hands reſtrain:
Nor let me in the Booty ſhare
of their unrighteous Gain.

5 Let upright Men reprove my Faults,
and I ſhall think them kind:
Like Balm that heals a wounded Head,
I their Reproof ſhall find.
And in Return, my fervent Pray'r
I ſhall for them addreſs,
When they are tempted and reduc'd,
like me, to ſore Diſtreſs.

6 When ſculking in Engeddi's Rock,
I to their Chiefs appeal,
If one reproachful Word I ſpoke,
when I had Pow'r to kill:
7 Yet us they perſecute to Death,
our ſcatter'd Ruins lie
As thick as from the Hewer's Ax,
the ſever'd Splinters fly.

8 But, Lord, to thee I ſhall direct
my ſupplicating Eyes;
O leave not deſtitute my Soul,
whoſe Truſt on thee relies.
9 Do thou preſerve me from the Snares,
that wicked Hands have laid:
Let them in their own Nets be caught,
while my Eſcape is made.

Pſalm cxlii.

1 TO God with mournful Voice,
in deep Diſtreſs I pray'd;
2 Made him the Umpire of my Cauſe,
my Wrongs before him laid.

3 Th[e]

3 Thou didſt my Steps direct,
when my griev'd Soul deſpair'd;
For where I thought to walk ſecure,
they had their Traps prepar'd.

4 I look'd, but found no Friend
to own me in Diſtreſs;
All Refuge fail'd, no Man vouchſaf'd
his Pity or Redreſs.

5 To God, at laſt, I pray'd,
thou, Lord, my Refuge art;
My Portion in the Land of Life,
till Life itſelf depart.

6 Reduc'd to greateſt Straits,
to thee I make my Moan;
O! ſave me from oppreſſing Foes,
for me too pow'rful grown.

7 That I may praiſe thy Name,
my Soul from Priſon bring:
Whilſt of thy kind Regard to me
aſſembled Saints ſhall ſing.

Pſalm cxliii.

1 LORD, hear my Pray'r, and to my Cry
thy wonted Audience lend;
In thy accuſtom'd Faith and Truth
a gracious Anſwer ſend.

2 Nor at thy ſtrict Tribunal bring
thy Servant to be try'd:
For in thy Sight no living Man
can e'er be juſtify'd.

3 The ſpiteful Foe purſues my Life,
whoſe Comforts all are fled;
He drives me into Caves as dark
as Manſions of the Dead.

4 My Spirit therefore is o'erwhelm'd,
and ſinks within my Breaſt;
My mournful Heart grows deſolate,
with heavy Woes oppreſt.

5 I call to mind the Days of old,
and Wonders thou haſt wrought:
My former Dangers and Eſcapes
employ my muſing Thought.

6 To thee my Hands in humble Pray'r
I fervently ſtretch out;

My

My Soul for thy Refreſhment thirſts,
like Land oppreſs'd with Drought.

7 Hear me with Speed; my Spirit fails,
thy Face no longer hide;
Leſt I become forlorn like them
that in the Grave reſide.
8 Thy Kindneſs early let me hear,
whoſe Truſt on thee depends;
Teach me the Way where I ſhould go,
my Soul to thee aſcends.

9 Do thou, O Lord, from all my Foes,
preſerve and ſet me free;
A ſafe Retreat againſt their Rage,
my Soul implores from thee.
10 Thou art my God, thy righteous Will
inſtruct me to obey:
Let thy good Spirit conduct and keep
my Soul in thy right Way.

11 O! for the ſake of thy great Name,
revive my drooping Heart;
For thy Truth's ſake, to me diſtreſs'd,
thy promis'd Aid impart.
12 In Pity to my Suff'rings, Lord,
reduce my Foes to Shame:
Slay them that perſecute a Soul
devoted to thy Name.

Pſalm cxliv.

1 FOR ever bleſt be God the Lord,
who does his needful Aid impart,
At once both Strength and Skill afford
to wield my Arms with warlike Art.
2 His Goodneſs is my Fort and Tow'r,
my ſtrong Deliv'rance and my Shield;
In him I truſt, whoſe matchleſs Pow'r
makes to my Sway fierce Nations yield.

3 Lord, what's in Man, that thou ſhould'ſt love
ſuch tender Care of him to take?
What in his Offſpring could thee move
ſuch great Account of him to make?
4 The Life of Man does quickly fade;
his Thoughts but empty are and vain,
His Days are like a flying Shade,
of whoſe ſhort Stay no Signs remain.

My

5 In

5 In ſolemn State, O God, deſcend,
whilſt Heav'n its lofty Head inclines,
The ſmoaking Hills aſunder rend,
of thy Approach the awful Signs.
6 Diſcharge thy dreadful Lightnings round,
and make my ſcatter'd Foes retreat;
Them with thy pointed Arrows wound,
and their Deſtruction ſoon complete.

7, 8 Do thou, O Lord, from Heav'n engage
thy boundleſs Pow'r my Foes to quell,
And ſnatch me from the ſtormy Rage
of threat'ning Waves that proudly ſwell.
Fight thou againſt my foreign Foes,
who utter Speeches falſe and vain;
Who, tho' in ſolemn Leagues they cloſe,
their ſworn Engagements ne'er maintain.

9 So I to thee, O King of Kings,
in joyful Hymns my Voice ſhall raiſe:
And Inſtruments of various Strings,
ſhall help me thus to ſing thy Praiſe:
10 "God does to Kings his Aid afford,
"to them his ſure Salvation ſends;
"'Tis he that from the murd'ring Sword,
"his Servant David ſtill defends."

11 Fight thou againſt my foreign Foes,
who utter Speeches falſe and vain;
Who, tho' in ſolemn Leagues they cloſe,
their ſworn Engagements ne'er maintain.
12 Then our young Sons like Trees ſhall grow
well planted in ſome fruitful Place;
Our Daughters ſhall like Pillars ſhow,
deſign'd ſome royal Court to grace.

13 Our Garners fill'd with various Store,
ſhall us and ours with Plenty feed,
Our Sheep increaſing more and more,
ſhall thouſands and ten thouſands breed.
14 Strong ſhall our labouring Oxen grow,
nor in their conſtant Labour faint:
Whilſt we no War nor Slavery know,
and in our Streets hear no Complaint.

15 Thrice happy is that People's Caſe,
whoſe various Bleſſings thus abound;
Who God's true Worſhip ſtill embrace,
and are with his Protection crown'd.

Pſalm

Pſalm cxlv.

1, 2 THEE I'll extol, my God and King,
thy endleſs Praiſe proclaim:
This Tribute daily I will bring,
and ever bleſs thy Name.
3 Thou, Lord, beyond compare art great,
and highly to be prais'd;
Thy Majeſty, with boundleſs Height,
above our Knowledge rais'd.

4 Renown'd for mighty Acts, thy Fame
to future Times extends;
From Age to Age thy glorious Name
ſucceſſively deſcends.
5, 6 Whilſt I thy Glory and Renown
and wond'rous Works expreſs;
The World with me thy Might ſhall own,
and thy great Pow'r confeſs.

7 The Praiſe that to thy Love belongs,
they ſhall with Joy proclaim;
Thy Truth of all their grateful Songs
ſhall be the conſtant Theme.
8 The Lord is good, freſh Acts of Grace
his Pity ſtill ſupplies:
His Anger moves with ſloweſt Pace,
his willing Mercy flies.

9, 10 Thy Love thro' Earth extends its Fame
to all thy Works expreſt:
Theſe ſhew thy Praiſe, whilſt thy great Name
is by thy Servants bleſt.
11 They, with the glorious Proſpect fir'd,
ſhall of thy Kingdom ſpeak;
And thy great Pow'r by all admir'd,
their lofty Subject make.

12 God's glorious Works of ancient Date,
ſhall thus to all be known;
And thus his Kingdom's royal State,
with public Splendor ſhown.
13 His ſtedfaſt Throne from Changes free,
ſhall ſtand for ever faſt;
His boundleſs Sway no End ſhall ſee,
but Time itſelf out-laſt.

PART

PART II.

14, 15 The Lord does them ſupport that fall,
and makes the Proſtrate riſe;
For his kind Aid all Creatures call,
who timely Food ſupplies.
16 Whate'er their various Wants require
with open Hand he gives:
And ſo fulfils the juſt Deſire
of ev'ry Thing that lives.

17, 18 How holy is the Lord, how juſt!
how righteous all his Ways!
How nigh to him, who with firm Truſt
for his Aſſiſtance prays!
19 He grants the full Deſires of thoſe
who him with Fear adore,
And will their Troubles ſoon compoſe,
when they his Aid implore.

20 The Lord preſerves all thoſe with Care
whom grateful Love employs:
But Sinners, who his Vengeance dare,
with furious Rage deſtroys.
21 My Time to come, in Praiſes ſpent,
ſhall ſtill advance his Fame;
And all Mankind with one Conſent,
for ever bleſs his Name.

Pſalm cxlvi.

1, 2 O Praiſe the Lord, and thou, my Soul,
for ever bleſs his Name;
His wond'rous Love while Life ſhall laſt,
my conſtant Praiſe ſhall claim.
3 On Kings, the greateſt Sons of Men,
let none for Aid rely;
They cannot ſave in dang'rous Times,
nor timely Help apply.

4 Depriv'd of Breath to Duſt they turn,
and there neglected lie;
And all their Thoughts and vain Deſigns
together with them die.
5 Then happy he, who Jacob's God
for his Protector takes;
Who ſtill with well-plac'd Hope, the Lord
his conſtant Refuge makes.

6 Th

6 The Lord who made both Heav'n and Earth,
and all that they contain,
Will never quit his ſtedfaſt Truth,
nor make his Promiſe vain.
7 The Poor oppreſs'd from all their Wrongs
are eas'd by his Decree:
He gives the Hungry needful Food,
and ſets the Pris'ners free.
8 By him the Blind receive their Sight,
the Weak and Fall'n he rears;
With kind Regard and tender Love
he for the Righteous cares.
9 The Strangers he preſerves from Harm,
the Orphan kindly treats,
Defends the Widow, and the Wiles
of wicked Men defeats.
10 The God, that does in Sion dwell,
is our eternal King:
From Age to Age his Reign endures,
let all his Praiſes ſing.

Pſalm cxlvii.

1 O Praiſe the Lord with Hymns of Joy,
and celebrate his Fame;
For pleaſant, good, and comely 'tis
to praiſe his holy Name.
2 His holy City God will build,
tho' level'd with the Ground;
Bring back his People, tho' diſpers'd
thro' all the Nations round.
3, 4. He kindly heals the broken Hearts,
and all their Wounds doth cloſe;
He tells the Number of the Stars,
their ſeveral Names he knows.
5, 6 Great is the Lord, and great his Pow'r,
his Wiſdom has no Bound;
The Meek he raiſes, and throws down
the wicked to the Ground.
7 To God, the Lord, a Hymn of Praiſe
with grateful Voices ſing;
To Songs of Triumph tune the Harp,
and ſtrike each warbling String.
8 He covers Heav'n with Clouds, and thence
refreſhing Rain beſtows;

Tho'

Thro' him, on Mountain Tops, the Graſs
with wond'rous Plenty grows.

9 He, ſavage Beaſts, that looſely range,
with timely Food ſupplies:
He feeds the Ravens tender Brood,
and ſtops their hungry Cries.
10 He values not the warlike Steed,
but does his Strength diſdain:
The nimble Foot that ſwiftly runs,
no Prize from him can gain.

11 But he, to him that fears his Name,
his tender Love extends;
To him that on his boundleſs Grace
with ſtedfaſt Hope depends.
12, 13 Let Sion and Jeruſalem
to God their Praiſe addreſs;
Who fenc'd their Gates with maſſy Bars,
and does their Children bleſs.

14, 15 Thro' all their Borders he gives Peace,
with fineſt Wheat they're fed;
He ſpeaks the Word, and what he wills
is done as ſoon as ſaid.
16 Large Flakes of Snow, like fleecy Wool,
deſcend at his Command:
And hoary Froſt, like Aſhes ſpread,
is ſcatter'd o'er the Land.

17 When join'd to theſe, he does his Hail
in little Morſels break;
Who can againſt his piercing Cold
ſecure Defences make.
18 He ſends his Word which melts the Ice;
he makes his Wind to blow;
And ſoon the Streams, congeal'd before,
in plenteous Currents flow.

19 By him his Statutes and Decrees
to Jacob's Sons were ſhown;
And ſtill to Iſr'el's choſen Seed,
his righteous Laws are known.
20 No other Nation this can boaſt,
nor did he e'er afford
To Heathen Lands his Oracles,
and Knowledge of his Word. Hallelujah.

Pſalm

Pſalm cxlviii.

1, 2 YE boundleſs Realms of Joy,
Exalt your Maker's Fame,
His Praiſe your Song employ
Above the ſtarry Frame;
Your Voices raiſe,
Ye Cherubim
And Seraphim,
To ſing his Praiſe.

3, 4 Thou Moon, that rul'ſt the Night,
And Sun, that guid'ſt the Day;
Ye glitt'ring Stars of Light,
To him your Homage pay;
His Praiſe declare,
Ye Heav'ns above,
And Clouds that move
In liquid Air.

5, 6 Let them adore the Lord,
And praiſe his holy Name,
By whoſe Almighty Word
They all from nothing came;
And all ſhall laſt
From Changes free;
His firm Decree
Stands ever faſt.

7, 8 Let Earth her Tribute pay;
Praiſe him ye dreadful Whales,
And Fiſh, that thro' the Sea
Glide ſwift, with glitt'ring Scales;
Fire, Hail, and Snow,
And miſty Air,
And Winds, that where
He bids them blow.

9, 10 By Hills and Mountains, (all
In grateful Concert join'd)
By Cedars ſtately tall,
And Trees for Fruit deſign'd;
By ev'ry Beaſt,
And creeping Thing,
And Fowl of Wing,
His Name be bleſt.

11, 12 Let all of Royal Birth,
With thoſe of humbler Frame,

And Judges of the Earth,
His matchleſs Praiſe proclaim;
In this Deſign
Let Youths with Maids,
And hoary Heads
With Children join.

13 United Zeal be ſhown,
His wond'rous Fame to raiſe,
Whoſe glorious Name alone
Deſerves our endleſs Praiſe.
Earth's utmoſt Ends
His Pow'r obey;
His glorious Sway
The Sky tranſcends.

14 His choſen Saints to grace,
He ſets them up on high,
And favours Iſr'el's Race,
Who ſtill to him are nigh.
O therefore raiſe
Your grateful Voice
And ſtill rejoice
The Lord to praiſe.

Pſalm cxlix.

1, 2 O Praiſe ye the Lord,
prepare your glad Voice,
His Praiſe in the great
Aſſembly to ſing.
In our great Creator
Let Iſr'el rejoice;
And Children of Sion
Be glad in their King.

3, 4 Let them his great Name
extol in the Dance;
With Timbrel and Harp
his Praiſes expreſs:
Who always takes Pleaſure
his Saints to advance,
And with his Salvation
the Humble to bleſs.

5, 6 With Glory adorn'd
his People ſhall ſing
To God, who their Beds
with Safety does ſhield;
Their Mouths fill'd with Praiſes
of him their great King;

Whil